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EARLY PROSE AND POETICAL TRACTS.

VOL. II.

EARLY
PROSE AND POETICAL TRACTS.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF
THE DRAMA AND LITERATURE OF THE REIGN
OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THYNN'S "DEBATE BETWEEN PRIDE AND LOWLINESS."
"THE GHOST OF RICHARD III.," BY C. B.
TRACTS BY JOHN FORD, THE DRAMATIST.

PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY,
AND TO BE HAD OF
W. SKEFFINGTON, AGENT TO THE SOCIETY, 192, PICCADILLY.
1853.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITECHAPEL.

THE DEBATE
BETWEEN
PRIDE AND LOWLINESS :

BY FRANCIS THYNN.

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION BY JOHN CHARLWOOD.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., F.S.A.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1841.

LONDON :
F. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.
PRINTER TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

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wholesale or barefaced piece of plagiarism is not, perhaps, to be pointed out in our literature.

The question then arises, how it happened that Greene ventured thus to appropriate to himself the work of another ?

But one copy of "The Debate betweene Pride and Lowlines" is known, and that is preserved at Bridgewater House. We shall say something about the author of it presently ; but it is very possible that it was never published for sale : the copy in question was, doubtless, presented to the then head of the family, and it has been handed down, through the Earls and Dukes of Bridgewater, to its present possessor, Lord Francis Egerton. Greene had, perhaps, lighted accidentally upon a copy of "The Debate," and as many years had elapsed between the printing of it, and the period when he wished to avail himself of its contents, he might imagine that he could do so without much fear of detection. The initials F. T. only are upon the title-page of "The Debate," and it is doubtful if Greene, even in that day, knew who was the writer of it. That the offence Greene had committed, in this respect, was not discovered at the time, we have this evidence :—Greene and Gabriel Harvey were bitter enemies : the latter brought all sorts of charges against the former for calling him the son of a rope-maker, in the "Quip for an Upstart Courtier ;"*

* The Rev. Mr. Dyce is of opinion, and he seldom arrives at a conclusion without sufficient grounds, that the "Quip for an Upstart Courtier" has not come down to us in the state in which it originally issued from the press, and that the page containing the passage respecting Gabriel Harvey was cancelled at the instance of Greene. If so, it renders Harvey's rancour less pardonable, especially recollecting

and, if Harvey, (a man extremely well versed in contemporary literature) had been aware of the fact that Greene's "Quip" had been purloined from "The Debate," he would not have failed to make abundant use of the fact against his adversary. Harvey's silence renders it still more likely that "The Debate" was never published. We are to recollect also, that it was a severely, though humorously satirical work, that it especially made free with the wealthy and powerful, and that the author might not wish to run the risk of giving offence, however desirous he might be to see himself in print. For this and other reasons he perhaps had only a few copies struck off for his immediate friends, among whom was Mr. Thomas Egerton, who subsequently advanced, through the offices of Solicitor and Attorney General, to be Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, and Lord High Chancellor of England to James the First.

In a question of this kind dates are manifestly important. Greene's "Quip," as we have stated, appeared in 1592; and, although there cannot be a moment's doubt that it was considerably posterior to the time when "The Debate" was printed, we cannot fix the precise period when the latter piece came from the press, as it is without any note of the year. The "Quip" was printed by John Wolfe; "The Debate" by John Charlwood, and Charlwood was the older printer of the two, but we must also look to ex-

that it did not break out in full force until after the premature death of Greene. A most amusing and well-digested account of the dispute between Greene, Nash, and Harvey, may be found in Mr. D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*."

traneous circumstances, in order to decide the point of priority.

In the first place, to any body accustomed to early typography, it would be quite obvious, from mere inspection, that there was, perhaps, an interval of fifteen or twenty years between the appearance of the two works. Not only has the letter employed by Charwood a more antiquated appearance than that used by Wolfe, but the whole style of ornament is of a kind which had become somewhat obsolete in 1592.

The facts connected with the authorship of "The Debate" strongly support the same conclusion. The initials F. T. only are given, and they are those of Francis Thynn, in whose hand-writing F. Th. is also found upon the title-page of the copy, which we presume was presented to Lord Ellesmere, then Mr. Thomas Egerton. It is ascertained to be Thynn's autograph, by the resemblance between it and a manuscript by him of a later date, also presented to Lord Ellesmere, preserved in the library at Bridgewater House. That manuscript appears to have been prepared for publication, though never printed, and the dedication of it is thus subscribed by its author.

*Copy sent to Lord Ellesmere in 1592 by
Francis Thynn*

The terms of this dedication are of some value with our present view, for they show that Lord Ellesmere and Thynn were contemporaries at Lincoln's Inn, and we may presume that there was not much difference between their ages. The manuscript is called "Emblemes and Epigrames," and the author tells Lord Ellesmere (dating "from my howse in Clerkenwell Grene, the 20th of December, 1600") that he had selected his lordship as his patron, "the rather because some of them" (the Emblems and Epigrams) "are composed of thinges donn and sayed by such as were well knowne to your Lordshipp and to my self, in those yonger yeares when Lincolns Inn Societie did linke us all in one cheyne of amitie; and some of them are of other persons yet living, which of your Lordship are both loved and liked." This passage, independently of any thing else, gives a peculiar interest to the MS.; and when we find in it the following stanzas upon Spenser and his great work, we cannot but imagine that he, who was then dead, had been one of the persons "both loved and liked" by Lord Ellesmere.

"SPENCER'S FAYRIE QUEENE.

"Renewmed Spenser, whose heavenlie sprite
Ecclipseth the sunne of former poetrie;
In whome the Muses harbor and delighe,
Gracing thy verse with immortalitie,
Crowning thy Fayrie Queene with deitie;
The famous Chaucer yealds his lawrell crowne
Unto thy sugred penn for thy renowne.

"Noe cankred envie cann thy fame deface,
Nor eating time consume thy sugred vayne:

Noe carping Zoilus cann thy verse disgrace,
Nor scoffing Momus taunt the with disdain,
Since thy rare worke eternall praise doth gayne.
Then, live thou still, for still thy verse shall live,
To unborne poets which light and life will give."

There certainly is not much beyond their subject to recommend these lines, which probably were penned soon after the poet's death, when Thynn was comparatively an old man. The productions of his youth, in which easy humour, pleasant satire, natural reflection, and characteristic description are agreeably mixed, are far superior to any thing in the manuscript we have above quoted, and to which we have been led to refer by the circumstance that it directly connects Francis Thynn with the authorship of "The Debate betweene Pride and Lowlines." The point was originally started, by the writer of this Introduction, in the "Catalogue, Bibliographical and Critical, of Early English Literature, forming a portion of the library at Bridgewater House," which he prepared in 1837 for Lord Francis Egerton, and of which only fifty copies were printed for private distribution. At p. 311 of that work may be seen a brief account of the small volume before us; and, until attention was then directed to it, even its existence appears to have been unknown. We shall have occasion hereafter to advert again to this notice of "The Debate."

We have seen that Lord Ellesmere and Thynn were of Lincoln's Inn at the same date; and, as the former was born in 1540, we may pretty safely fix the birth of the latter at about the same period. In 1592, there-

fore, when Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier" came out, Thynne would be more than fifty years old. Now, it is quite clear that when he wrote "The Debate betweene Pride and Lowlines," he was a young man. Various passages to this effect might be quoted from different parts of his poem, but we will only take the following stanzas from pp. 69 and 70 of our reprint:—

"But as in the first part of this journey,
When first wee entred into this matter,
I tolde them I was but an attorney,
What needed me to bragg, or els to clatter?

"And of that order (I am sure) the worst,
I say, for knowledge in this action;
For sure in all my life it was the furst,
Not onely whereof I had the direction,

"But whereof I had ben at the passage;
So that I had but small experience
To bene the guide of such a caryage,
And having there also no presidence.

"And as for my learning and my studie
Hath bene but smal, though somewhat I have red,
I wrote never day with prothonotory,
And therefore was but smallly furnished.

"Therefore beseech I such as be learned,
Into whose hands this work may chaunce to come,
Barresters, or how so ye ben termed,
To judgen of it after your wisdom.

Hence we see that, although Thynn had at this time been admitted an attorney, he was so young as to have had no practise in his profession. If born in 1540,

he would be thirty years old in 1570, and we may confidently determine that even if "The Debate" were not printed before that year, it was written as early as 1568, or twenty-four years before Greene converted it into prose, and published it as his own invention.

This brings us again to the question of plagiarism; and here we should remark that not only the execution but the design is precisely the same in both productions. The authors imagine themselves, in a dream, to see a personification of two pairs of breeches, one of velvet, and the other of cloth; the one representing, as it were, the pride and vanity of the rich, and the last the homeliness and industry of the lower orders of the community. They have a "debate," as Thynn calls it, or "a quaint dispute," as Greene terms it, for superiority, and a jury is empannelled to decide the controversy: in the course of the formal trial nearly all classes of persons of the time are described; and, as a picture of manners, both tracts may be said to be extremely curious. The beginning, middle, and end of Thynn's "Debate," and of Greene's "Quip," correspond very exactly, and there is sometimes an identity of expression that could not have occurred had both writers only copied the same original, which they had found in some foreign language. It would, however, be vain to expect to discover any such original, for the whole process applies to English society and to English forms of law. In order to show the fraudulent manner in which Greene made use, not only of the general design, but of the particular language of Thynn's performance, we

may here quote what is said upon the subject in the privately printed work before referred to.

“ In his *sweven* (as Thynn calls his dream) he fancied that he stepped between Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches to prevent a fray, and proposed a trial by jury; but Velvet-breeches doubted whether he should have a fair chance in a legal proceeding :

“ ‘ For I am here a stranger to this land,
And save of late years of small acquayntaunce :
The common people dooth not understand
My worthynesse, estate, ne countenance.’

“ At this point Greene’s words are these : ‘ Because I am a stranger in this land, and but heere latly arrived, they will hold me as an upstart, and so lightly esteeme of my worthinesse.’—(Quip. 1592. Sign. B 3). However, Velvet-breeches ultimately consents, on condition that his right of challenge, as well as that of Cloth-breeches, is allowed. The following is the description of a tailor, the first juryman, after we have been told that ‘ piked he was, and handsome in his weede.’

“ ‘ A faire blacke coate of cloth withouten sleve,
And buttoned the shoulder round about ;
Of *xxs.* a yard, as I beleeve,
And layd upon with parchment lace without.

“ ‘ His doublet was of sattin very fine,
And it was cut and stitched very thick :
Of silke it had a costly enterlyne ;
His shirt had bands and ruffe of pure cambrick.

“ ‘ His upper stockes of sylken grogerane,
And to his hippes they sate full close and trym,

And laced very costly every pane :
 Their lynning was of satten, as I wyn.

“ ‘ His neather stockes of silke accordingly ;
 A velvet gyrdle rounde about his wast.
 This knight or squyre, what so he be (quoth I)
 We wyll empannell : let him not goe past.

“ ‘ He condescended soone to our request.
 Then I, beholding him advisedly,
 Sawe where a needle sticked on his brest,
 And at the same a blacke threed hanging by.’

“ ‘ Coming more neere indeed (says Greene) I spied a
 tailors morice pike on his brest — a Spanish needde.’ —
 (Quip. Sign. C b.) Cloth-breeches gives the first
 challenge.

“ ‘ In making me there is no gaine but one,
 Which is for labour and for woorkmanship ;
 Except some time a peece of cloth come home,
 As yf that by mischaunce the shere did slip.’

“ ‘ In Greene’s tract Cloth-breeches takes exactly the
 same objection in nearly the same words : ‘ Alas, by me hee
 getteth small, onelye hee is paid for the workemanship,
 unlesse by misfortune his shieres slipp awry.’ — (Quip.
 Sign. C 2.) Afterwards Thynn tells us that the tailor
 will charge his customers dearly,

“ ‘ And reache them with a bill of reekening
 Shal make them scrat wheras it itcbeth nought—’

and Greene adopts the humorous phrase : ‘ and yet
 to overreach my yoong maister with a bill of reckonings
 that will make him scratch where it itcbeth not.’ —
 (Quip. Sign. C 2.) The point of plagiarism may there-

fore be considered established, and need be pursued no farther.”—*Bridgewater Catalogue*. 4to. 1837. p. 313.

In fact, the comparison might be carried on from the first page to the last of both works, and it would shew that, excepting in adding certain ampliations, and in making a few alterations to adapt the work more exactly to the times in which he lived, Greene did little or nothing but change Thynn’s four-line stanzas into good easy prose, in the composition of which Greene was justly considered a master. As Greene’s “Quip” (though a rarity in its six early impressions) is to be found in both editions of the Harleian Miscellany, the members of the Shakespeare Society will easily be able to trace a degree of resemblance, which (excepting in the rejection of rhyme by the plagiarist) amounts almost to identity.

If any farther testimony were wanting to prove that Thynn’s poem was much older than Greene’s tract, we might find it in the mention the former inserts of Paynter’s “Palace of Pleasure,” the second and last volume of which made its appearance in 1567. It may be taken, we think, as quite certain, therefore, that “The Debate betweene Pride and Lowlines” was in print in 1570.

It may be plausibly conjectured that Thynn was an author ten years earlier, and strong similarity of style would lead to the belief that he was the writer of another small satirical prose volume in the Bridgewater Collection, “A pleasant Dialogue or Disputation betweene the Cap and the Head,” which was printed by Henry Denham in 1565, 8vo. In 1579 came out a

work in 4to., entitled “Newes from the North; otherwise called the Conference between Simon Certain and Pierce Plowman,” which we may assign to Thynn without any hesitation, not merely on account of the character of the work, but because his initials, reversed, are upon the title-page — “faithfully collected and gathered by T. F. Student.” It became popular from the variety of its contents, and in 1584 it was reprinted by Edward Alde: a copy of this second edition is also at Bridgewater House, and we may conclude that Thynn gave to Lord Ellesmere all his works as they issued from the press. “Newes from the North” is chiefly in prose; but at the end is “the Apologie and Conclusion of the Author,” in verse, in which he states that he was a native of Kent. Thynn was born in that county, and educated under John Proctor at Tunbridge. Those who wish to see at one view all the hitherto known particulars regarding Thynn, who died Lancaster Herald before 1608, will find them collected with great accuracy in Dr. Bliss’s excellent edition of Wood’s *Athenæ Oxonienses*, ii., 107.

We cannot conclude without expressing the obligations of the Shakespeare Society to the Right Honourable Lord Francis Egerton, one of its Vice-Presidents, for permission to reprint the *unique* copy of the admirable poem which occupies the ensuing pages.

The debate betweene
Pride and Lowlines,

pleaded in an issue in

ASSISE:

And howe a Jurie with great indifferencie being
impannelled, and redy to haue geuen
their verdict, were straungely in-
tercepted, no lesse pleasant
then profitable.

F. T.

*O taste and see how gracious the Lord is,
Blessed are all they that put
their trust in him.*

Seene, and allowed.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON
by *Iohn Charlwood*, for *Ralfe
Newbery*, dwelling in Fleete-
strete a litle aboue the
Condite.

TO THE GODLY AND GENTLE READER.

Thou hast (good Reader) in this short volume
Some matters that to thee may seeme uncooth,
As speach to things improper made commune ;
But yet marke thou, if what they say bee sooth.

And if thou finde it so, have thou no scorn
Therof, for their unlikenes that spake,
For evident it is long heretoforn,
Christ said the stones should spoken for his sake.

I could prove, if me list to stand thereon,
Such maner speaking not to bee so newe,
As that they have not been, right long agon,
Sometime admitted, but sometime very true.

For Balams Asse did speake in very deede,
And him reproved for his covetise,
That went to cursen Israel for meede,
Which caused him to chaungen his advise.

Reade we not of a horne, that did blaspheme
The name of God through pride and arogance?
Yet of his woords and speach who did misdeeme,
Or sought not rather their signifiante.

Have therefore (gentle Reader) in good part
This litle volume, wherein thou maiest finde
Some matters (though not pullished with art,)
To make thee laugh, and recreate thy minde.

TO THE GODLY AND GENTLE READER.

If other matter it may yeelden thee,
As morall counsel, whereby thou may lerne
What thinges are good to folowe, what to flee,
Then thanke me when we meeten at the terme.
And pray God blesse our Queene and Countrey,
And graunt her long to raigne and prosperous;
And to us all, after this journey,
In heaven with him selfe a dwelling house.

THE DEBATE BETWEEENE PRIDE AND LOWLINES.

Men talken diversly concerning dreames :

Some say they come of causes naturall,
Of cholers, melancholies, blood and fleames,
And been, such as their cause, materiall.

Some say they come of superfluitie,

That any wight hath take of meate or drinke,
Engendering in the head fumositie,
Whyle thyther from the stomake they doo swynk.

And therefore doo distinguish of the time,

When they appeare : yf in the latter sleepe,
The more remarkable they them define ;
If in the fyrst, they take the lesser keepe.

Some holden that they come of love, or feare,

Which any wight by day time hath icaught,
To thing, or place, and wisheth to be there,
And this is deepe imprinted in the thought.

And so sayth Cato in his litle booke,

And therewith dooth their credit ellevate,
As thing whereof but small regard he tooke,
All for the cause ye heard me tell of late.

Others them holden significatife

Of trueth, not to be vily pended ;
As messages to men of death, or life,
How things begoon are likely to be ended.

THE DEBATE BETWEEN

Now whether this come of perfection,
Which God hath geven to the soule of man,
Such providence, and such direction,
By proper kynde when he him first began ;

Me thinke to judgen so were arrogance,
As from the deitie to derogate,
And man above his qualitie advaunce,
So maken him forgotten his estate ;

And as it were a man to deifie,
And to such matters him to intromit,
Whereof our God alone hath propertie,
But as him pleaseth to revealen it,

And shewe to man by revelation,
Some matter straunge that he hath purposed,
It were great wrong and usurpation,
To say that mans wit had it forwarned.

For prooffe dooth shew that it is otherwyse,
Namely, for that we can not reade aryght
Theeffect of them, ne in our hart comprise,
Except that God have put it in our might.

And that by gyft and grace especiall,
Such as he hath but geven unto fewe,
Who grew in princes favours therewithal,
For they such secrete matters could shewe.

As Joseph did to Pharao, as we reade,
And Daniel to Nabuchodonosor,
Whose dreames were frightful and of myckel dreade :
Therefore I thinke, as I have sayd before,

That such been rare and very speciall,
And unto such as God before dooth warne
Of his intent, and things that wyl befall
Concerning dearth or cheape, goodnesse or harme.

PRIDE AND LOWLINES.

This gather I by Saul in holy booke :

Now fallen into miseries extreame,
He deemed that of God he was forsooke,
For he appeared not to him in dreame,

Ne other vision, as saith the storie,
Wherefore he thought his life in distresse ;
But yet for to relieve his hart full sorie,
He asked counsel at the Phitonesse.

As in that booke is to be read at length,
And many a matter after and before,
Concerning dreames, their vertue and their strength :
Thereof as now ye get of me no more.

But thus much I have said for this respect,
That dreames though some be vaine and of no force,
Yet are there some that bringen their effect,
And would of men be waied any remors.

Now, having oft spoken of their efficacie,
And of their cause as much as I can tell,
From thence to other matters I wyll passe,
To shewe not long agoe what me befell.

And namely in this moneth of May,
The time I doo remember very well,
For it was just upon the sixteenth day,
And eyght a clock had rong S. Pulchres bell.

Mee thought the weather was not very calme,
For it had rained al the day beforn :
Wherefore I tooke my booke, and red a psalme,
And bad my host good night until the morne.

So when I had mee shrowded in my bed,
And thanked God for graces manifold,
Full soone had sleepe icaught me by the head,
And straightly with his armes he can me fold.

THE DEBATE BETWEEN

This pleasaunt sleepe, this gentle creature,
Nurs of digestion to man and beast,
Withouten whom none of both can endure,
Of no degree from greatest to the least.

But now to tellen thee my cheefe purpose,
That hath mee caused all this thing to write,
And orderly the same for to disclose,
And all the circumstances to endite.

By that time I had slept an houre or lesse,
I gan to dreame so woonderfull and straunge,
As but a fewe have done before, I gesse,
Ne yet in sleepe so farre dyd ever raunge.

Mee thought that I was walking in a parke
Amyd the wooddes, among the pleasaunt leaves,
Where many was the bird did sweetly carpe,
Emong the thornes, the bushes, and the greves.

Whiche in my hart dyd kindle such desyre,
To heare their songes, their myrth, and melodie,
So chaungeable as no hart could require,
That sodenly mee thought, Lord ! where am I ?

Besides the stately trees ; which to behold,
With bodyes straight, upryght, and of such length,
As skant ye would beleewe mee yf I told,
Ne of their bulke for timber, and their strength.

By that time I had walked there a whyle,
About a quarter of an houre foorth right,
I thinke a litle more then halfe a mile,
Of pleasaunt feeldes I gan to have a sight.

So paynted and so coloured, I weene,
As by her leave, and with her pacience,
Nas Floras land, that fresh and lusty queene,
Ne with such verdure, and such redolence.

PRIDE AND LOWLINES.

This (may ye thinke) me seemed very straunge,
And so it dyd, I put you out of doubt :
I could not satisfie mee self to raunge
These pleasaunt feelds, and medowes round about ;
Till at the last I came into a dale,
Amid two mighty hils on eyther side ;
From whence a sweete streame downe dyd avale,
And cleare as christal through the same did slide.
Whiche to behold I had such great pleasure,
That power had I none from thence to goe ;
Consydered also that I had leasure,
And in such place had never been or thoe.
Till at the last, as I stood by this brooke,
And on these matters mused in my minde,
I chaunced up the hil to cast my looke,
If happyly some people I might finde.
And sodenly mee thought I had espied
A thing come downe the hilward toward me ;
But not on foote, ne yet on horse dyd ryde,
Which mee thought very strange there for to see.
And it beheld with full and whole intent,
Howe downeward al at ease it helld the way :
I mused not a litle what it ment,
When of the hill it passed had the sway.
I did perceyve then what it was in deede,
That is to weete, a goodly velvet breech ;
Which in its furniture dyd so exceede,
As hardly shal ye finde yf that ye seech.
For it was all of velvet very fine,
The neather stockes of pure Granado silke,
Such as came never upon legges of myne ;
Their cooler cleane contrary vnto mylke.

THE DEBATE BETWEEN

This breech was paned in the fayrest wyse,
And with right satten very costly lined,
Embroidered according to the guise,
With golden lace ful craftely engined.

So, when they were come downe beneath the hill
Into the valley whereas I dyd stand,
I them beheld and looked on my fill,
But nold so much as touche them with my hand.

For strange mee thought from whence they shoulde be,
Some body wyl come after them anone ;
Wherefore, I wyl attende (thought I) to see,
For woonder is if such things been alone.

Then to that other hill I cast myne eye,
Whyle I was musing as I have ye told,
And sodenly (mee thought) I dyd espie,
That even as the velvet breeches rold,

There came another paire, but softer pase,
And never ceased rolling, tyll they came
Into the dale, and there had taken place.
Now listen, for me thought this litle game.

These breeches I did bound on on eyther side,
As one that was in middle them betweene :
These last were but of cloth, withouten pride,
And stitche, ne gard upon them was to seene.

Of cloth (I say) both upper stocke and neather,
Paned, and single lyned next to the thie ;
Light for the were, meete for al sort of weather.
Now peradventure ye wyl thinke I lye.

Then velvet breeches dyd begyn to say,
To them of cloth, as ye shall after here ;
But lest ye marvayle how, and by what way,
These things dyd speake, that never spoken ere ;

Ye wot it was a dreame that I you tell,
Whose demonstrations are very darke,
And yet unto the trueth accorden well,
Admitted as they must be : therefore harke.

The dreame of seven blasted eares of corne,
Which Pharaο, the kyng, sawe whyle he slept,
Devoure the seven good eares them beforne,
Were straunge as this, and yet their promise kept.

And eke the seven kine, that were so leane,
And evil favoured as they might bee,
The seven fat kyne did eate up cleane :
What likely hood of trueth was there to see ?

And many other things that seeme untrue,
In figures and in uncooth termes of speache,
Have been and wyl : this matter is not newe,
For divers been the wayes and meanes to teache.

Wherefore, to turne agayne where I dyd leave,
And of my dreame the whole effect to tell,
In naked woordes and easie to perceive,
And every thing and matter as they fell.

Up stode this velvet breeche, of which I sayde,
And spake to them of cloth in great disdayne :—
Thou breeche of cloth, how, art thou not afrayde
Of our displeasure to incurre the payne,

That hath presumed here to take thy place,
Without regard of us or reverence,
But, as it were, to berd us and to face ?
I hold it best for thee to get thee hence.

The other at these woordes was not afeard,
Ne chaunged collour, ne yet countenaunce,
And at the last to this effect answeard : —
Great were thy pride, if thou had suffisaunce.

I see betweene us litle difference,
Or none at all, save only workmanship ;
Whereto yf there belong preeminence,
Make thou no claime to thy mistres woorship.

I meane the woorkman which thee garnished,
With silke, and golde, and with imbroderie,
By meane whereof pride hath thee ravished
To bost in things belonging not to thee.

This moved not the velvet breech a lit.
Thou beggers weede (quoth he) base, and villayn !
Ill can I take at thy hand such despit,
And that to dooe thee force I mee refrayn.

How dare thou speake such language vnto mee,
Thy better ; and thyselfe with me compare,
So farre inferiour in eche degree,
As they that neere us both witnesses are ?

Besides that, I was borne in Italy,
Sometime the mistres of the world so wide,
Famous in learning and chivalry,
As in this world there hath been none beside.

Besides all that, my foote is woorth thy yard,
So am I jolif fayre and precious :
Where I am present who dooth thee regard,
Or thee vouchsafe to dwellen in his house ?

I let him in, for thee might stand without,
Am bidden speake, when thou must hold thy peace ;
And many a matter dayly bring about,
To hard for thee : therefore, I red thee cease.

Nowe sure this gere is passing strange, thought I :
What (trow I) wil become betweene these twayn ?
With that the breech of cloth gan to replie,
And thus began his sentence for to saien.

Whereas thou sayest I am inferiour,
And unto thee am nothing comparable,
For thou doest serve the rich and I the poore,
That reason is both fals and deceavable ;

For yf that vertue and humanitie
Were tyed to riches, or appropriate,
As pride and vices are most commonly,
Then I nold in this case with thee debate.

But sith apparell dooth not him amend,
That weareth it according to the cost,
But only helpeth to consume and spend,
The more is layd on thee, the more is lost.

And where thou sayest thou art of Italy,
Borne and bred in that noble region,
Why livest thou not at home in thy country ?
Woe woorth him brought thee fyrst to Albion.

Which nowe of us is called England,
Where sometime I have covered the best,
And such as then were thought to understand,
Whose lyfe and maners vices did detest.

For in thy country were thou not alone,
Ne hast been ever sithe thy dwellyng here ;
But art with many a vice wayted upon,
Which do, and have done this land mickle deere.

As for the learning and the chivalrie,
Wherein thy countrey thou doost so commend ;
About thy comming into that country,
Of both their dwelling there they made an end ;

And lost the diademe imperiall,
Ne can it hold as their forefathers dyd.
Loe, what thou hast to bosten thee withall !
They lost the landes their fathers conquerid.

Whereas thou sayest thy foote is worth my yard,
That is untrue, save that for argument
Things are to man as he dooth them regard,
And other reason none to myne intent.

Whereas thou sayest, that in thy presence
I am of no regard ne countenance,
That is a lye, saving your reverence,
Though with the fooles it often so doo chaunce.

With that the velvet breeches, as mee thought,
Began toward the other fast to roll,
And surely, but for mee, they would have fought;
So I was faine the matter to controll :

And spake unto them both, as ye shall heere,
At least as I my selfe imagined :—
Nay freend (quoth I) ye shall doo him no deere ;
But eche of them sware other should be dead.

Not so (quoth I) I know a better way,
And more indifferent unto you bothe ;
For when ye have done eyther what ye may,
Ye must be ruled, be ye leefe or lothe.

For here ye dwellen in a lande of peace,
And under lawes, and under Magistrate,
God graunt them in his graces to encrease,
That enden wyll full justly your debate.

And I my selfe, for better was in place,
Though for my learnyng farre unwoorthy,
Towards the lawe these long xv yeeres space,
And thereof sworne to be an attorney ;

If I may pleaser you with my service,
I am yours to commaund right as ye list :
For doubt in lawe ye shall have myne advise,
Till better come that wyl herein assist.

For that I see the matter is not small,
Ne yet no trifle wherefore ye contend :
One would faine have his owne, the other all,
And hereupon the matter dooth depend.

The one him bosteth of his woorthynesse,
And of his native soyle where he was borne ;
And how that he hath rowm in throng and presse,
Because that of the wealthy he is worne.

The other sayth he is this countreyman ;
Here hath he dwelt and here led all his lyfe,
And here wyll dwell, say thother what he can.
Nowe, for to end all this debate and strife,

And both your mindes therein to satisfy,
The best is all your quarell and complaint
To have heard and debated orderly,
And eche men tell his tale without restraint.

But howe so ye your selves doo esteeme,
Ye are not judges thereof, nor shalbe ;
But twelve, or foure and twentie shal it deeme,
And this is reasonable thynketh me.

To tell your price and vertues ye have leave,
And your effectes, your causes, and your end,
Which, then well understood, wyl not deceave,
Nor suffer us to erre, as I entend.

And for you, velvet breeches, finde ye greeved,
And of this clothen breech to have had wrong,
Ye may seeke orderly to be relieved.

So wyll I doo (quoth he) or it be long ;

And make him yeeld to myne obeysaunce,
And to confesse that he hath nothing here,
But only at my wyll and sufferaunce,
As I doubt not it plainely shall appere.

The other saide : As for obeysaunce,
He ought him none, homage, ne fealtie,
All were his lookes bigge, and his countenaunce.
And freendshyp great, all that ne doubted hee.

His cause was good, his title auncestrell,
For in this countrey was he borne and bred ;
And, but yf lawe sayd nay, here would he dwell.
So then unto them both I answered.

Sith eche of you dooth thinke he hath a right,
And for to trye the same ye are so bent,
Declare and bring your title into light,
Trespasse, or disseison of franke tenement ;
And shewe your title, and whence ye derive it.
And yf ye thinke this good, ye velvet breeche,
The clothe shall plead ye non dissesimit,
And thus without long circumstaunce of speeche,

Upon this issue ye have libertie,
For prooffe that he hath done ye disseason,
To alledge what so ye can bethinke ye,
And therein at our handes to aske for reason.

He answerd, to be plentiffe in thassise
He thought not good, ne ment not so to be,
And that it was not good I dyd advise :
A jury may be perciall (quoth he)

For I am woorthyer by much then he,
For many causes that I can alledge ;
But yf they wyll seeme suchè to the countrie,
I doubt, or of them yf they wyl take knowledge.

For I am here a straunger in this lande,
And save of late yeeres of small acquayntaunce :
The common people dooth not understand
My woorthynesse, estate, ne countenaunce.

My adversarie is their countrey man,
And is not so chargeable unto them ;
Therefore wyll they doo for him what they can,
But yf they were of towne and citizen.

For of the hyndes, or of the paysauntie,
I feare I should not have indifferents ;
For I know they beare no good wyll to me,
Because my freendes their purses often rents.

This doubt is vaine, thereof assure yee,
(Quoth I) for whom ye thinke not indifferent,
Ye may him chalenge from your jury,
And shewe your cause why from him ye dissent :

And as that cause shall seeme allowable
By prooffe or reason that ye for it make,
It shalbe holden acceptable
Thereafter to receyve or to forsake.

Goe foorth therefore as ye began in order,
Until ye come to matter issuable ;
Of all the which I shalbe the recorder,
And howe so it shalbe determinable :

To wit by jury or by judgement.
I shall direct you by my skill ;
And to you both shalbe indifferent,
Nowe have I sayd : truste me yf ye wyll.

Your woordes (quoth he) dooth sound to reason,
So I may have my cause heard all at large :
Let him pleade me null ne tort, null disseison.
Enter my pleas wherewith I wyll him charge ;

For I am sure they wylbe sumwhat long,
And so the jury gladly wyl mee take,
Or leave some of my plea to doo me wrong.
The other partie would it not forsake ;

But pleaded him the issue general,
And prayed as the other prayed before,
To enter his matter especiall.

One thing the velvet breeches moved more :

For who shall judge our chalenges? (quoth he)
I answeard, yf it fall in learning, I ;
If not, ye shall have triers two or three,
That shall judge of their indifferencio.

I am content (quoth he) my chalenge saved,
My matter shalbe tryed by thassise.
It is but right (quoth I) that ye have craved ;
And foorth they went, as I shall you devise.

I meane the breeche of cloth in his replie,
And tooke his holde agayne whereas he left :—
Whereas thou sayest thou canst doo more then I,
I knowe great is thy subteltie and craft

To let one in, where I can not doo so,
And speake where I am bidden hold my peace :
Full many a wight that woorketh mikell wo,
When of their farme expired is their lease,

In penall statute, and concealed land,
For so thou tearmest it for thyne encreas.
Full hardly can the poore escape thy hand,
That they ne finde thy lampe both oyle and greas.

Thus have I answered (quoth he) thine argument,
From point to point. That hast thou not (qd he :)
With that I looked up, and had a glent,
Of one that came toward us leasurely.

Soft then (quoth I) ; ye be at a good point :
Your pleas and answears I have fully hard ;
Perchaunce an issue hereon may be ioynt,
Whereon thassise foorthwith we may award.

And here, me thinke, dooth come a gentleman,
 Whom if ye thinke as I have thought it best,
 We wyll entreate by all the meanes we can,
 That he wyll be the foreman of the quest.

Gladly, quoth one, with good wyl, quoth the other.
 By then he was come neere, and bad god speede,
 And we againe sayd, welcome gentle brother.

Piked he was and handsome in his weede :

A faire blacke coate of cloth withouten sleve,
 And buttoned the shoulder round about ;
 Of xx^s. a yard, as I beleeeve,
 And layd upon with parchment lace without.

His dublet was of sattin very fine,
 And it was cut and stitched very thick :
 Of silke it had a costly enterlyne ;
 His shirt had bands and ruffe of pure cambrick.

His upper stockes of sylken grogerane,
 And to his hippes they sate full close and trym,
 And laced very costly every pane :
 Their lynning was of satten, as I wyn.

His neather stockes of silke accordingly ;
 A velvet gyrdle rounde about his wast.
 This knight or squyre, what so he be (quoth I)
 We wyll empannell : let him not goe past.

He condescended soone to our request.
 Then I, beholding him advisedly,
 Sawe where a needle sticked on his brest,
 And at the same a blacke threed hanging by.

So then I asked him of his estate,
 He said he was a Taylour by his art.
 All in good time (quoth I) ; here is debate,
 Which to appease I pray you doo your part.

Here is a matter pleaded to enquest,
Wherein it may please you to take some pain; ;
Your wysedome may directen all the rest :
I shall ye read it evident and plaine.

I challenge him, then saith the clothen breeche.
Why so (quoth I) dooth he not make you both?
What then? his gayne by vs is not alceche,
Quoth he; and therewithal he swore an oath.

He gayneth more by byeng silke and lase
Of golde and silver and such trumperie,
To welt, to edge, to garde, to stitche and face,
By one of these, then xv payre of mee.

In making mee there is no gaine but one,
Which is for labour and for woorkmanship;
Except sometime a peece of cloth come home,
As yf that by mischaunce the shere did slip.

Now is that trade become a marchandice,
Wherein, sith pride in people's harts dooth raigne,
So great hath been, and is his exercise,
That only God doth knowe what is his gaine.

And howe, though he thereof doo little reck,
So that to setten downe a bill of charge,
There is no Auditor, ne Clerke of Check
Can penne it bet then he, ne more at large.

So that I doubt of his indifferenece,
As in that tryall here betweene us twayne,
Lest for him he would straine his conscience :
I see this worlde is set to folowe gayne.

I sayd, all this might come of good intent,
And for to punishe pride as he was able,
Then were no reason for it he were shent,
For he nys officer, ne constable.

Nor otherwyse set in auctoritie
To execute the statute of aurai :
Then how to punishe them supposeth he ?
The best meane for their pride to make them pay ;
And aske for silke, for lase, and other stuffe
To face, and lyne without side and within,
Twyse as much at the least as were inoffe,
And keepe the third part, and the rest put in.
And reache them with a bill of reckening
Shal make them scrat wheras it itcheth nought :
If this may be a necessarie thing,
Then of this chalenge well advise we ought.
For although som through pride thus down are cast,
And waste their living that their freends them laft ;
Yet others by their meanes aryse as fast,
Some by their cunning, and some by their craft.
Wherefore the cause shalben examined
By tryors, whom we wyll choose for that end,
To try them or they been empanelled.
They were content both, and did condescend.
Wherefore I prayed hym to stand a side,
And watche yf any other cam that way ;
Lest of us they escaped unespied.
He was contented with all that I dyd say.
With that the velvet breeches bad me staien :
Our issue is not perfect yet (quoth he) ;
I have much other matter for to saien.
Say on (quoth I) ye have good libertie.
With that he gan to stretchen and to stare,
And sayd that he dyd suffer villany ;
That such a caytive should with him compare,
A carters weede, and meete for husbandry.

For who would set his sonne to schoole quoth he,
 To studie scripture, phisicke, or the lawe,
 But that he beareth good wyll unto me?
 If otherwyse, I hold him but a dawne.

Sayeth not the proverbe, honors norishe artes?
 Why trodden men so farre for marchandise?
 Who hath the credite at the faires and martes?
 Not he that commeth in a coate of fryse.

What man, or ladde is he that were not loth
 In youth to travell and to faren harde,
 If he ne purposed to weare but cloth,
 In time to come, nor further dyd regarde?

Hence risen learned men in eche estate,
 Coonning in handy craft and facultie,
 And gotten dignities of doctorate.
 Who is their marke? what shoot they at but me?

I am the roote, thoriginal of lawes,
 Whose learned masters holden are in price;
 Unto the simple folke I am the cause,
 That many a foole and dolt is holden wyse.

Who dooth so sharpen correction as I,
 Upon all such as doone the lawes offend,
 If thereto be annexed penalty,
 Of money that to mee thence may descend?

That this is true and may not be denyed,
 I wyll averre, and yf he it gayne say,
 I am content by verdict it be tryed.
 Then spake the breech of cloth without delay;

Protesting alwayes that he dyd not judge,
 Man, maide, ne wyfe by their array;
 Ne yet much lesse that ever he dyd grudge
 Observing comelinesse, yf they were gay.

Namely, the circumstaunces observed,
The birth, the time, the place, or dignitie :
Who hath of Prince or common wealth deserved,
His weede of right may answer his degree.

Which matters, although they been to allow
With comelinesse for good and tollerable,
Yet who (sayth Christ) him selfe dooth meeke and bow,
Exalted that he be, and acceptable.

Example he did make him selfe herein,
Who thinking it no wrong ne robberie,
With God the father equall for to byn,
Was here in earth in all simplicitie.

But for to followe him it were to muche,
Or John the Baptist with his coate of here ;
Yet may we shewe our selves to be suche,
As more esteeme our bodyes then our gere.

Namely our soules whiche are celestiall,
Whose brave apparell and whose ornament,
Whose diademe and crowne imperiall,
Is hart that seeketh God with whole intent.

But to the point, and for plea to the matter
Alledged for thy commendation,
As they alysen this is myne answer :
And fyrst thy vayne imagination,

That thou art cause, that thou art finall end
Of learning, I ne thinke thee to be so ;
And that thou were, the living God defend,
For sure thou were not in principio.

Nor art among the godly at this day,
Though with a number, I thinke, it be true ;
No litle unto vertues ruine and decay :
Where it is so, the godly doon it rue.

For where thou sayest, honor dooth norishe art,
True honour, I suppose, thou neuer knewe,
That judgest it in arrogance of hart,
In silke and velvet, and in outward shewe ;

The very baightes and lures of Satanas,
Who for thy sake was throwen out of heaven :
For the Nabuchodonosor eat grasse,
And fed with Oxen well nigh yeeres seven.

Which is the honor man hath for thy sake,
Hath been, and is, and ever more shalbe ;
Who idols of their carcasses dooe make,
Through foule presumption, and vanitie.

For he that thorow learning seeketh port,
Ne maketh other purpose of the same,
His learning puffeth him in such a sort,
That oft in sted of honor he hath shame.

Nowe for the marchaunt and his marchaundise,
His credite in his mart, and chevisance ;
Thou gevest him to seeme both riche and wyse,
Where through he bringeth many to mischaunce.

Of this me needeth litle for to speake :
Sith I could know a peny from a grote,
I knewe not many forced for to breake,
If pride ne made him, or his wyfe a coate.

And where thou sayest, that man or boy were loth
In youth to travell, and to faren hard ;
Yes sure, and God, there are that have done both,
And onely heaven hoped for reward.

As for this world and her fickle glory,
They have esteemed it a thyng of nought ;
And for their neighbour, freend, and territory,
Imployed have their studie, care and thought.

I could reherse the stories many a one
Of Greekes and Romanes that are memorable,
Though wormes some eat their flesh so long agon,
Yet are their names accompted venerable.

But I nyl stay to reeken them as nowe,
How some arosen unto counselshyp,
And thereto weren called from the plow,
When they thought nothing lesse then mastership.

So that of woorship I dooe distinguishe,
Some seeken it, and some of it are sought,
And those are such as nothing lesse doo wishe :
Some thinke with golde and silver it is bought.

Which maketh offices beare suche a price,
And that so greedely they been icaught :
Before thy time men were not halfe so wyse,
As sythen in thy schoole they have been taught,

To bye and sellen offices for gaine,
No question made of his woorthynesse
That shall them have, but yf he may not paien,
How so he powle and pill for his redresse.

Then which of these three (for there is but one)
Woorshyp in deede, and of right venerable,
To vertue freend, to vice a deadly fone,
I shall you tell as neere as I am able.

The one dooth begge an office, to what end ?
For there are two as it is evident.
Theeffect wyll shewe whereto he dooth it bend,
His chaunge of cheere, and eke his government.

The other byeth, payeth deere therefore :
His meaning may be good, possible it is ;
But (by your leave) twise as unlike and more,
And yet no rule so sure but it may misse.

The thirde is called utterly unwitting,
For whom spake neether silver, golde, ne freend.
Thrise happy countrey where such are sitting,
Whom grace and vertue only doon commend !

For there are trueth and mercie met togeather,
And thither looketh ryghteousnesse from heaven :
All were they cloth or velvet, choose them whether,
For pride ne shal their wits from them bereven.

That thou art cause of art, and faculty
Of handy craft which may not be forgon ;
Pride found them not fyrst, but necessity :
In deede thou hast corrupted them eche one,
And caused them to been adulterate,
And chaunged cleane into another guise,
Deceipt, a journeyman with eche estate,
Through whom they waxen riche and seemen wyse.

Which whyle I was in favour might not be :
The father was contented that his sonne
Should leade a lyfe such as before did he,
And end in such estate as he begoon.

Unto the which small thing is requisite,
I meane, a godly minde to satisfie :
Whereas to vanitie and foule delite
And pride, I dare affirme the contrary.

To wyt, he wasteth much unorderly,
And of his cost and charge to small purpose,
That of the good fewe faren bett thereby,
For it is spent on vertues utter foes.

As dayly is to see, who lyst to looke,
The usurer and eke thextorcioner,
For sure they are his name is in their booke,
Untill his house and land be come to their.

Then come devises, many a shamefull shift,
 To begge to borowe, and to deceive their freend,
 And many another lewde and previe lyft,
 Tyll lastly foule and shamefull is the end.

And where thou sayest thou art a punisher
 Of sinne, it is full true I doo confesse,
 As thou hast sayd, and in such foorme order,
 Which is to robbe, to ravishe, and oppresse.

And so farre from all collour to doo good,
 And further I dare safely vndertake,
 Then devils to cast out through Beelzebub :
 No truer glose of that text can I make.

Here are thy fruities by which (as Christ doth say)
 The tree is knowen for good or ill therefore.
 Of all these presence judgement I doo pray,
 And that I may have right ; I aske no more.

Nought seeke I for superioritie,
 No thing of thyne, ne none of other man,
 To hold myne owne if I have libertie :
 Though it be small, right well content I am.

With that I gan to speake unto them both.
 Is this theeffect of all ye have to say ?
 Ye, here is all, then answered he of cloth :
 The other held his peace, and sayd not nay.

Your matters are iredistred, quoth I,
 Euery plea and euery argument ;
 Here is a paper wnesse wyll not lye.
 Now hearken, if it pleas you, myne intent.

Ye are now come to matter issuable
 On eyther side, as dooth appeare at large ;
 And many poyntes therein are inquirable,
 Whereof the Jurie taken shall the charge,

As I shall reade it to them orderly :

Wherefore vnto your chalenges be sure
Ye take good heede, that blamelesse I may be,
Which must recorden here your procedure.

They answered me both they were content.

With that, mee thought, I heard a company,
That downe the hill unto usward hem bent,
And comming neere they dyd us curtesy.

The formost weren three that went togeather,
And eke in clokes they weren homely clad ;
Both plaine and light accordyng to the weather,
And in their gesture sober, wyse, and sad.

And serving men there wayted them upon
Comely arayed, and in number eleven :
Five of the whiche were servantes all to one,
A knight, as after I dyd apperceyven.

And namely for they ware for cognisaunce
A peacock (as mee thought) without a taylor,
Not newe, ne yesterdayes remembraunce.
What ware the rest my memory dooth faile.

I could have told ye even at that tyme,
For foure of them to one dyd apparteyne,
A squire of an auncient race and lyne ;
And to the thirde, a gentleman, but twayne.

So when I sawe them doon us curtesy,
And bidden us with gentle woordes god speede,
I answered them agayne accordingly,
And forward in this cause I dyd proceede ;

And tolde them what was fallen in debate
Atwixt these paires of cloth and velvet breeches,
Concerning maintenance of their estate,
Their matters, allegations, and speeches,

PRIDE AND LOWLINES.

And prayed them of their humanitie,
If they were such as verily they seemed,
To wyt, of knighthood and gentle progeny,
By whom of right such causes shouldbe deemed;

As which concerned very gentilnesse,
Wherein it stant what is thereof the roote,
Ye shall doo God high service, as I gesse,
And to your countrey men no litle boote.

The knight, as he that gentle was of cheere,
Ne answeared his learning was but small;
But els herein his good wyll should appeere:
Then afterward I up and tolde him all.

Howe that he should not been alone him selve,
Ne should above his learning have in charge;
For he should be the foreman of the twelve,
And of their matter should enquire at large:

And of such thinges as are in their knowledge,
And of which no man can be ignoraunt,
That liveth on this earth, I dare alledge.
They were content all three, and didden graunt.

Then came there other company a pase,
By two and two togeather, three and three;
I sought to knowe some of them by their face,
But I ne might, ne gesse what they should be.

The fyrst three seemed for to beene of towne,
For they were handsomely apparelled:
Eche of them in a very seemely gowne;
The one a white knit cappe upon his hed:

His coate was faced with graie coonie skinne.
I judged him a Baker by his trade,
As he confessed when I asked him,
For of his language nothing straunge be made.

Another was a Bruer by his art;
The third a Vitayler, and did retaile,
Bought by the barell, and sold by pinte and quart,
And had his living by that travayle.

And were clothed after citizen,
Neither in slovenrie, ne yet in pride;
Ne had they terme of inkhorne, ne of penne,
But plaine in speache, which gladly I espied.

And after them there came all in a rowt
Sixteene or seventeene, as I dyd gesso;
All likely men, and neither knave ne lowt,
But cheefely two that came before the presse.

One of them had a fiddle in his hand,
And pleasaunt songes he played thereupon,
To queynt and hard for me to understand:
If he were brave I make no question;

Or yf his furniture were for the daunce:
His breeches great, full of ventositie,
Devised in the Castle of Playsaunce,
And master of a daunsing schoole was he.

The other was by trade a Vintener,
That had full many a hoggshed looked in:
Travayled he had, and was a languager,
His face was redd as any cherubyn.

A Spanishe cloke he ware, fine with a cape,
A fine Frenche cappe on his head accordynge,
Both which upon him faire and seemely sate,
And one his finger ware a mightie ring.

When they came neare, I asked what they were?
For nought said they, so much as once god speede
And to my question said the Tavernier,
Answear they might, but therto lay no neede;

But told me at the last of their degree,
 As ye have heard before then I them prayed,
 If they were suche as they would seeme to be,
 That in this matter we might have their ayde.

Yet was there one whom I had nigh forgot,
 And he was master of a dysing house :
 No woord had he but pay the boxe and pot,
 So brave he was, that mee thought marveyulous.

The rest were people of the common sort
 Of whome I tooke no heede especiall,
 Ne made enquirie of their lives or port,
 Save seven, of the whiche tell you I shall.

One of them ware a jerken made of buffe,
 A mightie pouche of canvas at his belt,
 Wherein, me thought, there seemed to be stuffe ;
 A faire cloke on his backe, and on his head a felt.

Upon his shoulder he bare a forrest byll.
 I asked what he was? wherfore (quod he)
 Aske ye? Friend (quod I) for none yll ;
 And told him as I told the rest perdye.

But he made aunswere farre from my purpose,
 And asked me if I could tell of lease,
 Of pasture that was to be set, or close,
 Now to beginne, or by ~~some mans decease~~.

Or office if I wyst any to sell.
 He had a sonne or twaine he would advaunce ;
 And sayd they should take paines untill it fell :
 He that wyll thrive (quod he) must tary chaunce ;

And marchaunt tarye for the market daye.
 On God's name, syr (quod I) yee saye full well :
 Then what he was he tolde without delaye,
 To wytte, a grasier, also where he dyd dwell.

Another was there, much of his entaile
Both for his gesture and his habilement :
His handes were stained both the skyn and naile ;
Full many peece of barke they hadden rent.

He was in very deede a ritche Tanner,
And asked where I thought he might purchase,
Som great domayn, som lordship, or som maner ?
But I rehersed to them both our case ;

And tolde them that of lordships I ne knewe,
Nor in such matters was inquisitive,
Who bought, who sould, syr Richard, or syr Hew,
And from those purposes I dyd them drive.

Besides all these a Bricklayer there was,
A man right cunning in his facultie :
He had hope build full many a statelye place ;
A trewell at his gyrdle weared he :

And in his hand he had a flat measure,
Ywrought with figures of arithmetic,
Whereby his length and bredth he tooke full sure,
And wisely couched both his stone and brick.

Then was there yet another, in a gowne
Of fine blacke cloth, and faced faire with budge :
A blacke bagge from his girdle hung a downe,
And full it was, wherewith I could not judge.

He gave no worde so much as once God speede.
I prayed him to tell us what he was ?
Why so (quod he) therein lyeth no neede :
I told him yes, as thinges might come to passe.

I am then an infourmer, answered he.
All in good time, sir, and welcome quoth I,
For we have neede of suche men as are ye :
We have to fewe here of your facultie,

That could infourme us of the right uppon
A matter here before us come to controuersed.
Here is none learned, but if I be one ;
And somewhat of the matter him rehersed.

He aunswered, that his experience
Was better then his learning a great deale,
Namely in the statutes of penitence ;
For in these, and none others doth he deale.

Then was there yet another whom I see,
Which stode one of the hindmost of the route,
For soft, and no whit forthputting was hee ;
Full sunbrunt was his forehead and his snoute.

A man aboute a fiftie yeeres of age :
Of Kendall very course his coate was made.
My thought of truth his face was an image ;
Upon his gyrdle hong a rustye blade.

Full simple was thereof both haft and sheath ;
A strawen hatte he had upon his head,
The which his chinne was fastened underneath :
His cheekes dyd shew he earned well his bread.

A payre of startuppes had he on his feete,
That lased were up to the small of the legge :
Homelie they were, and easier then meete,
And in their soles full many a wooden pegge.

He had a shyrt of canvas hard and tough,
Of which the band and ruffes were both of one ;
So fyne that I might see his skinne them through,
Which is as much to say as he had none.

This was a husbandman, a simple hinde,
Whom when I called had, and bad come neere,
And of the matter told him all my minde,
He aunswered with milde and gentle cheere.

Syr (quod he) gladlye would I doon ye prowē,
If in this matter I had halfe the skylle,
That I have in my harrow and my plowe :
I pray ye of my wordes to thinke none yll.

I bad him not doubt thereof; and told him more,
He should have fellowship and assistance
Lyke as ye had ne tell the knight before,
And of the matter certen evidence.

Then was he well contented therewithall :
Looke, what is in my knowledge and my might,
Help you (quod he) with all my hart I shall.
Then on my matter further I gan me dight.

To make them full then found I other mo,
A Shoemaker, a Weaver and a Smith ;
A Haberdasher of smale wares also,
Inow, me thought, to trie our matter with.

For I remember not the certaintie
Of all the residue that weren there,
Their names, their science, and their facultie ;
For haste also I would of them enquire.

But these unto my pannell dyd I wryte,
And read their names that every man might here,
And not full foure and twentie names recite,
For sure I was twelve of them would appere.

Then spake the parties unto me and sayd,
Them thought that som of these were chalengable ;
Whereof advantage either of them praid,
If any upon cause they could disable.

Reason (quod I) that was agreed upon before ;
But who shall judge and trye your challenges ?
Your selfe (quod they) : No sure (quod I) ; therefore,
Appoint some other to that busines.

Yea, twoo or three thereto wyll scant suffice
To judge of them and theyr indifferenc ;
For secreete cause of favour maye arise,
Which must be searched with great advertence,

By such as have experience therein,
And of adversitye have had theyr part :
For who so beaten in the world hath bene,
No further neede he take degree of art.

With that they were content, and dyd agree
To chose them tryers as I had thought meet.
I asked them how many? they sayde, three :
In the name of God (quod I) so be it.

Nowe, did there in the place alreadie stand
A woman well nigh fiftye yeres of age ;
A young boye, and a young wench at her hand :
Thinne was their weede, and light their cariage.

The woman and the wench were clad in russet,
Both course and olde, and worne so very neere,
That ye might see cleane through both sleeve and gusset
The naked skinne, whereas it dyd appeere.

Their hosen and their shooes were all of one,
I meane both for the woorkmanshyps and leather,
To wyt their skinnes, for other had they none,
And chapped were they sore with wind and weather.

With homely clouts I knitt upon their head,
Simple, yet white as thing so course might be :
The boy much like them was appparelled,
For hose ne shoe upon his foote had he.

With that I called them, and they came nere,
And bad God speede, and save the company.
Then I did aske them who and whence they were ?
They answered me, of the North country.

In Comberland, as farre hence as Kendall,
And copie holders were of tenant right :
I wotte not howe the lorship they dyd call,
But hold they dyd by service of a knight.

To serve the Prince at any howres warning,
And asken neither wages, fee, ne hyre,
Ne choise of time, at midnight or at morning,
All were it raine or shine, in durt and myre.

Nowe hath a churle (quod they) take it in leace,
To wytte, the lordshyp with the perquisite ;
And for we mought not pay our terme doth cease ;
So our inheritaunce have losten quite.

The company thought pitie this to heere.
Alas, quoth I, this is great crueltye :
All gate, I bad them all be of good cheere,
And praye to God to send you remedye.

And sith ye ben come hether at this time,
I wyll not let you stand in ydelnesse ;
For ye shall have the charge should have ben mine :
And meete are ye that have ben in distresse ;

Which teacheth man to know the good from yll,
And eke to trye a true friend from a shrow,
Which unto them that have all thinges at wyll,
And live in welth, is very hard to know.

With that I up and told them all the case,
Whereof before they hadden hard the chiefe,
And that of no small credite was the place
Of truth and vertue for to maken pryef.

They all alledged theyr simplicitie ;
So dyd the velvet breeches them disable,
And of their choyse misliked vtterlye,
As them that were too vyle and miserable,

To judge in causes of such importaunce :
For howe can it be possible (quod he)
But they ben lewd and of great ignoraunce ;
And would in no case that it should so be.

The breche of clothe sayd, that it was not so :
They were right meete the challenges to trye,
As symple folke were chosen long agoe
To greater charge, but if the byble lye.

And it reserved to the multitude,
Who aunswered, they were not to refuse :
So thereuppon we dydden all conclude
Theyr service in this busines to use.

Well then, widow, quod I, and fatherlesse,
Which both by God unto us are commended,
Have good regard unto this businesse,
Untyll that with your helpe we have it ended.

For you can speake of your experience
That we have seene, felt, hard and understood ;
And of the passed gather consequence,
And judge betweene the evill and the good.

And if it fall in reason to decide
Morall decree or constitution,
My helpe and knowledge shall not be denide,
Untill we have them tried one by one.

And sith we be come this farre in the case,
As ye have hard, for present have ye been,
And loked both the parties in the face,
That sharpe are set, as ye have hard and seene.

And specially the playntive, whom ye here
His estymation how he doth hold,
And of him self how he accompteth deere :
So is his adversarie partie bold,

And other wayes accompteth woorthynesse ;
Besides alledgeth his antiquitie,
And that nought but his owne he would possesse.
Discended to him from his auncestrie.

And for this cause we are assembled here,
My selfe and all these others whom ye see,
To make this matter that is doubtfull cleere,
If God therein wyl graunt us facultie.

Therefore, as I shall reade their names eche one,
If eyther party chalenge any man
And shew cause, ye are judges thereupon,
Unto that cause to speaken what ye can ;

And it alowe for good, or otherwyse
To disalow it in your judgement ;
Wherin I read you that ye be precise,
And for the trueth to doo your good intent.

They answeared, with all their harts they would,
Protesting their unablenes of skil :
I bad them doo no more but what they could,
For God requireth of a man but wyl.

With that I read their names for to appere,
And fyrst the knight, the squire, and gentleman,
Who at the first made answeare, and sayd, here :
Then to the rest to passen I began.

Fyrst of the Taylours challeng made rehearsal,
And asked yf he were indifferent ?
The tryors thought him not, and so dyd al
The rest, and therefore from us we him sent.

Then gan I for to call the Vitayler :
He answeared and ready was at hand ;
The Baker, Bruer, and the Vintener :
Come nere (quoth I) and with your felowes stand.

Then to the Tanner and the Grasier,
Who answered me both without delay ;
The Daunsing Master and the Bricklayer :
I bad thinformer also come away.

The Maister of the dysing house also,
The Smith, the Weaver, and the Husbandman :
And there I ceased, and dyd call no mo,
But for to count their number I began ;
And found the number of them just sixteene.
Nowe masters, (to the parties then saide I)
Here is a jury complet as I weene :
Looke to your chalenges advisedly.

And fyrst the knight I called to the booke ;
Who had no sooner answered thereto,
Then velvet breeches to him challenge tooke,
And said he would shew cause : I bad hym doo.

This knight was never freend of mine (quoth he),
So plaine in his apparel and his port :
The goodly he doth more esteeme then me,
And spend his living on the poorer sort.

He lyveth very well content at home,
Nor to the citie hath desyre to goe,
Ne up and downe there in the streetes to rome,
And for him selfe enquire at placebo.

His tenaunts and his fermars lyve at ease,
To whom he rayseth not a peny rent :
Which thyng dooth not a litle me displease,
As unto pride a thing impertinent.

And I thinke, to speake plainely at a woord,
He had a great deale rather for to see,
Then silke on backe, good vitayles on his boord,
And spend his rent in hospitalitee.

Which, sith it is a thyng agaynst my kind,
It must needes folowe that he hateth me,
And to my adversarie is enclinde,
Therfore of this enquest ought not to be.

Then spake the wydow and the fatherlesse,
And sayd a meeter man then he was one,
Whose chalenge was his zeale to godlynesse;
If he be drawen (quoth they) we shall have none.

Of all the challenges that have been taken,
In all the dayes and place where we have ben,
Ne hard wee man for vertue yet forsaken,
Such favour hath she with the sonnes of men.

Or at the least she ought to have of ryght,
That whom so both the parties would admit,
A man that in her had his whole delight,
There should no private chalenge to him syt.

To wyt of kynred or affinitie,
Indusing favour as the lawyers say,
And true, but yet among the ungodly,
Who for their freendes sake from the trueth wyl stray.

But of the godly other is thintent,
For they remember what their maister bad :
Thou shalt know no mans face in judgement,
This earth to winne from trueth they nyl be lad :

For brotherhood, ne yet for coossinage,
For hope nor feare, love ne alliaunce ;
For faire or foule countenaunce or language,
Unto them all for trueth they bid defiaunce.

As they that to no person bearen hate,
Ne wysen evil unto any wyght,
Or would him hinder for their freend his sake,
Such love have they to God, such zeale to ryght.

Yet are they often judged of thunwyse
To hate some persons, for they doon hem blame ;
Which is, for they love them and hate their vice,
And gladly would them bring to better frame.

Wherefore this knight, as we have sayd beforen,
We thinke right meete to leaden this enquest,
And our assent he shall have to be sworne.
So passed we from him, and vnto the rest.

Yea, for the love of God, then answered I,
And bad him lay his hand vpon the booke,
And as he was a knight of auncestry,
Bad him regard his trueth and oath he tooke.

Which is (quoth I) that ye shall say the trueth,
If that the breeches of cloth have doon disseison,
To him of velvet, that here as plaintife sueth,
Or from hym hath bereaft his right or reason,

Throughout this land in any place or coast,
Namely in London, and parties there about ;
Where he him selfe complayneth wronged most,
And from fee and franke tenement put out.

And him shall repossesse yf ye it finde,
And cost and damage geve him for the wrong :
And this to doo your oth here dooth ye binde ;
If not, say so, and therein be not long.

That doon, I callèd next unto the squire,
To whom like chalenge as unto the knight
The velvet breeches tooke, but dyd retyre :
The gentleman also he let goe quite.

So three we had our Jury to begyn.

Now wyll we to the meaner sort, quoth I,
And bad the Baker and Vitayler come in,
Also the Bruer, who came as readely.

The velvet breeche then chalenged all three,
And that he sayde his cause was principall ;
I am in debt unto them all (quoth he)
And by my good wyll pay them nere shall.

And fourtie pound it is to whom is least,
Wherefore, to tell you trueth, I doo them hate,
And as myne enimies I them detest ;
Ne shall they in that cause of myne debate.

The breeche of cloth made answeare and defence,
And saide, with pride this challenge rightly stood,
To yeeld dispite and hate for recompence,
To such as in his neede had doon hym good.

And this is not of late, ne yesterday,
For Jesus that was the sonne of Syrack,
Reade yf the very same he dooth not say,
Which of such matter and of others spake.

Wherefore he thought this challenge could be none,
Though on his side were parcialitie,
That proved neither of them such anone,
As therefore beare to him inimitie.

We asked then the triours what they thought ?
I meane the wydowe and the fatherlesse :
They answered the challenge seemed nought,
Yet asked myne advise neverthelesse ;

For that the velvet breeches further sayd,
That he had been arrested at their sute ;
Desiring that the matter might be wayd,
And further of the cause they would dispute.

And yf the common lawe dyd it alowe,
As he dyd thinke in reason well it ought,
Those three he utterly would disavowe.
With that I answered, and sayd I thought,

The lawe would not, ne could intend so ill,
If him that sueth for to have his debt,
That he of malice or of evyll wyll,
Would seeke to be his hinderaunce or let.

Which were they ware his debtor to disable,
And bring him selfe to losse and hinderaunce,
Which is not to be thought nor intendable :
So thought the rest in finall concordance.

Wherefore they were itaken every one,
So seven of our Jury sworn were :
Then called I the Bricklayer alone,
Who answered but or he were come neere.

The breeche of cloth to him this chalenge toke :
Of fourtie chimneys that by him were built,
In one house there are scantly five that smoke ;
So was there much good bricke and mortar spilt.

So held he him unfaithful in his hart,
That taketh wage and woorketh all in vaine ;
Ne for his hyre dooth wyllingly his part,
But only seeketh howe to rayse his gaine.

And so thereof he drew his consequent ;
He that dooth faile in one, wyll fayle in all,
For profyt or for freendshyp wyll relent,
And thought his chalenge was materiall.

The velvet breeches hereunto replied,
The chalenge was both false and slaunderous ;
And want of smoke to be his fault denied,
But rather of the dweller in the house.

Which was no fault in houses where he dwelt,
Ibuilt for pleasure cheefely, and for shewe,
Where rost ne sodde is very seeldome smelt,
Save for our selfe and others very fewe.

The fyre then being small or none within,
It must needes folowe of necessitie,
The smoke that commeth thence for to be thyne :
I am the cause thereof my selfe, not he.

So this was thought by all the multitude,
A good excuse and fully answered,
And him a lawfull man they dyd conclude ;
For prooffe whereof was further alledged,

Howe greatlie was the science to commend,
Which maketh houses wherein men may dwell :
In him is not to lymytte other end,
To witte if men them usen yll or well ;

Or feeden there the poore or els the riche,
Ne in what part, their bellies or theyr eyes ;
For hospitalyties are not all aliche,
With them that now adaies are holden wyse.

But, as I sayde before, it was agreed,
The craftes man could not dooe there with all,
That truely dyd employ his worke in deede,
As well upon the kytchin as the hall.

Wherefore he was admitted to the rest,
And numbred unto them they weren eyght.
Thence to thinformer forthwith I me drest,
And called him, and he appeared straight.

The breche of clothe him forthwith challenged :
I asked him the cause ? he would shew none ;
But that the name it selfe was detested.

What neede he shew cause unto such a one,
Whose very name, and whose profession
Throughout this land is foule and sclaunderous ?
Ye speake (quod I) without discession,
And in your judgement are preposterous ;

That for an evill member twoo or three,
Or more or lesse that be degenerate,
And fallen from their office and degree,
Condemneth all the bodies whole estate.

And geveth private faulte, a blame publicke,
I mean the office for his officer :
Alas, yet the common sort so wicke'
Of innocence to make a trespasser.

This wickednesse is not of yesterday ;
That private faulte doth geve publick offence,
For one yll man of thousandes to myssay,
Of callinges and estates of reuerence,

That in a common welth ben servisable,
And of the same the preservation ;
Degrees and lawes so highe venerable,
That who can saye theyr commendation,

That for theyr worthines they ought to have :
Yet these I saye dooe suffer evyll name,
And sclaunder, for naught els but that a knave
Hath of them made a cloake for deede of shame.

What wickednesse can greater be then this,
Of honest trade so evyll for to speaken,
For one or twoo that usen it amis,
On whom it hath not might it selfe to wrenken ?

For lawes and statutes are naught els but words,
And doo not speake them selves, which is worse ;
For if they could, or handle knives and swords,
A number shoulde be leaner in the purse.

Wherefore I wishe no man that feareth God
To judgen all after the deede of sum ;
For that by common reason is forbod,
And Christ hath sayd there shalbe scandalum.

Men ought therefore to prove, or they allowe,
Or hastily done any wight despise :
As Christ and Paul I know, but who are you,
To find them out that use his name for lyes ;

And prove if they be such in very deede,
As in their word, and in their countenance ?
For falsehood ofte is clad in costly weede,
And yll men com by offices by chaunce.

In whome although there be misgovernance,
As som for lacke of wisdom or of skylle,
Others for they make of it chevisaunce,
And to commaund and have the world at wyll.

Wherefore to turne whereas we lefte before,
And of this challenge better to enquire,
For of this trade me needeth say no more,
As of it selfe pure honest and entyre.

But to the person what ye can object,
Or put it to the tryours to defyne ?
If ye can him of any vice detect,
Let them upon the matter determine.

With that the widdowe and the fatherlesse
Sayd, they knewe not his person what he was ;
Yet with our leave they woulden make a gesse,
And we should see howe it would come to pas.

For we that dwell farre from this town, quod they,
Though we come not at Innes of Court to lern,
Yet dearely for our learning dooe we pay,
As peradventure heere ye shall discern.

And for to trye this matter first of all,
(For we must goe, quod they, by circumstance)
His bagge is full, let us see wherewithall ;
Which he was lothe, but dyd at our instaunce.

It was a great bagge like a fawconere,
And hong upon his gyrdle by a ring :
And hundreth writtes at least within it were.
Nowe shall ye see, quod they, for your learning.
And bad me readen them as they arose,
Naught but the labell, and the parties name :
She asked then thinformer, who were those,
And where they dwelt, wherein they were to blame ?
But of an hundreth he ne knew but three,
Ne what they were, ne what towne they dwelt in,
Nor what they had offended more than wee ;
And so me thought straunge matter dyd begin ;
How that this widowe and this fatherlesse,
Which both were of no learning, neither skyll,
Should by such circumstaunce this matter gesse,
To trye a man his inward thought and wyll.
Then they him asked what was his purpose ?
He aunswered it was yet longe to term,
And sure he was there were such men as those,
For he had messagers abrode to lern.
So that or terme he could them serve eche one ;
And for all those that he thought would appeare,
He would not want his declaration,
And though he dyd, yet were they not the nere.
For I declare (quod he) in the Tam quam,
How so the matter goe, they gette no cost ;
For alwaies on the surer syde I am :
To agree with me is best, and so doe most.
And better then uppon it to appere,
And stand to tryall to their great expence ;
And though not guyltie yet never the nere :
The[y] get of me no peny in recompence.

So that the best is alwayes to agree,
Although they have offended in nothing,
And geve a crowne to save fourtie,
Yea, rather then faile, smaller offering.

Sometime I take a capon or a goose,
A peece of bacon or a peece of beefe,
Or for a pecke of corne we let one loose :
A small price to redeeme so great a mischief.

With that the company gan on him looke,
Namelye the widow and the fatherlesse,
And bad hym take his hand of from the booke,
For they beleeved all he dyd confesse.

And bad him goe his waye such as he was,
The sclaunder of an honest misterye ;
Suborned there unto by Sathanas.

What is there that abused may not be ?

Then to the Master of the daunsing schoole,
And eke the Master of the dysing house ;
The worst of them no howball, ne no foole ;
To them the breche of cloth dyd crye rescouse.

As they that in no wise were to admitte,
Professed foes to vertue by theyr trade,
To godlinesse and goodnesse oppositte,
And of all mischief very roote and blade.

So for the Master of the dysing house,
He sayd he would not aunswere to that name,
And thereof he mislyked mervelous,
And for I termed him so, he dyd me blame.

Would God it were so, sayd the company,
And that men dyd accompt as myckle shame,
In deede to execute iniquitie,
As them were lothe thereof to have the name.

In deede (quoth he) I keepe an ordinary,
Eight pence a meale who there doth sup or dyne ;
And dyse and cardes are but an accessarye,
At aft meales who shall paye for the wine.

These wayten all vppon our principall,
As collourable cause to bring them in :
And then from thence to sheere money they fall,
Tyll some of them be shrieven of theyr sinne.

But of this game and other harlotrye,
That there is used both by daye and night,
Suffiseth me to waxen riche thereby ;
Thereafter yet in name I wyll not hight.

This challenge was holden peremptorye,
Such as of further tryall had no neede :
A trade maintained through vaine glorye,
And pride, and many a lewde and shamefull deede.

The velvet breech sayd that it was not so :
He sayd, it was both false and sclaunderous
To his good name, and to a number mo,
By such as were of his welth envious ;

And of his good estate and countenaunce,
Which was not small, ne with the lowest sort ;
And praied witnesse of his fewle misparlaunce,
That of a gentleman gave such report.

A man that for his welth, his land, and fee,
Is taken, as I sayd, among the best ;
For fortye pound a yeere dispend may hee,
That he hath purchased this is the least.

The breech of cloth sayd, whereto is this glöse
Of welth, of friendship and possession ?
Which serveth not to this present purpose,
But from our matters are dygression.

For welth we holden no conclusion,
What so it be, of golde or reueneu ;
Namelye gotten by the confusion
Of youth, and other meanes lewd and untrew.

But he remaineth that he was before,
A wicked wretch, yea, and a great deale worse :
His craft and lewdnesse cause of his great store,
His house of sinne a mother and a nurse.

But to the widowe and the fatherlesse,
Their judgement and experience :
They answered, and that with quicke addresse,
And this was all theeffect of their sentence :

That his attendaunce here was litle worth,
Nor, yf it were Gods wyl, in other place.
So thought the rest, and bad him get him forth,
And forward on our matter gan we pace.

Then came the Daunsing Master, well beseene,
Who somewhat eke misliked of that name ;
Master of Musicke termed would have beene,
A science liberall of noble fame.

The breech of cloth to him a chalenge tooke,
And sayd to him, he never yet was freend ;
For in his schoole his arse he never shooke,
The schoole of pride, where only it doth end.

Where well is him that bravest shewe can make
In hose and doublet leveled by lyne,
Poynted and bottoned as in a brake :
No silke, ne velvet there is holden fyne.

And as for me, I am as welcome there,
As, yf in Paris Garden ye have beene,
The dogges are welcome to the bull or beare,
Which for to doon them mischiefes are ful keene.

The velvet breeches forthwith answeared,
And sayd he spake full like such as he was,
A foole, that knewe nothing of lustiehed,
But all his live had lived like an asse.

Ne knew what dyd become a gentleman,
And brought him into favour and to grace,
And to no small preferment now and than,
If finely with a woman he couth trace.

A thing not inferior to vertue,
And hath prescription for her usage :
The story of king David is not newe,
What so the foolish breeche of cloth doth rage.

The breech of cloth, as touching lustiehead,
Made answeare, that he knew not what it was,
But it were youth that wealth yravished,
To spoyle them selves and their name deface ;

As many he had knowen do thereby :
And as for favour that it purchaseth,
A wanton minde may cast a fantasie,
But as it lyghtly came it vanisheth.

And whereas of prescription ye tel,
And for such filth aledgen usage
Of that good patriarke of Israel ;
To that good king ye doon great disparage.

His daunssing was ful far unlike to this,
Who hath the story read and understood ;
For woman led he none, certaine that is,
And on his backe ware a linen Ephood.

Ne there did tricke of xv. or eleven,
Of both the which to whom he came the next,
I dare wel undertake he lacked seven :
Read yf ye find such matter in the text.

Or of his daunce observed cinquopas,
Save playne and simplie leaped for his joye :
His wyfe Mycholl ne liked of the grace,
Resembling him to a light head boye.

For sturdie, proud, and arrogant was shee,
And thought it ful unseemely, and unmeet
To see a prince of that humilitie
To daunce amid the people in the street ;

And namely in a simple white Ephod,
Wherefore she cast him in the teeth withal :
But what sayd he ? I wyl yet serve my god,
And lower yet before his face wyl fall.

Which hath disherited thy fathers house,
And chosen me to sit upon his seate :
He bryngeth downe the proud presumptuouse,
And kindly doth the humble sort entreat.

Her woordes, and eke his answeare to the same
Ye may finde written in the Booke of Kinges ;
How earnestly the good king shee dyd blame,
And him disdayned for his dooinges.

So when I sawe the matter goe so hard,
And so defended by the breeche of cloth,
Well (said I) let the triours then award,
And judge indifferently betweene ye both.

With that the wydowe and the fatherlesse
Sayd, they thought well of mirth and melody,
As things that heavy mindes dyd oft redresse,
So that no further evyl came thereby ;

Which was a matter hard to undertake,
Where daunsing was practised to much,
And lusty gallant, for his ladyes sake,
Supposeth as him selfe there is none such.

For there is woonderfull abuse, quoth she,
Even among the playne and simple sort,
Where nought els but a bagge piper is to see;
Yet is there pride and follie in their sport.

And rather then they wyll not be as fine
As who is finest, yea, as smooth and slicke,
And after sit uppermost at the wine,
Or nale, to make hard shift they wyll not sticke.

Suche humble curtesies and such loving lookes,
As there been used, practised and taught,
There neede to lecherie none other bookes,
Ne other schooles to bring young folke to naught.

Shortly they sayd he was a man unmeete,
And to the velvet breeches perciall :
So then I spake to him, and bad him fleete,
And take his ease, and dyd another call.

Which was the husbandman, the seelie hinde,
And he no sooner was come in the place,
Then velvet breeches gan great fault to finde,
And for his simplenesse dyd him disgrace.

And tooke not his chalenge particuler,
But sayd he was unwoorthy and unable,
As he by prooffe and reason would aver,
And to the cloth breech also favourable.

And for the fyrst poynt was to him denied,
Which was concerning his habilitie,
He sayd, that his addicion implied
No thing so litle as civilitie,

Nor knowledge in such causes to debate
Of pollicie or educacion,
But rather of his mattockes and his rake,
With whom he hath his conversacion.

For of al other folke he knoweth lest,
And farthest is from learnyng and from skil,
But yf it be in foddering of a beast;
Then how can he be judge of good and ill?

And so much for his fyrst exception,
To proven that he was a man unmeet;
And parcial he would him prove anone,
For causes that he would us done to weet.

Besides that he was insufficient,
And had not .xl. s. of freeholde;
Which was another matter that he ment,
That from this charge also doth him withhold.

The breeche of cloth mayntayned the revers,
And in the matter sayd he would be short:
And fyrst he would the chalengers rehearse,
And to their answeare orderly resort.

For ignorance and insufficiency,
For want of .xl. s. of freeholde,
Because that of his non indifferency
No cause was shewd, he knewe not what there would.

Concerning, fyrst of al, his ignorance,
And that he was vnworthy for to deeme
In matters of so great importance,
He sayd the contrary was dayly seene.

And that they should not charged be to saine,
Matter that was in learning and judgement;
For to their handes it shalbe made so plaine,
And eke by prooffe so playne and evident,

That ere they could not but of wylfulnesse,
And of their proper malice wittingly:
Then want of learnyng is not wickednesse,
Nor yet appropriate to husbandry:

An art above all others commendable
For eld of tyme, and for necessitie ;
I meane to mans lyfe so servisable,
As other none science ne facultie,

Requireth learning, payne, and diligence,
To dealen with the earth that is so just ;
Where, but he marke the heavens influence,
In steade of corne oft shall he gather dust.

And but he deale with judgement and with skyll,
Observing well his seasons, tymes, and houres,
And in due order plant, sowe, set, and till,
And wisely can foresee the wyndes and showres,

He dooth not well deserve to have that name :
And that these thinges are not of importance,
Who so it sayth I holde him much to blame,
As of our lyves the greatest sustenance.

A science holden alway reverend,
Of which also yf I should speake the prayes,
And for the woorthynesse should it commend,
It might suffice a woorke for many dayes.

By kinges and patriarkes that han it used,
An art by God so loved, that from thence
To choose a king oft tyme he not refused,
As Samuel dooth beare good evidence.

As touchyng his freehold I wyll not mell,
But put it to the tryours to enquire ;
And as they finde the trueth so let them tell,
Which is asmuche as ye both can desyre.

The tryours sayd he had sufficient,
And quickly of that doubt resolved us :
They sayd he myght spend . xl s . rent,
And in the Queenes booke was assessed thus.

Thus are those causes fully answered,
Then said the breech of cloth ; and further prayed,
He might be sworne : that was more hast then nede,
Quoth they of velvet, for he had not sayd,
Ne spoken for to prove him parciall,
Which at the fyrst was one exception ;
Goe to (quoth wee) : he answered, so I shall,
And forward with his matter is he gon.
As sure (quod he) as where is discordaunce,
And opposition of qualitie,
Can be no friendship ne alliaunce,
So sure I am this plowman hateth me.
For velvet breeche are not for his weare,
To toyle and tomble in the durt withall :
He hateth too much costlinesse of geare,
And sayth therein is purpose none at all.
Besides all this, howe he doth sclaunder mee,
As one that geveth daungerous counsell,
Both against him and eche other degree,
A whole day would not serve me for to tell.
He sayth I was the chiefest counsellor,
And first that bad his landlorde raise his rent ;
And after for to sell both farme and manor,
And made him borrow where he might have lent.
Such extreeme pylling, and such bryberie,
As never was hard tell of or this age,
The villain sayth it is all long of me :
He sayth I have brought men into that rage,
That no man is content with his estate,
No, nor yet woman by your leave, saith he :
And thence ariseth such sute and debate,
At Westminster as daily is to see.

And offices so very profitable,
That by a man hath had one seven yeere,
As some can use them now, he may be able
With Esquier, Knight, or Baron to be peere.

I know I have had oft his bitter curse,
For he is sometime pynched for my sake ;
But no force, for his words he shall fare worse :
This is the third exception that I take.

The breech of cloth made answer, that him thought
This opposition of qualitie,
And all the other causes by him brought,
Were no prooffe that he parcial would be

To any wight that truth had on his syde,
Whom for to doubt is almost to confesse,
That by a just judge he dare not be tried ;
And said his challeng did implie no lesse.

For he him thought of that indifferencce,
That he in all this earth ne hateth wight ;
Ne would but for pure zeale of truth dispencc,
Ne thinke for King ne Caesar from the right :

And prayed me to speaken what I thought,
If this objection were answered,
Which he against the husbandman had brought,
For long he thought to be delivered.

He prayed the widow and the fatherlesse,
Their minde and what they thought thereof to tell :
Who shortly did their mindes therein expresse,
And said the challeng was avoyded well.

So was the plowman taken to the rest,
And sworn to deale according to the troth.
Then forward in our matters we us drest,
Betwene this breech of velvet and of cloth.

Then called I the Shoemaker and Smyth,
The Tanner, Graisier, and the Vintener;
Who ready were at hand and came full swith,
And challenged of neither part they were;
As men like favorable unto both,
No more unto the one then to the other:
Save to the Vyntener the breeche of clothe,
Spake thus in gentle wordes and said: my brother,
Your lycour is so mightie and so strong,
And therewithall it goeth down so soft,
That of your guestes some bibb therof so long,
Till from the ground it lifteth them aloft;
Higher (as they suppose) then any steeple,
In all this towne, Saint Mighell, or the Bow:
No longer are they of the common people,
And if they talke of beggers, no I trowe;
But all of myllions of markes and pounds,
And of their credite, and their great chaffare.
An oake is but a tree, no, by his woundes,
So that ye wyinne thereby, what dooe ye care?
Or els for other fowle and filthy talke,
Which is so lov'de and common in your house;
Your cheker man for it doth keepe no chalke,
Wherefore me thinketh it were perillous
By such a man as ye are to be tryed,
Whose trade is galiaudise, drinke, and disport,
Both which are friendes to wyfulnesse and pride,
Contrary to the sober godly sort.
For from your house you send them forth so hotte,
So verye ranke their blood, so sore incensed,
That shame and feare of sinne is cleane forgotte,
And hart and minde are thereunto licensed.

The filthy whoredome I take to witnesse,
That is so common, and so exercised,
I wyll not saye the Sodomites had lesse,
Ne for it smaller punishment devised,

Then up and downe to have them by cart,
To shame such as knew never any shame,
And lesse of godlye nurture any part,
But oft laughan slylie at the same.

The velvet breeches for him aunswered,
And for strength of his drinke excused him,
For he allayed them, both white and red,
And oft with water made them small and thinne ;

Or with some other wine that was full yll,
So that if any it mistempered,
It should seeme at the least against his wyll,
That from him went so many a drunken hed.

As for theyr lewde talke and their harlotrye,
He was no officer to punishe them ;
But as he might and had aucthoritye,
Their good drinke (as I sayd) to ming and blenne.

And good enough (he thought) to spoyle and waste ;
For when the drinke hath once their hed possest,
The good and yll to them hath all one taste,
So that they paye for it, as for the best.

And where he sayth that whoredome is in wine,
And dronkennesse, he sayd that was not true
In all, though in some, and namely for the time ;
For some (quoth he) had more neede to go spue.

As they that been full ill at ease and sicke,
And have not might so much as they have will,
Till they have slept, but after if they kicke,
Allas the day ! is that so great an ill,

That it should neede so great a punishment,
The vintener amercing them so deepe,
That though they have not grace for to repent,
Their wife and children oft for hunger weepe.

And this he doth the rather for my sake.

The other answered he thought no lesse,
And said thereof non oath him neadeth take,
So was it put unto the fatherlesse,

And widowe for to saie thereof their minde.

They said the challeng was not principall;
And that the creature of proper kinde
Was good, though we offenden therewithall.

As for the seller, though there were abuse,
And much ungodliness within his house,
He might alledge unwares for his excuse,
And eke to deale with such is daungerous,

No further then by faire perswasion,
Which to these drunkerds and ungodly
Doth rather kindle more occasion
To wickednes, and life unthriftie.

Therefore was he admitted to the rest,
And as his fellowes all did him before,
Upon his othe did faithfully protest.
They bad me count or I tooke any more.

So then I called them, as ye shall here,
The Knight the Squire and the Gentleman,
The Baker, Brewer, and the Vittaller,
The Tanner, Graisier, and the Husbandman.

The Haberdasher, and the Vintener,
The Bricklayer, and the Smyth also,
The Weaver, and with him the Shoomaker;
So was our Jury full complet, and mo.

For I then counted no lesse then fifteene,
Yet would I put none of them out againe :
The moe (thought I) the better wyll they deeme,
So then, to open them the matter plaine,
I read them over all the whole record,
Every point and article at large,
And eke the sense and meaning of eche word
I shewd, and therewithall what was their charge.
And bad them for a time to go aside,
And ripely of the matter to debate,
And pray to God therein to be their guide,
That they ne did but right to none estate.
With that they went from me a certaine space,
Not full the distaunce of a hundred foote :
I with the rest abode styll in the place,
And sodainlye while I aside dyd looke,
Me thought I was ware of a company,
That downe the hyll did come an easie pace,
Thinking to me they meant to gone us by,
As passagers that would to further place ;
Tyll I perceaved by the way they tooke,
They meant to turn from us to neither hand :
Then gan I neerer upon them to looke,
Whence and who they should be to understand :
And saw them three in number, moe ne lesse,
Youthfull as theyr apparell dyd report ;
But who they were, or whence, I could not gesse :
Weaponed in verye defensible sort,
Eache of them having at his syde a sword,
And in his hand a buckler large and brode.
Wee mused all what would hereof beword,
Yet sayd nothing sayd, but in our place abode.

And loe, where yet came from the other syde,
Three other, like in every regard,
Unto the fyrst, and faste against them hyde,
To meten them who came as ye have hard.

We gan to marvell what they ment to doone,
And gessed diversly of their intent :
For that they dyd eche toward other come,
We judged all some straunge purpose they men[t].

One gessed, surely here wyll be some fray,
For whiche this tyme and place appoynted are,
And truely : but, alas and well away !
Farre other wyse then all we were aware.

And that the breeche of cloth full dere abought,
As ye shal here before this matter end,
And of their crueltie whiche there they wrought
Upon the gyltlesse, who might not defend.

A storie pitifull and lamentable,
Inough to warne eche wyght, that he ne trust
To worldly proffer, fals and deceyvable,
Which turneth, as the wheele of Fortune lust,

Agaynst all wysedome, counsell, and forecast,
Agaynst all hope, and expectation :
Howe so we builde, howe so we tyen fast,
When we thinke surest, fare well, all is gon.

What so it was in shewe or likelynesse,
Of what securitie or assurance,
One minute turneth it to nothing lesse ;
As in this matter ye shal see dyd chaunce.

This breeche of cloth, having in all our sight
His cause so good that needelie must he winne,
And that the verdict must needes fynde his right,
And that in all our judgements well was hym,

PRIDE AND LOWLINES.

Yet came he to a miserable ende,

A great example of all humane chaunce,
From which yet no wyght may himself defend,
While Fortune hath his matter in ballaunce.

Which plainely for to shew as it befell,

And where I left to take my hold agayne,
These sixe, of whom I told you fayre and wel,
In two companyes, as ye heard me sayne,

Directly came toward the breech of cloth,

By us, tyll unto hym they came so nere,
As that the breech was midd betweene them both,
And then spake one of them as ye shal here.

Thou breech of cloth, thou weede of lowlines,

That hast not feared to mayntayne thy cause,
Agaynst this garment of such woorthynes,
And al of confidence thou hast in lawes :

And told and uttered hast in thy defence

Such thinges as were not meete to beene iknow ;
And better had thou of them kept silence,
Then tel them to thyne utter overthrow.

Thou shalt therefore be a memorial,

Of such as with their betters daren stryve
In cause never so iust : and therewithal,
Uppon the breech they al tooke hold belyve.

But for to see how they him puld and halde,

My selfe, and others of the company
That it beheld, for pitie were appald,
To see them shew that extreme crueltie.

For three and three laid hold uppou a syde,

Upon the panes before and eke behynde,
That one pane from another gan to ride,
Both out syde, and that wherewith it was lynde.

So that they were defaced in a throw,
And peece by peece so very smal itorn,
That there nys man so conning that couth know,
Or gesse what garment they had ben befor.

Not so much as the codpeece was exempt,
Or for his service so much favor found,
As not to be in peeces al to rent,
And here and there in peeces throwen a ground.

I reade of no suche execution,
But it were Pentheus that dyd dispise
The Bachanals, and dissolution
Done to that dronken god in sacrifice.

Of whom his mother and his neerest freendes,
In maintenaunce of their idolatrie,
Became the cruel murderers and feends :
Reade Ovids Metamorphose if I lye.

The Jury, when they sawe the breech itorne,
And sawe by consequent the strife was ended,
For which they were impanelled and sworne,
And for they wist not what was them intended,

Away ranne they, eche man in all he might,
Ne chose their way, but as adventure fell :
Or I it wist they were nigh out of sight.
To folowe them I neede aske no counsell,

But after them as hard as I could gon,
So fast mee thought as never yet dyd man,
But he were legged as was Acteon,
When he unware had looked on Dyan.

Nor never turned once to looke behinde ;
For all our matters and our businesse,
They were the furthest thing out of my minde,
For that no hope remayned of redresse.

But for to make an end, as I have sayd,
Thus ended was our matter of debate.
I sodenly out of my sleepe abraid,
And at the fyrst full pensive was and mate.

And looked all my chamber round about,
And called to remembraunce all my sweven ;
And yf I were at home yet gan I doubt,
I meane, where as I layd me downe at even.

So when I had a whyle consydered,
And viewed well the wyndowe and the wall,
And found myselfe betweene my sheetes in bed,
I gan to sigh, and thanked God for all.

I sawe the day that now gan to disclose,
And Phebus rysing with his golden beame ;
Then thought I sodenly upon my hose,
Such was yet my remembraunce of my dreame.

I looked where I layde them overnight,
Upon my bedde, even at the very feete,
And when I sawe them whole and in good plight,
If I were glad it was not for to weete.

Then cast I in my minde where I had beene,
And mused of these matters that I mett,
So straunge, and so incredible to weene ;
And to that end I would them not forget,

I purposed to write them in a booke ;
Yet therewithall I had this fantasie :
They wyll but laugh at me that on it looke.
And yf they doo, I lose not all, thought I.

For laughter healthy is, and profitable,
And signe of both, men say where I have been,
Of heale and weale, which both are delectable ;
For common is this woord, they laugh that wyn.

So that it hurt no wyght shal me suffice,
Which yet it can not do but yf they wyl ;
For they may shutt theyr eares or close theyr eyes,
That feare in hearing it [to] taken ill.

Thus wandred my mynd in matters smal,
And how that as smal things were put in thought,
Though some iudge of it il, so wyl not al,
Nor hym condemne of folie that it wrought.

So after al these thinges consydered,
As also that it was long to endite,
Now wyl I prove (quoth I) my simple hed,
What he hath kept, and what he can recite ;

And helpe me all this matter to contrive,
In order as it passed in my sleepe,
If in hym be vertue memorative,
To hold the thinges geven hym to keepe :

And have it written to my remembrance,
Without omitting matter principal ;
Although that somewhat of the circumstance
I have for want of caryage let fal.

Therefore besech I every gentle wyght,
That shal it reade to judge of it the best ;
The rather, for it is not in our might
What we wyl dreame in bed when we do rest ;

But as it falleth us by adventure,
Both for the substance and the qualitie :
We can not covenant by indenture,
Ne yet compound before what it shalbe.

And therefore, though it have smal appearance
To be a trueth, let no man it dispise,
Or him that wrot it for no recompence,
Save labour for his paine without reprice.

For who so shal esteeme his labour lost,
That shal it reade, he may think therewithal,
I lost more manifold, both paine and cost,
Yet never greeved me ne never shal.

For while I wrote this I dyd nothyng els,
Save that I kept [my] mynd from idlenesse,
The cause of harlottry, as Ovid tels :
So wyl it them that read it, as I gesse,

Better, I wys, then Amadis de Gaule,
Or els the Pallas forced with Pleasure,
Who though they promise honny yelden gale,
And unto coales do turne theyr fained treasure.

Or Ballads that entreate of nought but love,
Of plaints, unkindnesse, and of gelosie ;
Which are of woonderfull effectes to move
Young peoples mindes that reade them to folly.

Of whiche neverthelesse we dayly see
How many, and how coonning are the clarkes :
I bidde ye not herein to credite me,
Beleeve their writinges, and their noble warkes.

But to my purpose whiche I have attained,
For my defence and of my dreame also,
There is no man alyve that here is blamed ;
I know not such a man as weren tho,

That by the breeche of cloth were chalenged,
Nor I thinke never were, for to my wyt
They were fantasticall, imagined ;
Onely as in my dreame I dyd surmit.

Wherefore no man thinke him selfe spoken to,
For any thing that I have told you in my sweven :
Who thinketh he dooth well, so let him doo,
And chooße him how this matter he wyl leeven.

Besides all this, least any man misjudge
Of these my woordes, or hold me parciall,
As bearyng to the buttockes any grudge,
More then unto the other members all,
Because my matter hath ben of a breeche,
Which is their habit and their couerture,
To thinke none ill therein I them beseeche,
Or that their losse I have ment to procure.
As that they might not weare, as may the rest,
I meane the members of more worthines ;
For sure I hold they ought to weare the best,
And if ye read S. Paule he saith no lesse.
Wherefore to buttockes evil I ne ment,
More then unto the belly or the backe,
Or else the head concerning ornament,
For nature hath more furnished their lack.
They may with lesse shame be discovered,
And naked then the lower partes may be ;
Though yet unseemely, saving for the head,
Of man ; for why of God th' image is hee ;
And is the ground of reason and the roote,
The seate of understanding, and of wit ;
Guide of the rest, yea, both of hand and foote,
And royall as a king on high doth sit.
And therefore if the buttockes do excede,
Or be to monstrous in that they weare,
The head ought to be blamed for the deede,
For reason ought to have his dwelling there,
Not in the buttockes, who know nothing lesse,
Then what is seemely for them to put on,
And are appointed other busynesse,
But if the head they chaunce to over gone,

And take upon them for to beare the sway,
For reason let in sensualitie ;
Which sure they will do if they get the kaye,
As prove some weddings made to hastelie,
Withouten any counsell had before,
Of them that should of right have delt therein :
Fie, fie, let be, I pray ye of that no more,
What should we aske advise of friend or kynne ?
Among our youth this chaunceth now and then,
But seeld or never with the elder sort,
That set their childrens partes at six or tenne,
And all for neither counsell and comfort.
But this is somewhat out of my purpose,
Whose meaning was naught but to satisfie
Such as (because my matter was of hose)
Might thinke I would the buttockes injurie.
Thus for the matter of my dreame ynough
To him, or her, that might thereof misthinke.
Now, for the forme thereof is very rough,
I may not that defend with pen nor inke.
But as in the first part of this iourney,
When first wee entred into this matter,
I tolde them I was but an attorney,
What needed me to bragg, or els to clatter ?
And of that order (I am sure) the worst,
I say, for knowledge in this action ;
For sure in all my life it was the furst,
Not onely whereof I had the direction,
But whereof I had ben at the passage,
So that I had but small experience
To bene the guide of such a caryage,
And having there also no presidence.

And as for my learning and my studie,
Hath bene but smal, though somewhat I have red,
I wrote never day with prothonotory,
And therefore was but smally furnished.

Therefore beseech I such as be learned,
Into whose hands this work may chaunce to come,
Barresters, or how so ye ben termed,
To judgen of it after your wisdom.

For that I geve the plentife no collor,
Nor for such matters do observe decorum :
With us was neither Dyer nor Fuller,
And (as I said) my selfe had nihil horum.

Therefore no collours there they gat of me,
Save such as they themselves with them brought ;
Which (as me thought) were but to great plentie,
And that to litle purpose, as me thought.

If I have pleaded further in the right,
In action which is but possessory,
Then by the nature of thee write I might,
I could but therein be peremptory,

But that ech partie would have his reason,
To prove their issue, which was generall,
As ye have hard, nul tort, nul disseason,
And weyven would no point for them might fal.

Wherefore, my masters, you that in pleading,
And in the learned points thereof have skill,
Worthie of weightie matter to have leading,
Beare with him that ground never in your mill.

Ne in your large corne fieldes hath harvested,
The sheaves of that right noble science,
But here and there, as ye have scattered,
Hath gleaned after you without offence.

And did in this matter for his talent,
Which is as much as he could do therein ;
As he to whom was but one peny lent,
Yet was not using of it holden sinne.

And so Christ himselfe hath said in parable,
Wherefore I trust ye will accompt no wourse
Of him that would do good as he is able,
Then him that gave all that was in his purse :

As whilom did the widow with her myte.
Your gentle judgement and your curtesie,
I pray the author of all goodnes quite ;
To whom be laud and praise eternally.

ECCLESIASTICUS. CAP. X.

The beginning of mans pryde is to fall away from God,
and why his hart is gone from his maker, for pride is the
originall of all sinne.

¶ A COMMENDATION OF LOWLY-
NESSE FOR HER CONSOLA-
TION.

To shew the value price and worthines,
And truely to describe humilitie
(Which is in Englishe called lowlynes,)
So lively as to say, loe, this is shee,

Although it passe my learning and my skill,
Yet is my labour to her such a debt
Of right so due, that as I can I will
To quiten her my diligence beset.

And tell her praise as nere as I can gesse,
Her nature, her effect and qualitie ;
Although for want of cunning I them lesse,
So farre unable her to beautifie.

A worke for him that learned were and wise,
And had of collors, and of rethoricke,
As doth belong to such an enterprise ;
Or else that coulde of science poeticke.

With whom, though mine acquaintance be but small,
Such as I have (if any thing as be)
She doth command, hath done, and ever shall :
Winne I thereby or lose, nought recketh me.

Then duely of this vertue to discource,
In order shewing what she is and whence,
And of what vertues origin and source,
I purpose asking (Lord) thine assistance.

And seeking first from whence she hath her name,
Of earth I finde doth come humilitie :
Then ought she be resemblant to the same.

Now, is the earth the lowest in degree,

I meane of every other element,
Which round about her ben encompassed ;
Yet with that place doth hold her well content,
Sith he, that all might hath, so ordered.

Who though he gave to her the lowest seat,
Yet we that dwell upon her daily see
In how great kindnes he doth her intreat,
And us his creatures that in her bee.

For there nys element so high ne tall,
That doth not serve her by commandement :
The Sunne his beames upon her must let fall,
And cloudes their fatnes and their norishment.

Hence for my matter gather I this prooffe,
That as the earth contented is to dwell
In base estate, and yet for her behoofe
Provided is and furnished so well ;

Whereas if otherwise she would befall
Heaven, the Moone, the Starres, or else the Sunne,
I doubt not but that worse would her befall :
Wisely therefore she leaveth it undonne,

And holdeth to the place where she was set,
Ne with the planets seeketh to compare ;
But from them doth her necessities fet,
Which they to yelden her contented are.

That by the same example we are taught
Which ben her children of her body borne :
Considered that we become of naught,
Of base and lowe degree to thinke no scorne.

Which is the thing I call humilitie,
And is a vertue deere and precious,
And hath the promise of eternitie,
And in this life of blessings mervellous :

In earth begetteth peace and plentie,
Two things now wished for of all mankind,
By their contraries I may well conclude,
Who maken heavy hart, and wofull mind.

To prove the first, which is that lowlines,
Begetteth peace, it is as evident,
As it is plaine that pride doth nothing lesse ;
For prooffe wherof there neede none argument.

But if that matter wyll you not suffice,
And that ye wyll demaund auctoritie,
Read bookes that of such matter doon devise,
In holy or in prophane historie.

If ye can finde that there was trueth or love,
Or unitie of hart in house or towne,
Where every javell needes would be above,
And held his halpeny to be a crowne :

Marke (I say) yf ye have seene charitie,
And loving kindnesse in any nacion,
Suffering eche others adversitie,
Which is the thing we call compassion.

Marke well these persons and their governaunce,
And ye shall finde, on perill of my lyfe,
They been such as doon not them selves advaunce,
Ne wyll for litle matter moven stryfe,

As doon the proud, who therof thinke disdayne,
I meane, to borowe any evyl woord,
That they ne pay it treble home agayne,
So largely any good they nold affoord.

Then ryseth quarell : up goe the fistes and battes,
And I as good as thou, and thou as I :
Out gon sub penes, out flaien latitattes.

Who may him rule ? who may him pacifye ?

Then warrants of the peace and good abearing,
And deepe othes sworne of matters daungerous,
For feare of meeting with a pickled hearing,
And mountaynes made of matters frivolous.

For counsell he ne wanteth of his sort,
That wyll him tell his cause is very good,
And with such words his folly wyll support :
Then must they goe to let a hoggshed blood ;

Or els a barrell of strong ale or beere :
Whereas betweene the goblet and the wall,
His adversarie shall abie full deere,
And casten how the matter wyll befall.

Of learned lawyer seeketh he no skill :
Him needeth not, for why, he hath at hand
A broker that shall teache him lawe his fill,
And shew him fully how his case dooth stand.

Though he ne studied in his lyfe a day,
Yet through his brocage and his great practise,
Beareth him selfe so, that he dareth say
The lawe shal end right as he dooth devise.

And sayth, he hath to mucche abused you,
And thus and thus he pleadeth all the case ;
Telleth what action must be brought, and how,
All for a matter deer of quater ase.

They never wyll geve counsell to submit,
That were humilitie, that were to vyle,
Nor to our estimation dooth fitt,
Untyl our purse have had the lax a whyle.

And then our neighbours may our matter end,
Though woorse then us was offered before,
And reason good we may no longer spend :
Thus many a wyfull man his thrift hath lore.

And for it hath been laughed well to scorne,
By flatterers that han upon him fed,
And filled their hoodes with good strong ale in corne,
For which his purse full hartily hath bled.

This would not chaunce so oft yf lowlines
Were halfe esteemed as she ought to be ;
Nor such extremities sought of redresse,
For with discrecion procedeth she.

And oft with sufferaunce dooth overcome,
Leaving revenge to hym that wyl and shall
Revenge the wrongs that to the just are doone,
And bring full lowe their cedars high and tall.

And so much for my prooffe that lowlinesse,
Begetteth concord and dooth nourishe peace :
Which twayne, who is so lewde but wyll confesse,
They been the cause of wealth and of encrease ?

And are of towne and countrey such defence,
As is no bulwarke, ne municion,
Agaynst the foe to maken resistance,
As hath been proved yeeres and dayes agon.

For God, who may not lye, hath promised,
Where brethren dwell together as in love,
With lyfe and blessinges to be cherished,
They may not faile, and that from heaven above.

To prove this matter, of it selfe so plaine,
Me needeth bring no more auctoritie,
Ne what the fathers of such matters sayen,
Experience doth it so ratifye.

Wherefore to turne agayne to lowlines,
The matter of my woorke, and for whose sake
To travell in so great a business,
So hygh and woorthy, I have undertake,
I say she hath such multiplicite,
Of favor and of grace especiall,
That I dare call her of humanitie,
The note, the prooffe, and judgement principall,
Whereby a man doth differ from a beast;
For one hath wyful inclination,
And reason none, of deede ne of beheast,
But violence of sense and passion.
Of whom God by his prophete David sayeth,
Be not (sayth he) lyke vnto horse or mule,
That more his wyl, then any reason wayeth,
And must with bitte and brydle live in rule.
Whereas the soule of man is reasonable,
And of his lust and wyll hath governaunce;
But yf he abuse that gyft inestimable,
Which to the lowly hart dooth seeldome chaunce.
For once he seemeth small in his owne eyes,
Of godly minde a mighty argument,
And of a man whom litle may suffise,
Both woorthy of great praise in myne entent;
For be it much or lit that he possesseth,
Of land or fee, of silver or of golde,
His hart encreaseth not thereby, ne lesseth,
As edoon these fooles, for they han gotten molde.
What some by legacie, some by discent,
By title auncestrel, and coosinage:
Some, for in all their lyfe no trueth they ment,
But usure, bribing, and such foule outrage.

And so have filled cupbord, chest, and coffer,
For which hem thinketh they should been above,
And that ech wyght to them should dowke and proffer,
All for theyr wealth, and nothing for their love.

For love dooth nothing for their purpose make,
That seeken worldly pompe and maintenaunce ;
Not askyng question for conscience sake,
In bargayne, purchase, or in chevisaunce,
Of word, of yard, of measure, ne of weight,
Of thirtie for a hundred by the yeere,
Not plainely tooke, but closely and by sleight,
Aske of the brokers howe, and ye shall heare.

Yet for they breake no house by violence,
Nor by the high wayes in await doo lye ;
But robbe at home withouten resistance,
No man agaynst them dare make hue and cry.

But yf the godly preacher lyght thereon,
Who for his words are spoken unto all ;
Tushe good ynough, say they, he named non,
And so from evill unto woorse they fall.

For these are statutes made and ordinaunce
To bridle their vnsaciablenesse,
That make the fatherlesse and wydow daunce
With hungry bellies, through their cursednesse.

Not for the other, safely dare I say,
Who standeth of his God in such an awe,
And by his word so ordereth his way,
That he is to himselfe a perfect lawe,

Thinketh of God, and that before his eyes,
He goeth, and that to him there is no night ;
Wayeth also that what so men devise,
How so they collouren their deedes with slight,

They may not him deceive, ne bleare his eye,
As they can do to men by diverse wayes,
Avoyding lawes, their paine and penaltie,
Yea, and of wisdom there by get the praise.

If all these things come of humilitie,
Why may I not conclude upon her then,
And say no man can praise her worthely,
Ne shew what good she doth the sonnes of men ?

But for my fynall prooffe this will I say,
That read the Bookes of Kings, and ye shall finde
How God accepted lowlines alway,
And made the proud and hautie come behinde;

And them despised, though with sacrifice,
And many a ceremony they him sought,
Which (as appeereth well) he did dispise,
For that so well they of them selves thought.

Ye fast, saith he, to smyten with your fist,
And to your debtors done oppression :
Your harts to meeke and humble ye resist,
Yet shame ye not to make profession

Of sacrifice and of religion,
With solempne outward ceremony :
Hypocrisie and meere derision,
Where in the hart is not humilitie.

Shortly, the humble, lowe, and contrite hart,
Sayth David, is to God most acceptable :
That wyll I offer (sayth he) for my part,
And bullockes of my lippes lay on thy table.

Wherein almighty God us graunt that we,
By his example, and a number mo,
Enforsen us such as he was to be,
Encreas and blesse all them that wyshen so.

That eche man seeking others, not his owne,
In pacience, and longanimitie
Of lyfe may make his callyng to be knowen,
And wyne the weake to praysen God thereby,
Through stedfastnesse and trueth in woord and deede,
Abhorring filthy gayne, and all excesse ;
Supportyng eche another in his neede,
Accompting godly living great richesse.
Shortly, subduing lust and lewde desyre,
Of sport or speeche, and fleshes foule delite,
May so put out of wickednesse the fyre,
And growe in frutes and graces of the spirite.
And thus much of this vertue have I said,
Of duetie bound and eke most willingly ;
The rather for pride hath her sore afraid,
And bosteth he will putten out her eye.
Which God of his pure grace sheild and defend,
And blesse his people and inheritance :
To him be laud and praise world without end,
And of all creatures obeyssance.

THE BOOKE TO THE READER.

If, gentle Reader, thou have found in me
 Thing which thy stomake hardly can digest,
Here is discribed an Epythyme :
 Warne it and lappe it close vnto thy brest.
It was compounded with great diligence,
 Of symples by an Apothecary,
Both trustie and skilful in that science,
 And from these iiii. verses doth not vary.

THE EPYTHYME.

Who purposeth to liven vertuouse
 In favour of our God, let him take keepe,
That pride none office beare within his house,
 For where he doth, vertue is layde to sleepe.

A PRAYER TO ALMIGHTIE GOD.

Lord God, through whose eternall ordinance,
Decreed is and set downe by statute,
That human life shall stand of sustenance,
And must for want thereof be resolute
Into the matter whereout he was take,
Which was the earth, and therfore hast him give,
In token of thy love and for his sake,
All necessary things wheron to live,
Both for his pleasure and necessitie,
To number them and make division,
The first I may not for infinitie,
But to the last belongen three and one.
Which are apparel, meat, and drinke and sleepe,
Whereof the last three ben so necessary,
That who so lacketh them no life may keepe ;
The fourth to hide our shame thou will we cary.
These for our life we holden suffisaunt,
For these we make shift and provision ;
Forgetfull of the fourth and ignoraunt,
Which yet is chiefe of all, and liefte allone.
Thy word (O Lord) by whom all these are led,
And through thee which they yelden norishment ;
For else man liveth not onely by bred,
By meat, or drinke, or other accident.

Nor yet by sleepe to nature so friendable,
Though of all these we taken what we will ;
Yea, rather for wee been unmeasurable,
And use them, not for neede, but to fulfill

A foule delite, and priden us therein :
They been our snares and hasten our decay ;
Thy just reward (O Lord) allas ! for sinne,
When we by them are led forth of thy way.

Graunt us therfore (O Lord) that we so use,
Thy creatures as may stand with thy will,
That for their sakes we do not thee refuse,
Nor turne thy giftes and goodness to our ill ;

But that above all other things we thirst
Thy kingdome, and of it the righteousnes,
Which thou hast bidden us to seeken first ;
So shall the rest not hurt us through excesse

In this life, nor yet in the life to come :
Which graunt us, Lord, for Jesus Christes sake,
And when in earth our part is playd and done,
Our soules and bodies to thy mercy take.

FINIS.

N O T E S.

Page 5, line 20. The word "ellevate" in this line seems used in a rather unusual sense, that of *taking away* or *lessening*, as if from *e* and the French *lever*.

Page 7, line 16. There must be some misprint in this line. Ought we to read "*sans remors?*"

Page 8, line 31. "Nas Floras land" is *ne was* Flora's land, or *was not* Flora's land.

Page 9, line 12. "Or thoe" is *ere then*.

Page 10, line 8. "But nold" is *But ne wold*, or *Would not*.

Page 12, line 4. Possibly misprinted in the original for "*masters* or *misters* woorship."

Page 12, line 25. For "I let him in," we ought perhaps to read "I *letten* in."

Page 13, line 24. "Mickle deere," is much *hurt* or *injury*.

Page 14, line 25. "And I my selfe, for better was in place," may mean "I myself, for want of a better in place."

Page 15, line 23. "Which, their well understood," ought perhaps to be "Which, *then* well understood."

Page 18, line 21. See "The Egerton Papers" (printed by the Camden Society), p. 88, &c. respecting the tricks played and frauds practised by persons who pretended to find concealed lands.

Page 18, line 27. "A glent" is a *glance* or *glimpse*. Chaucer uses the word as a participle, but it is also a substantive. See Sir F. Madden's capital Glossary to "Syr Gawayne," &c.

Page 20, line 7. "aleeche" is *alike*.

Page 20, line 24. "Can penne it bet then he," i. e. Can pen it *better* than he.

Page 20, line 31. "shent," *reproved*.

Page 21, line 2. "The statute of aurai" is most likely a misprint for "the statute of *array*," in reference to the sumptuary laws. The earliest "Act of Apparel" seems to have been passed in 3 & 4 Edw. IV.

Page 25, line 3. "Though wormes *some* eat," &c. perhaps "Though wormes *have* eat," &c.

Page 25, line 5. "But I nyl'stay," i. e. But I *newyl*, or *will not*, stay.

Page 33, line 21. "Startups," from this description, were obviously very much like the lacing-boots or highlows still worn by peasants. They are mentioned in Middleton's "Family of Love," and by many other authorities. Cotgrave explains *gwestres* as "*startups*, high shoes, or gamashes for country folks."

Page 34, line 1. "Doon ye *prowe*," is "do ye *profit*," or *advantage*. See Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer, &c.

Page 34, line 34. "Lyke as ye had ne tell," &c.; probably misprinted for "Lyke as ye *hard*, or *heard*, me tell," &c.

Page 35, line 25. "With homely clouts I *knitt* upon their head," i. e. *iknitt* or *yknitt*, for *knitted*.

Page 36, line 11. "And for we mought not pay," &c. The original reads, "And for *I* we mought not pay," &c., the pronoun *I* being clearly redundant.

Page 36, line 15. "All gate:" *nevertheless*.

Page 36, line 22. "Shrow." This word of old was applied to either men or women. *Vide* "Taming of the Shrew," A. IV. sc. 1.

Page 37, line 18. "That *we* have seene, felt," &c. "That *ye* have have seene, felt," &c., is most likely the true reading.

Page 37, line 26. The old copy has it, "As ye have hard, *from* present have ye been."

Page 38, line 8. In the old copy, "will" is redundantly repeated in this line.

Page 41, line 14. "If that the breeches of cloth have doon dis-
seison." For the measure, we ought to read *breech*, instead of "breeches."

Page 58, line 3. "And came full "*swith*," i. e. "And came full *swiftly*," or *quickly*.

Page 58, line 18. "Chaffare" is *chaffer*, or *merchandise*.

Page 59, line 20. "To ming and blenne," i. e., to *ming* and *blend*.

Page 61, line 31. "We mused all what would hereof *beword*." i. e., *become*, or *happen*.

Page 62, line 13. The original reads, "And that the breeche of cloth *fall dew* aboutht;" but it is evidently a misprint for "*full dere* aboutht."

Page 63, line 24. "Belyve," i. e., *quickly*.

Page 64, line 1. "In a *throw*," is *in a little while*.

Page 65, line 3. "Abraid," i. e., *awaked*.

Page 65, line 4. "Full pensive was and *mate*:" "mate" is *dejected*, or *cast down*.

Page 65, line 6. "Sweaven," i. e., *dream*.

Page 65, line 22. "That I *mett*," i. e., that I *dreamed*.

Page 67, line 10. "Or els the Pallas *forced* with Pleasure." Perhaps we ought to read *farced*, meaning *stuffed*. The author alludes to Paynter's Palace of Pleasure.

Page 67, line 32. "He wyl *leeven*," i. e., he will *believe*, or believe.

Page 70, line 19. "Then by the nature of *thee write* I might." We ought, probably, to read, "Then, or than, by the nature of *the writ* I might."

Page 74, line 19. "Javel" is *worthless fellow*.

Page 77, line 28. "As edoon these fooles," is "as *do* these fooles."

Page 78, line 21. "For *these* are," &c. Ought we not to read, "For *there* are?"

THE END.

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F. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

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OF
RICHARD THE THIRD.

A POEM,

PRINTED IN 1614, AND

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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1844.

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INTRODUCTION.

The ensuing poem, which is intimately connected in matter and manner with Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," and which would probably not have been written but for the extreme popularity of that historical tragedy, has been noticed and quoted, for the first time, in the "Life" of our great dramatist, prefixed to the recent impression of his works, published by Messrs. Whittaker and Co. Our reprint is made from the sole existing copy, preserved in the Bodleian Library, and unknown to the previous editors of Shakespeare, as well as to all bibliographical antiquaries.

The poem is divided into three parts—the "Character," the "Legend," and the "Tragedy" of Richard the Third; and the following obvious and highly laudatory allusion to Shakespeare commences the second portion of the work:—

"To him that impt my fame with Clio's quill
Whose magick rais'd me from oblivion's den,
That writ my storie on the Muses' hill,
And with my actions dignifi'd his pen;
He that from Helicon sends many a rill,
Whose nectared veines are drunke by thirstie men;
Crown'd be his stile with fame, his head with bayes,
And none detract, but gratulate his praise.

Steevens, referring to the preceding stanzas, says that “*more probably* Niccols was indebted to Shakespeare than Shakespeare to him :” it would have puzzled Steevens to show how it was *possible* for Shakespeare to have been indebted to an author who published his work thirteen years after “Richard the Third” came from the press. John Lyly has this passage in his play, “Alexander and Campaspe,” 4to, 1584, but the resemblance is so trifling and distant, that we do not think Shakespeare had it even in his mind when he wrote Gloucester’s soliloquy : it appeared, however, just as many years before “Richard the Third” was printed as Niccols’s poem did after it :—“Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? the neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances?”

It will be observed that our quotation from Niccols’s “Winter Night’s Vision” is in the ancient English form of stanza employed by Chaucer, Lydgate, and other early poets ; while the author of “The Ghost of Richard the Third” employs the Italian *ottava rima*, which may, or may not, be considered an improvement. We do not discover any connexion between the two poems, excepting those inevitable coincidences which arise out of the fact, that both poets employed the same historical incidents. The author of “The Ghost of Richard the Third” seems almost purposely to have avoided some points upon which Niccols dwells, while he has de-

signedly touched others of which Shakespeare availed himself.¹

Those who read the ensuing pages will very soon perceive that the writer of them was a practised versifier,

¹ In *Restituta*, iv, 15, may be seen specimens of a manuscript poem on "the Rising to the Crown of Richard the Third," which seems never to have been printed, and which is in distinct imitation of the style of "The Mirror for Magistrates." Three stanzas, referring to the productions of three distinguished poets, Churchyard, Daniel, and Lodge, are worth sub-joining.

"Shore's Wife, a subject though a prince's mate,
Had little cause her fortune to lament.
Her birth was meane, and yet she liv'd in state ;
The King was dead before her honour went.
Shore's Wife might fall, and none can justly wonder
To see her fall that useth to lye under.

Rosamond was fayre, and far more fayre than she :
Her fall was great, and but a woman's fall.
Tryfles are great compare them but with me ;
My fortunes farre were higher then they all.
I left this land possest with civill strife,
And lost my crowne, mine honour, and my life.

Elstred I pitie, for she was a queene,
But for my selfe to sigh I sorrow want :
Her fall was great, but greater falls have been ;
Some falls they have that use the court to haunt.
A toye did happen, and this queene dismay'd ;
But yet I see not why she was afraid."

The dedication of the poem, from which this extract is made, is dated Sep. 4, 1593, and it was prepared for the press though never published : at that date "Shore's Wife" had been written some years by Thomas Churchyard, while Daniel's poem on Rosamond, and Lodge's on Elstred, had only just appeared.

and a man of very considerable poetical power, although his taste may be defective: he sometimes writes below his subject, and at other times the effort to reach the height of it is too evident. Altogether, his work is unequal, and the serious commencement of a stanza is now and then entirely spoiled by the ludicrous conclusion of it: for instance, he thus makes Richard speak of Jane Shore, and of a dramatic performance of which she was the heroine.

“ And what a peece of justice did I shew
 On Mistresse Shore, when (with a fancied hate
 To unchast life) I forced her to goe
 Bare-foote, on penance, with dejected state!
 But now her fame by a vile play doth grow,
 Whose fate the women so commiserate;
 That who (to see my justice on that sinner)
 Drinks not her teares, and makes her fast their dinner!”

Here an absurd conceit in the last line is made to mar the whole effect of the preceding part of the stanza. We may add that the “vile play,” to which reference is made, was not probably that already reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, “The First and Second Parts of Edward IV,” by Thomas Heywood, in which Jane Shore is an important character, but that which is thus mentioned in a poetical tract called “Pymlico, or Run Red-cap,” published in 1609 :—

“ Amaz’d I stood to see a crowd
 Of civil throats stretch’d out so loud :
 As at a new play, all the rooms
 Did swarm with gentles, mix’d with grooms,
 So that I truly thought all these
 Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*.”

This passage seems to settle the point that the plays of "Shore" and of "Pericles" were brought out at about the same date, neither of them perhaps absolutely "a new play," as the author of "Pymlico" terms them, but a revival, with additions and alterations, of older dramatic performances, to which so much of novelty was given as to lead the play-going public to consider them new. The prose novel, founded upon "Pericles," before mentioned, was printed in 1608, no doubt while the play was maintaining an extraordinary degree of popularity. Some account of it may be found in vol. viii., pp. 267, 268, 269, of the edition of Shakespeare published by Messrs. Whittaker and Co.; and larger extracts are given from it in "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," (of which only fifty copies were printed) pp. 33 *et seq.*

In his "Epistle to the Reader," the author of "The Ghost of Richard the Third" mentions the popularity of plays upon the events of that reign: "And when I undertook this, I thought with myself that to draw arguments of invention from the subject, new and probable, would be far more plausible to the time, than by insisting upon narrations, *made so common in plays* and so notorious among all men, have my labour slighted and my pen taxed for trivial." The fact is, that besides Dr. Legge's Latin drama, (acted at Cambridge before 1583) in 1614 there were at least three existing English plays upon the story of Richard III. The oldest of these no doubt was "The True Tragedie of Richard the Third," (written several years earlier, and printed in 1594) which preceded Shakespeare's historical

drama,¹ which we suppose to have been composed about 1593. Shakespeare's historical drama, therefore, came second in point of date; and on the 22nd of June, 1602, Ben Jonson was paid £10 by Henslowe, in earnest of a play to be called "Richard Crook-back," and of some additions to Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy." We know, from the impression of "The Spanish Tragedy" in 1602, that the additions by Ben Jonson were not very important; so that we may presume that the larger part of the £10 advanced by Henslowe went to pay for what Ben Jonson had already written of his "Richard Crook-back." At about this date, £10 or £12 seems to have been the price usually given for a complete play; and it is likely that, at the time he received the money, Ben Jonson was far advanced in his undertaking, and that it was afterwards finished, and acted by Henslowe and Alleyn's company at the Fortune Theatre, which had been opened not long before. As it was written in 1602, it may appear singular that Ben Jonson did not include his "Richard Crook-back" in the folio of his Works in 1616; but it is probable that he was aided in the play by some other dramatist, and several pieces in which he was notoriously concerned were excluded from that volume, because, having had partners in them, he could not term them exclusively his own. "Sejanus" would have been in this predicament, had not Ben Jon-

¹ An accurate reprint of "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third," 1594, from the unique copy in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, has just been issued by the Council of the Shakespeare Society: to it is appended the Latin drama upon the same subject by Dr. Legge, from the MS. in the Library of Emmanuel College.

son re-written that portion which he admits had been contributed by a "happy genius;" meaning, as has been always supposed, Shakespeare.

What we have just stated proves that there were at least three English dramas of which Richard was the hero, viz., "The true Tragedy," Shakespeare's historical play, and Ben Jonson's "Richard Crook-back." These, we may presume, were more or less in a course of performance, in 1614, when "The Ghost of Richard the Third" was published, although the old "True Tragedy" may have been superseded by the later productions of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson: other theatres, besides the Globe and Fortune, may have been in possession of plays upon the same incidents; but none such have come to our day, nor any notices regarding them.

The only remaining point to which it seems necessary to advert is the question, Who was the author of "The Ghost of Richard the Third?" No name or initials are found on the title-page, but the letters C. B. are appended to the dedication: these may belong to Charles Best, who was a writer in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," 1602, or to Christopher Brooke, the author of some "Eglogues dedicated to his much loved friend Mr. Will. Browne," printed in the same year as the poem before us. It will be observed that Browne has lines in commendation of his "worthy and ingenious friend, the author," prefixed to "The Ghost of Richard the Third," as well as similar poems by George Chapman, George Wythers (or Wither), Robert Daborne, and Ben Jonson, and four Latin verses by Fr. Dynne, of the Inner Temple.

We are, therefore, more disposed to assign "The Ghost of Richard the Third" to Brooke than to Best, to whom we formerly thought it might possibly be attributed.¹ It is also to be remarked, that Christopher Brooke has a laudatory sonnet prefixed to Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals," printed in folio about 1613, in which year the address "to the Reader" is dated. From this work we quote the subsequent tribute to Brooke, forming part of song 2, of book ii., in the impression of 1625, 8vo.

—————"Brooke, whose polisht lines
Are fittest to accomplish high designes,
Whose pen (it seemes) still young Apollo guides;
Worthy the forked hill for ever glides
Streames from thy braine, so faire, that time shall see
Thee honour'd by thy verse, and it by thee.
And when thy temple's well-deserving bayes
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praise,
As in a crystall glasse, fill'd to the ring
With the cleare water of as cleare a spring,
A steady hand may very safely drop
Some quantity of gold, yet o're the top
Not force the liquor run, although before
The glasse (of water) could containe no more;
Yet so all-worthy Brooke, though all men sound
With plummet of just praise thy skill profound,
Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take,
And not apparent ostentation make,
That any second can thy verses raise,
Striving as much to hide as merit praise."

¹ We owe the suggestion that Christopher Brooke was the author of "The Ghost of Richard the Third" to Mr. Rodd.

There was, therefore, an obvious, and probably an intimate, connexion between Christopher Brooke and William Browne; and perhaps the fact of his authorship was so well understood at the time, that Brooke did not consider it necessary to put more than his initials to the poem contained in the ensuing pages. We thought at one time of printing Brooke's "Eglogues" and scattered poems with "The Ghost of Richard the Third," but they are totally unconnected in style and manner, and do not in any way illustrate each other: besides, the authorship of Brooke to the production here reprinted is too uncertain to warrant the annexation of his avowed works. Little seems to be known of him beyond what is said by Browne, and the fact that he was an author of some distinction in the time of Shakespeare. Whether he were descended from Arthur Brooke, the author of the narrative poem of "Romeus and Juliet," first published in 1562, has never been ascertained.

We have to thank Dr. Bandinel, curator of the Bodleian Library, for permission to transcribe "The Ghost of Richard the Third;" and Mr. Harper, for the trouble he took in collating the transcript, in order to make sure that our re-impression represents, verbally and literally, the text of the *unique* original. Of course, mere typographical errors are corrected in the text, or pointed out in the notes.

THE
G H O S T
OF
R I C H A R D
THE THIRD.

Expressing himselfe in these three Parts

- { 1 *His Character*
2 *His Legend*
3 *His Tragedie*

Containing more of him then hath been heretofore shewed;
either in Chronicles, Playes, or Poems.

Laurea Desidiæ præbetur nulla.

Printed by G. ELD: for L. LISLE: and are to be sold
in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the
Tygers head. 1614.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL SIR
JOHN CROMPTON, KNIGHT; WITH
HIS MOST WORTHY LADY,
THE LADY FRANCES.

Sir,

My simple disposition could never make cunning observance of any whose deserts most bound me to their respect and honor, not more out of my nature then judgement, since commonly the world's obsequious insinuations in trifles prove their obsequies of no more importance. Nor can the weightiest duties, in my poore habilities, sway much more the ballance of the world, because the notice that the world takes of men's noble loves to vertue and good name impresseth nothing the more, but oftentimes their lesse price in onely profit and selfe-loving estimations. Notwithstanding, since I know your true noblesse out of the common way in all honored inclination to the acceptance and grace of goodnes, I have beene bold to publish this poem (intending allurement to goodnes by deterring from her contrarie) to your right generous countenance and gracefull protection: wherein, least a single and consortlesse disposition might perhaps grow cold by the too many companions that encourage the death of it to all respect of unprofitable vertue, you have taken into your bosome so free and gracious a love to it in my most honor'd lady, that the comfortable and nourishing flame of it can never want fuell to maintaine and keep it ever at full. To both whose one-light, for the direction and

progression of all good endeavors, belonging and consecrate to all true worthines and dignitie, I offer this well-meaning materiall, hoping that such as have no matter to judge it, shall bee farre from enclining your apprehensions to condemne it, and rather establish then diminish in you vertues encreasing encouragement. To which, in all resolv'd service, I humbly submit, ever abiding, and desiring to my utmost your most respected commandement.

C. B.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

An Epistle to the reader is as ordinary before a new book as a prologue to a new play ; but as plaies are many times exploded, though the prologue be never so good and promising, so, reader, if thou findest not stufte in this poem to fit thy humor, if the wit with the fashion hold not some tollerable proportion, this enducement, though nere so formall and obsequious, would little prevaile with thy acceptance, but thou wouldst conjure my ghost downe againe before his time, or torment him upon earth with the hell-fire of thy displeasure : therefore, it matters not whether I humor thee with complement, or insinuate with glozing epithites. I knowe (in a play or poem) thou lik'st best of satyricall stufte, though perhaps thou seest therein thine own character : and not without some shew of reason are things bitter the better ; for the gluttonous sences (the eye and eare) so cloi'd and surfeited with variety of effeminate pleasures, the rough satyre doth sometimes not unfitly enterpose such courtly delight, which growing a burthen to it selfe, his entermixt vaine, with the others vanity, gives entermission to the humor, and proves no lesse tastfull to the gallants judgement then tart sauce to whet his dull'd appetite. And of this kind I have enterlaced something, naturally rising out of my subject ; where, by way of prevention, if any shall object that I have not amplified the legend to the full scope of the story, I answere, I should then have made the volume too great, to the discouragement of the buyer, and disadvantage of the printer : let it suffice I have the substance if not the circumstance. And

when I undertook this I thought with myselfe, that to draw arguments of invention from the subject, new, and probable, would be farre more plaucible to the time, then by insisting upon narrations, made so common in playes and so notorious among all men, have my labour slighted, and my pen tax't for triviall. The generous censor, as hee is ingenious or ingenuous, I reverence; likewise the crittick, as he is knowing and learn'd, but when his censure shall be levell'd with neither of his good parts, but savour more of spleene then braine, of disease then judgement, I doe hartily appeale from him with all of that faction. And though many did inly wish that this, not the meanest issue of my braine, might have prov'd an obortive, and seene no comfortable light, yet they see it is borne, and without prejudice to nature with teeth, too, to oppose theirs, that shall open their lips to deprave mee, but whether to lye upon the parish or the printers hand, that rests in clouds: howsoever, I have got sheetes to lye in (though they be but course) and am sure to be cherish't in good letters: if I be entertain'd in the world, and prove a companion for the many, I know I shall not be much chargeable; if not, yet this is my comfort, there will be some use made of me in this land of waste. In which resolution I set up my rest.

Thine, if thou wilt.

TO HIS INGENUOUS AND MUCH-LOV'D
FRIEND, THE AUTHOR.

You now amidst our Muses Smithfield are,
To sell your Pegasus, where hackney ware
(Rid by the swish swash rippers of the time,
Pamper'd and fronted with a ribband ryme)
Though but some halfe houre soundly try'd, they tyre,
Yet sell, as quickned with eternall fire.
All things are made for sale ; sell man and all,
For sale, to hell : there is no soule to sale.
Your flippant sence-delighter, smooth and fine,
Fyr'd with his bush muse and his sharpe hedge wine,
Will sell like good old Gascoine. What does, then,
Thy purple in graine with these red-okier men ?
Swarth chimney sweepe, that to his horne doth sing,
More custome gets, then in the Thespian spring
The thrice-bath'd singer to the Delphian lyre.
Though all must needs be rid heere, yet t'aspire
To common sale, with all turne-serving jades,
Fits pandars, and the strong voic't fish-wife trades.
Affect not that then, and come welcome forth,
Though to some few, whose welcom's somthing worth.
Not one, not one (sayes Perseus) will reade mine ;
Or two, or none : 'tis pageant orsachine
That goes for gold in your barbarian rate,
You must be pleas'd, then, to change gold for that.
Might I be patterne to the meanest few,
Even now, when hayres of women-hated-hew

TO THE AUTHOR.

Are wither'd on me, I delight to see
My lines thus desolately live like me,
Not any thing I doe but is like nuts
At th' ends of meales left, when each appetite gluts.
Some poet yet can levell you a verse
At the receipt of custome, that shall pierce
A sale assister ; as if with one eye
He went a burding, strikes fowles as they fly,
And has the very art of foulerie :
Which art you must not envie ; be you pleas'd
To hit desert ; fly others, as diseases'd,
Whose being pierst is but to be infected ;
And as bold Puritans (esteem'd elected)
Keep from no common plague, which so encreases ;
So these feed all poetickall diseases.
Best ayre, lest dwellers hath ; yet thinke not I
Fore-speake the sale of thy sound poesie,
But would, in one so worth encouragement,
The care of what is counted worst prevent ;
And with thy cheerefull going forth with this,
Thy Muse in first ranke of our Muses is.

Non datur ad Musas currere lata via.

GEOR : CHAPMAN.

TO HIS WORTHY AND INGENIOUS FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

So farre as can a swayne (who then a rounde
On oaten-pipe no further boasts his skill)
I dare to censure the shrill trumpets sound,
Or other musick of the Sacred Hil :
The popular applause hath not so fell,
(Like Nile's lowd cataract) possest mine eares,

But others songs I can distinguish well,
 And chant their praise despis'd vertue reares :
 Nor shall thy buskind Muse be heard alone
 In stately pallaces ; the shady woods
 By me shall learn't, and eccho's one by one
 Teach it the hils, and they the silver floods.
 Our learned shepherds, that have us'd tofore
 Their happy gifts in notes that wooe the plaines,
 By rurall ditties will be knowne no more,
 But reach at fame by such as are thy straines.
 And I would gladly, (if the Sisters' spring
 Had me inabled) beare a part with thee,
 And for sweet groves, of brave heroes sing ;
 But since it fits not my weake melodie,
 It shall suffice that thou such meanes do'st give,
 That my harsh lines among the best may live.

W. BROWNE.

Int: Temp.

AD LECTOREM DE LIBRO.

*Hic nihil invenies quod carpas : mentior ; ecquid
 Carpere quod pigeat, tam bonus hortus habet ?
 Hinc carpat, quisquis gratos vult carpere flores ;
 At dextrà carpat, carpere si quis amat.*

FR. DYNNE. *Int: Temp.*

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR, UPON HIS POEM.

Not for thy love to me, nor other merit,
 Doe I commend thy poem's forme or spirit ;

For though I know thou art a friend of mine,
 I praise this for it owne sake, not for thine.
 Here have I seen character'd the condition,
 The life and end of a meere polititian ;
 From which I learne, 'tis no good policy
 On any termes to part with honesty.
 And the opprest may view, (to his content)
 How sweet it is to be an innocent ;
 Or by contraries learne, with what deare rest
 The soules of harmelesse dying men are blest.
 So may the bloody tyrant heere attend,
 What horror and despaire pursues his end.
 And those that (living) loath their faults to heare,
 May (reading this) perhaps repent for feare ;
 Since though reproofes they scorne now here they dwell,
 Thus their owne Ghosts proclaime their shames from hell.

GEORGE WYTHERS.

TO THE AUTHOR, UPON HIS POEM.

I know thou art too knowing to enquire
 This title to thy praise, which doth require
 A hart so constant, and a brow so chast,
 That vertue must not fall, how e're low plac't :
 Who this way merits best must looke to bring
 Onely a flower to an intemp'rate spring ;
 Which howsoe're with care thy labor plants,
 Must feele the earth-bred blasts in barren wants,
 Of ruder elements oft suffring spoile,
 To shew such hearbs grow not on naturall soile ;
 Nor can't be aptlier said of verse and rimes,
 They are but strangers to these wav'ring times :

For, as men shift their fashions for new shapes,
 They are in soules the same (inconstant apes)
 Which each booke-seller knowes ; for, as to day,
 Your Pasquil like a mad-cap runnes away,
 To morrow playes ; the next day history ;
 More strange, another time divinitie ;
 And in my age (which is indeed most rare)
 I have knowne gallants buy up bookes of prayer ;
 But they were gamsters, loosing all in swearing,
 Try'd a contrarie way in their uprearing.
 To this my common observation, thou
 Hast tooke a course (which I must needs allow),
 T' include them all in one, to catch their eyes,
 That soone are dym'd without varieties ;
 Wherein I will not flatter thee to tell,
 There's much of good, and what is worst is well.

ROBERT DABORNE.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR, UPON
 HIS RICHARD.

When these, and such, their voices have employd,
 What place is for my testimony void ?
 Or, to so many, and so broad-seales had,
 What can one witnesse, and a weake one, add
 For such a worke, as could not need theirs ? Yet
 If praises, when th' are full, heaping admit,
 My suffrage brings thee all increase, to crowne
 Thy Richard, rais'd in song past pulling downe.

BEN JONSON.

THE
GHOST OF RICHARD
THE THIRD.

HIS CHARACTER.

What magick, or what fiend's infernall hand,
Reares my tormented ghost from Orcus flame,
And lights my conscience with her burning brand,
Through death and hell to view the world's faire frame?
Must I againe regreete my native land,
Whose graves resound the horror of my name?
Then gaspe those marble jawes, and birds of night
Perplex my passage to the loathed light.

Some consciences, with soules, may hope for peace
When all their veniall and their petty crimes
Are expiate, but mine will never cease;
T' augment my torment past all worlds and times,
Damn'd deeds in life, damn'd pennance doth encrease.
Men's soules may fly their bodies' putrid clymes,
But horrid paines still cleave to foule offence;
Nor will the sinne forsake the conscience.

Give way, Time's pageants, bubbles but a blast,
 Objects for idle spirits, whose vanitie
 Feede streames of humors in this sea of waste ;
 Where carpet courtlings swim in bravery.
 Such comick puppets are not things to last,
 Subjects unfit for fame or memory ;
 But time, nor age, can paralell or stayne
 My bloody scenes, which Death hath dyde in grayne.

Vale, Nature's nurselings, Fortune's favorites,
 Whose percell guylt my touch will not endure ;
 Fosters of fooles and glib-tongu'd parasites,
 Sick of time's lethargie, past hope of cure ;
 Cameleons in your change of gaudy sights ;
 How wanton Salmasis, with lust impure,
 Cleaves to your soules ! proves yé of two fold kind—
 Male in the body, female in the mind !

Wallow in wast, still jet in sumptuous weeds,
 Wave, feathered gulls, with wind, and shrinck with raine ;
 Buskin'd ye are, but not for lofty deeds ;
 No stately matter e're inspyr'd your braines ;
 Nought but soft love your great ambition feeds :
 None sencible of pleasure, but of paine,
 Must looke on me ; such whose high thoughts are fed
 With spirit, and fame, from dust of bodies dead.

Thinke ye that graves and hollow vaultes inherit
 Nought but oblivion and impotence ?
 Doth not from death arise an other spirit,
 Of high resolve th' extracted quintessence ?
 Fame is the agent to substantiall merit,
 And beares about the world's circumference
 All deeds notorious which Time remembers ;
 Thus, phœnix-like, life springs from down-trod embers.

Then, as th' Almighty Thunderer doth shake
 (With selfe-bred fumes) th' immense and massie earth,
 No lesse amazement may my fury make
 In my live's horror, from my monstrous byrth.
 And since I'm raised from hell's burning lake,
 Ile fright the world, and chase all formes of mirth
 From this now mimick and ridiculous stage :
 I sing of murther, tyranny, and rage.

Then, let the canker'd trumpets of the deepe
 Proclaime my entrance to this stagie round,
 That I may startle worldlings from their sleepe,
 Their sences in security fast bound.
 My tongue in frie dragons' spleene I steepe,
 That acts with accents cruelty may sound ;
 As once the furies' snakes hist in my breath,
 When I kist horror, and engender'd death.

And that my devilish braine may not be dull,
 But touch the quick of each ambitious soule,
 I take the wittiest pollitician's skull,
 That ever hell's black booke did yet enroule ;
 His mazor fill'd with Stygian juice brym-full,
 And innocent blood, fit for an ebon bowle,
 I quaffe to all damn'd spirits, and I know well
 They'l pledg me, though they drinke as deepe as hell.

All yee, then, that are flesh't in tyranny,
 View me, your ruthlesse president and mirror.
 Now all earth's glew'd together villany
 Dissolve and melt with pale and gastly terror :
 Loe ! I unclasp the booke of Memory,
 Rowze, bed-rid age, fowle sinne, and smooth fac'd error ;
 And with all these awake, Antiquity,
 To sing my actions to posterity.

In my conception, nature strove with kinde,
When, in the heate of blood and lust's desire,
Imagination mov'd (a part of mind),
And with the seede commixt an ardent fire ;
A strange effect, these powres should be combyn'd,
The mortall with th' immortall part conspire
To forme a prodegy the world to fright,
To blemish humanes, and distayne the light.

For why? My mother, in the strength of thought,
Propos'd unto her apprehensive powre
Some monstrous birth, by nature's error wrought,
On which all plannets of good luck did lowre :
My syre corruption to this fancy brought.
My mother languish't many a tedious houre ;
Travell brought sweate and grones ; shee long'd to see
Her burth'nous fraught : at last she brought forth me.

My legges came formost, an unequall payre,
Much like the badgers, that makes swiftest speede
In waies uneven : which shew'd that no course faire
Should crowne my life and actions to succeed :
Hollow my cheekes, upon my brest black hayre,
The characters of spleene and virulent deeds ;
My beetle-brow, and my fire-cyrcled eye,
Foreshew'd me butcher in my cruelty.

Then, as a brow-bent hill, much undermin'd,
Casts scowling shadowes o're the neighb'ring plaines,
Which th' approchers feare, as being enclyn'd
To bury all his spatious reach containes,
So, mountaine-like was I contract behind,
That my stretch't armes (plumpe with ambitious veines)
Might crush all obstacles, and throw them downe,
That stood betwixt my shadow and a crowne.

And as a raven's beake, pointed to the south,
 Crokes following ill, from sharpe and rav'nous maw ;
 Such cry Yorkes bird sent from a fatall mouth,
 Boading confusion to each wight I saw.
 To adde to these, (as token of more ruth)
 Th' amazed women started ; for each jaw
 Appear'd with teeth : which mark made these ils
 good,
 That I should woorry soules, suck humane blood.*

My father rav'd, my mother curst her wombe,
 Th' impris'ned winds shooke earth, and burst their
 caves ;
 And time (swolne big with sad events to come)
 Did send forth throes, eccho'd by gasping graves :
 The lights of heaven dropt on the world's darke tombe ;
 Horror invades the maine, whose raging waves
 Doe foame, and swell above their bounds (the earth).
 These fatall signes raign'd at my fearefull byrth.

In progresse of my childhood, with delight
 I taught my nature to see fowles to bleede ;
 Then, at the slaughter-house, with hungry sight,
 Upon slaine beasts my sensuall part did feede ;
 And (that which gentler natures might affright)
 I search't their entrayles, as in them to reade
 (Like th' ancient bards) what fate should thence
 betide,
 To cherish sin and propagate my pride.

* The hardning of a humane nature in bloud ; alluding to this of Plutarch : Ab initio noxium animal devoratum fuit : deinde avis aliqua donec his condocce facta, et gustui adsueta libido ad bouē operarium progressa est : Itaq paulatim in expletam roborātes auiditatem, in cædes hominum et bella sunt delapsi.

Then (as I waxed in maturity)

I would frequent the sessions, and those places
Where guilty men receiv'd their doomes to dye ;
As well to note the gestures and the graces
Of those were cast, as of the judge's eye ;
How these looke pale ; the others front out-faces
Eene death itselfe : and hence I learned how
To conquer pittie with a bended brow.

Now (to confirme these notions in my braine,
And to chase thence all naturall formes of good)
To presse to executions sooth'd my vaine,
To see men reeking in their sweate and bloud :
O, how remorslesse was I of their paine !
It was my cordiall and my nourishing food.
These ruthles thoughts were in my hart so rife,
That I could laugh at death, and sport with life.

As butchers and loath'd hang-men in their life,
(Through bent of mind and instrumentall partes)
Being often us'd unto the bloody knife,
Make blood and death the habits of their harts ;
And therefore, since with them such acts are rife,
The lawes of kinde (in lieu of their deserts)
Exempted have from life and death's sterne jewries,
Who for their natures might well ranke with furies.

So this habituall custome ever breeds
Such fixt impression in th' affects and sence,
That thence the minde receaves corruptive seedes ;
Nor doth sincerely take the difference
'Twixt cruell actions and compassionate deeds :
So man and beast, with guylt and innocence,
Are all alike to tyrants in their swayes,
Where sensuall will commands, and not obaies.

Thus, as contagious ayre breeds some disease,
Which all unseene creeps on in fowle infection,
Till at the last the vitall parts it ceaze,
And in his mortall kind attaines perfection ;
So by corruption of such thoughts as these,
And giving way to humor and affection,
Pernitious ills encreas'd ; and thus I found
How pittty lost and cruelty won her ground.

Now, for I knew great spirits in ignorance
Were farre unfit to sway, or to command,
Since cunning arts do pollitick ends advance,
I sought to joyne their strengths into one band,
And (t'arme myselfe against the threats of chance)
I gave myselfe corruptly t'understand
Letters and artes, whose superficial skill
Might lay the ground to propagate my ill.

Hence were my organs apt, and parts dispos'd
To give my intellect the formes of things ;
Hence was the chaos of my braine disclos'd.
That through each sence convey'd their hidden springs :
Their winding streames yet in my sea were cloz'd,
Which made me swell in state, and surge with kings ;
Yet with no lyne or plummet to be sounded,
Nor in no limit but a crowne be bounded.

In my designes I bore no wexen face,
To take the print of any formes within ;
I had a forge that temper'd it like brasse ;
Nor by my tongue my hart was knowne or seene ;
Betweene these two there was so ample space,
That words and thoughts were never of a kin :
With threats I could allure, smile when I fround,
Kisse when I kil'd, and heale when I did wound.

From schoole-men's customes I observ'd some skill.

What's their nice learning and their wrangling strife,
But gaine, or glory, to turne good to ill?

As if from reason passion we derive.

Then since these ends in sciences raigne still,

And few professe them for an after life,

As they tooke swindge then from their polliticke schools,

So I tooke licence from their positive rules.

What Midas toucht turnd gould, such learnings use,

For like the spider, and industrious bee,

What one makes good the other turnes t'abuse ;

Such was the nature of my subtilty :

With good and ill so play'd I fast and loose,

Converting things of most indifferency

To the peculiar habit of my minde,

And to my forecast thought all others blinde.

I did allow of colledges and schooles,

And learn'd their logicall distinction,

Yet I perceav'd the greatest clarkes but fooles,

In judgement rawe, weake in prevention :

I heard their lectures, could digest their rules,

And make good use of their division ;

Yet, like to wards, in nonage still I held them,

Though they were witty, yet could wisdom weild them.

Religion I profest, as most men saw,

But in my hart deny'd it reverence ;

For I esteem'd it as a penall law,

To curb and keepe men in obedience :

Yet from her grounds such notions I would drawe,

To touch my wished poynt of eminence,

That I in others would exact her breach,

As great ones in their lyves such doctrine teach.

Arts raise their collumnes upon natures bases ;
And but observe and play what shee propounds,
And every act of science enterlaces
Humors and mirth among their scænes profound ;
But cunning onely is the art that graces,
And most affects, in this conspicuous round ;
Which having shewne, with fame we part the stage,
And others enter mov'd with selfe same rage.

I saw it was a worke of natures kind,
Ambitiously to prick men on to state ;
By force or cunning to make way, or wind
Through any course, whose end might make them great :
Humanity by good sence I did finde
To be compact of powre and slye deceats,
Proposing rules to our owne wish in fortune ;
Thus each mans selfe-good did him moste importune.

All ayme at welth or pompe, so catch at fame,
Vertu's invisible, therefore not knowne ;
Few love her for herselfe, but for her name.
Yet what's without us we would have our owne ;
And honor, being usurp't by vertues clayme,
Seemes but an accident in vertue growne :
If accidents by substance only live,
Take vertue from us, what can honor give ?

I was not one of vertues fond approvers,
That courted her imaginary face ;
I saw her servants and her doting lovers
Were poore, and bare, exempt from state or place :
I saw that he, her collours that discovers,
And beares th' opinion only of her grace,
Did make most shew with truth to be entyre ;
To be is vaine, to seeme men most desire.

It was not in my daies, as once of old,
When vertue had the worlds faire emperie,
Then was that innocent time, the age of gold,
Whose coyné was truth, whose stampe integrity :
Now monies love proves us of baser mould,
For as the ages fell successively
From gold to silver, thence to brasse, now worse,
So men translate their chiefe good to the purse.

He that insinuates with pollicy,
That hats and harts with admiration drawes,
That shadowes tyrannous thoughts with clemency,
And keepes his height with populare applause,
Intytles goodnesse with prosperity,
And makes his acts authenticall as lawes,
Proves actions fortunate, though nere so vile,
To get the type of fame and vertues style.

Then each mans deeds hath praise, his actions grace,
If squar'd by forme, and rul'd by imitation,
And honor, got by blood, by wealth, or place,
Will hold his die if glost by ostentation ;
But where both truth and colours want, all's base,
Then, if we use the vertue most in fashion,
Honor attends us, grace will never swerve :
All strive to have, but few men to deserve.

Colours, not truth, then winne the worlds reward,
For like th' obsequious mercenary minde,
Few love the merrit, all affect reward;
And so for curreant counterfeits are coyn'd ;
Then no ascent so steepe, no doore so bar'd,
But he that with deceite the world can blinde,
May make his way, though stradling in his gate,
Through heads uncover'd to the chayre of state.

And such was I : for wit and fortune make
 Crooked things straite, to these opinion cleaves ;
 Which alchimy for currant golde doth take,
 And like the busie spynner ever weaves
 Slight webs of praise, and all for greatnesse sake :
 And thus we see how slye deceite deceaves
 The credulous route, whose suffrage, though but breath,
 Yet from that ayre greatnesse takes life, or death.

Proud of this knowledge, I scru'd into the state,
 And of that nature got intelligence ;
 There saw I publike fortunes, private hate,
 In severall tempers of impatience.
 One stirres too soone, and brings on his hard fate,
 Others subdue with time and providence ;
 Some mixe their blouds to gaine thē powerfull friends,
 And by that meanes worke safest to their ends.

I saw in friendship vertue best did suite,
 In factions powre ; and the most pollitick head,
 Since it can only plot, not execute,
 With meaner fortunes best was seconded ;
 Some wise, some valiant, some of base repute,
 And all like severall simples tempered,
 Which, well prepar'd by a projecting braine,
 Give greatnesse strength, ambitious hopes maintaine.

I noted statesmen in their agitations,
 How they dispatched suters that implor'd them,
 The followers of their fortunes and their fashions,
 How like to demy-gods they did adore them ;
 I saw (in offer'd cause of severall passions)
 With what unmoved countenance they bore them :
 Griefe cast not downe, joy spritned not their eyes ;
 Rage bent no brow, their very feare seem'd wise.

This taught my spleene should never ope too fast,
 That polici's not sound if full of poares ;
 What's violent in ambition will not last ;
 The foord is shallow'st where the channell roares.
 I saw by them 'twas vaine to spend my blast ;
 For first we must take in, then shut the doores,
 And but by secret posterns to convey
 Our aymes by close and undiscover'd way.

I learn'd, likewise, t' appease an enemy
 In termes without hostility and warre ;
 To win an agent without jealousie,
 And make him tractable and regular ;
 To hold affection in confederacy
 Without expense ; and to prevent or barre
 Seditious tumults without violence,
 And keepe men longing still in patience.

To get close friends about a forraine prince,
 To further home designes with secresie,
 And (to relieve the private state expense)
 Make publique purses fill the treasurie :
 In this they us'd Nature's intelligence ;
 That, as the clouds do render plenteously
 The sunne exhaled steames to earth's encrease,
 So subjects change base drosse for welthy peace.

This is the wisdom (saith the ancient sawe)
 That rules the stars, outworkes the wheele of chance ;
 And from this modell did I seeke to draw
 Sound principles, my hopes with haps t'advance :
 And as ill manners first made soundest law,
 So these instructions, chasing ignorance,
 Mine owne corrupt ends prompted me t' acquire,
 Not lawes to curb, but groundworkes to aspire.

Also in counsell I observ'd and noted,
How Philautia's sort tooke fire and blase
From others' light, whose innocent margents quoted
From their originals did win them praise ;
How some by grace sat ; some againe that doted
Through feeble age (yet trac'd in politick wayes)
Could help defects, and see with others' eyes,
Extract their wits, and make themselves seeme wise.

These (like the others) labor'd not to sound
The depth of things ; but, fraught with burthen light,
They sayl'd more shallow, neere unto the ground,
And, at the tyde's returne, discharg'd their freight. ·
In quest of glorie all their strengths were bound :
Not matter, but the circumstance more sleight
They touch't at still, whose main entents and hopes
Were to involve their aymes in sounder scopes.

Yet did this mixture of varietie
(Like melting hayle, and sollid pearle, or stone)
Seeme like the elements in qualitie,
Assembled by a disproportion ;
For, as their jars worke on humanitie,
And make sweet musick in confusion,
So states-men, join'd in one, unlike in parts,
One body prove, one life in severall harts.

But, as the planets have a proper sway,
And move to heav'n (that turnes them) contrarie,
So I from all drew a peculiar way
To right myselfe 'gainst nature's injurie ;
For since she so mishap't my bodie's clay,
I labor'd in my minde's deformitie
To mock her worke : she made me like to none,
Therefore I thought to be my selfe alone.

And as your-selfe lov'd politicks n'ere care
What tempests vulgar vessels doe betide,
So that their mighty argoses may share
Their ruin'd states, made prize unto their pride ;
So in the ship of state my selfe did fare,
(Driv'n with ambition's gale and swelling tyde)
I forst no publique wrack, no private fall,
So I might rule and raigne sole lord of all.

Thus have I character'd my spirit and state
In generall termes ; next shall yeē heare apply'd
The sequell of mine actions to that fate
Which heaven ordain'd, as justice to my pride.
This my præludium, now I must relate
My life, in horrid sinnes diversifi'd :
There note how saile-hoyst barks incurre a shelve,
When greatnes would be greater then itselfe.

FINIS.

THE
LEGEND OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

To him that impt my fame with Olio's quill,
Whose magick rais'd me from oblivion's den,
That writ my storie on the Muses' hill,
And with my actions dignifi'd his pen ;
He that from Helicon sends many a rill,
Whose nectared veines are drunke by thirstie men ;
Crown'd be his stile with fame, his head with bayes,
And none detract, but gratulate his praise.

Yet if his scænes have not engrost all grace
The much fam'd action could extend on stage ;
If time, or memory, have left a place
For me to fill, t' enforme this ignorant age,
To that intent I shew my horrid face,
Imprest with feare, and characters of rage :
Nor wits, nor chronicles, could ere containe
The hell-deepe reaches of my soundlesse braine.

Then heare, ambitious men, soules drown'd in sences,
And ever dry in quenchles thirst of glory ;
And yee that have no eares (yee heartes of princes)
Measure your pompe by processe of my story :
There is a fate your boundles hope convinces,
Though nought confine yee in this transitory ;
Those that clime high in mischeefe, rip't of all,
Have still the feareful'st and most rotten fall.

What time my father York began his claime,
 Whence civill and uncivill armes did grow,
 When purple gore deaw'd many a fertile plaine,
 And swords made furrowes English hearts to sow;
 When sonnes by sires, and sires by sonnes were slaine,
 And England's common-weale a common woe;
 When heaven rain'd vengeance, and hell sulphur spew'd,
 And every age and sex those sad times rew'd,

I, though too young as then to mannage steele,
 (Yet in my thoughtes the theory of armes)
 My swelling veines and feeble nerves did feele
 The emulation of those hot alarms.
 My glorie's thirst made appetite so reele
 Betweene my peacefull state and boistrous stormes,
 That, in the heat and fervor of desire,
 I spur'd on nature, and set blood on fire.

My father's sword or title set on foot,
 Whose fate growne ripe he dropt to earth and perish't;
 But we, the sonnes, (greene branches of his roote)
 Th' aspiring vertue of his hopes still cherish't:
 I and my brother held in swift poursuit
 The royall game, whose thoughtes were jointly nourish't
 With the possession of that chased prize,
 As for a crowne who would not Nimrodize.

Now (seconded with right and warre's faire merits)
 I mixt my blood with gall, my spleene with ire:
 Heere I began to jovialize my spirit,
 Midst thundring shock darting Cyclopien fire.
 Fame prickt us on to that we were t' inherit,
 And we made way through blood, nor could retire,
 Till on the rubbish of our enemy
 We reard the ensigne of our victory.

Then was the kingly Lyon * held at bay
 Coopt in the Towre, whose lionesse rag'd in vaine.
 To rescue or redeeme our purchast prey
 I pitcht more toyles, wherein her whelp was tane :
 Edward, her faire sonne (glory of the day)
 My hand eclipt with foule and bloody staine ;
 A murder, that might make the starres to winke,
 The fixed poles to shake, and Atlas shrinke.

Next (to secure our parts from Henrie's side)
 The dy being bar'd, the chance fell on the maine,
 And damned policie instructed pride
 To stretch my conscience to a higher straine :
 The divell whisper'd, that my hands not dyde
 In Henrie's gore, my hope to rise was vaine.
 My sword's sharpe point brought his *quietus est*,
 Which, level'd to his hart, sent him to rest.

Hence cruell thoughts tooke roote, and overspred
 My syn-manur'd soyle, nature's shapelesse frame :
 The ground grew ranke, with blood and murder fed,
 And fearelesse impudence check't blushing shame.
 I cherish't tyranny, strooke pittie dead ;
 My rage, like salamander, liv'd in flame,
 And, ev'n as drinke doth keep the dropsie dry,
 So more I drunke the more desire did fry.

Yet now (secure) Edward enjoy'd the crowne.
 Warre's sterne alarums heere began to cease ;
 Bankes turn'd to pillowes, fields to beds of downe,
 And boystrous armes to silken robes of peace :
 Warre's counsellor resum'd the states-man's gowne,
 And welcom'd blisse grew big with all encrease ;
 Wealth follow'd peace, and ease succeeded plenties,
 And needfull bates were turn'd to wanton dainties.

* Henry the Sixth.

Now Mars his brood were chain'd to women's lockes ;
Surgeons and leaches us'd for Venus harmes :
They that erst liv'd by wounds now thrive by th' pox,
For smoothest pleasure still ensues rough armes ;
Whiles I gryn'd like a wolfe, lier'd like a fox,
To see soft men turn'd swine by Cyrces' charmes ;
And, being not shap't for love, employ'd my wits
In subtile wiles, t' excede these hum'rous fits.

O, how I bit my tongue when Edward wiv'd !
That (with the rest) forc'd shoutes of God give joy,
When to the center of my hart there div'd
Curses, and rankorous wishes to destroy ;
My hopes grew dead, yet (hydra-like) surviv'd
Fresh heads of strength, which mischief did employ,
And my smooth genius sooth'd me in the eare,
That blood would sanguine the pale cheeke of feare.

Whiles wanton Edward doates on Mistresse Shore,
Whose lust and tryfling soyld the face of things ;
And counsellors (like pandars) kept the dore,
My thoughts were climing to the state of kings :
He painted beautie, I did crownes adore,
And ever impt ambition's ayrie wings,
To reach at fame and fortune, which might crowne
Hope with successe, and wit with fame's renowne.

And even as he (with an insatiate sight)
Beheld a beautious face, a sparkling eye,
Admir'd a pleasant wit (as love's delight)
And still adored Cupid's deitie,
So I (enflam'd with glorie's appetite)
Did court the shining beames of majestie,
Priz'd policie, altars to fortune rear'd :
He study'd to be lov'd, I to be fear'd.

Clarence his life in Fortune's tickle wheele
 Had now a slipperie stand ; for (dreadlesse) he
 In sound estate of health began to reele,
 (As nature's powre must yeeld to tyranny)
 My adamant had pointed to his steele,
 And subtly drew him to his destinie :
 I had a craft to undermine each state,
 My engines were the instruments of Fate.

For why ? An ignorant wisard, taught by me,
 That never knew a letter in the rowe,
 From his spell'd lesson tooke the letter G,
 To work my rising, and his overthrow :
 And by a foolish, childish prophesie,
 (As fooles and children still tell all they know)
 Insinuates with the fearefull king that G
 Should put to death his royall progenie.

So harmelesse Clarence superstitiously
 Is sent to close death to the fatall Tower,
 But I, that charm'd, fulfill'd the augurie ;
 So polliticks kill farre off with unseene powre,
 With sheathed points I wrought my tyranny :
 Thus could I whet, prepare, feed, and devoure,
 Concoct, evacuate, with most nimble hast :
 Blood was my cheare, and other feasts my fast.

So George rid post ; and at his journeye's end
 (To quench his thirst, and coole his bloody sweate)
 His gentle host (being my secret friend)
 Did broach a butt t' allay his dangerous heate ;
 But so he sow'st him in't, that he did send
 Poore George to rest, in everlasting seate ;
 Yet no tart wine, but malmsey stopt his breath,
 So dyde he not the sharp'st, but sweetest death.

Next, time an other point begins t' attaine,
 When Edward (past the solstice of his yeares)
 With necessarie change begins to wayne,
 And I thrust in to undergo his cares :
 Life (sencible of pleasure) now feeles paine,
 Earth must to earth, as nature's course out-weares :
 His scene is done, death strikes him to the hart ;
 So parts the stage, and now begins my part.

Now back-steel'd Buckingham I made my friend :
 Him I sustain'd with hope, and fed with ayre,
 To further me in my aspyring end ;
 In whom I found will, power, and faithfull care :
 I shot the shaft, and he the bowe did bend,
 And both could runne with hound, and hold with hare ;
 And though to crosse his ayme I had a clause,
 Yet strongest agents back the weakest cause.

Next Rivers, Vaughan, Gray, (that stood in light,
 And justly enterpos'd my unjust ayme)
 Did feele the vengeance of my fell despite,
 Whose deaths did more secure my lawlesse claime.
 Poore simple soules they were to stand for right,
 Not having strength ; for vertue's power is lame :
 'Tis desperate folly to oppose not strong,
 Then sinke with right 'tis better winke at wrong.

So Regent made, protector to the princes,
 Bare heads, bent knees sooth mischief, second hope ;
 Religious shewes doe cover close pretenses,
 More towres, more titles, are my fancie's scope :
 Now I contract my wits, summon my sences,
 To smoothe the rugged way, the dores to ope
 That leade to state : the law being in my will,
 I had a licence to make good my ill.

I plaid with law as with a waxen nose,
 Now made it crookt, then straight, then saddle wise :
 And its firme brow I bent unto the toes,
 To make a foot-stoole on't for me to rise.
 What wisdome stablisht pollicy ore'throwes,
 Corrupts her pure soule, bleares her fairest eyes.
 Law 's a mute female judge : guifts, wit, and tongue,
 Oft prostitute her parts to lust and wrong.

Truth had a tattering stand, I made commander ;
 Tyrants are ever fearefull of the good,
 And innocence in vaine opposeth slander :
 Whom I accus'd or censur'd, who withstood ?
 My brayne was as an intricate meander,
 Whence horror issu'd and the streames of blood ;
 My soule, like Stix, and Jove might sweare by me,
 As nought more adverse to his deity.

Now whiles I trembled in an agony,
 Sole soveraignty with safest meanes contriving,
 My working head (my counsell's consistory)
 Debates how I might raigne, the princes living :
 My powers disjoyn'd, and (for security)
 Neither to other a sure hostage giving ;
 But in this doubtfull conflict left me still
 Betweene my reason and my sensuall will.

Reason objects (to countercheck my pride)
 How kings are nature's idols, made of clay :
 And though they were by mortalls deified,
 Yet in the grave beggers as good as they :
 That sence was slavish, and for man no guide,
 That reason should command, and will obey ;
 And that with all world's pompe and fortune's good,
 We still were nothing else but flesh and blood.

Reason infer'd, men in effect were kings,
If they could rule themselves, and conquer passion ;
And that desire soar'd with Icarus' wings,
When it out-stript her bounds of limitation ;
That her powre onely could distinguish things,
Shew what was reall, what but forme and fashion ;
Suggests, likewise, that man was overthrowne,
Not more by others flatterie then his owne.

Farther she urg'd, that fortune had no power
But in men's ignorance, although shee boast
To blesse, or crosse, as shee doth smile or lowre,
And to make fooles of those shee flatters most ;
That vertue onely was the minde's rich dowre,
By wealth not bought, by povertie not lost,
Which who so had not ever purchast losse,
His pompe was bane, and titles but his crosse.

This reason doth suggest, which I convince,
And prove those grounds for idle, false, and vaine :
I knew her powre was in decay of sence,
Which age, not youth, did foster and maintaine ;
And though your sagest morrallists from hence
Gave humane precepts with much thanklesse paine,
Such meager wisdom, writ with death-like clawes,
I held as foolish as your old wives' sawes.

Low thoughts in high-pitch't hopes despaire do bring ;
And as one walking when the stars appeare,
Night fils his eye, whence shapes of darknes spring,
And all his thoughts prove visions by his feare ;
But when Aurora set the day on wing,
And drives the raven-black night from heav'n's bright sphere,
Then flowers and trees spangled with dewes he spies,
And worlds of glories glitter in his eyes :

So when great spirits doe shrinke in cloudy feares,
 Loosing their strength, diminishing their pleasures,
 Then wealth, and glorie, and what else is theirs,
 In darkest womb doe bury all their treasures ;
 But when a kingly boldnes them upreares,
 Treading on cloth of state their solemne measures,
 Then doe they graspe (in vigor of their powres)
 The globe and scepter, and kisse heaven with towres.

Now then (quoth I) let tastelesse lines define
 Vertue and her reward in after time,
 Richard, thou hast an essence more divine,
 Which glorie's flame hath purg'd from grossest slime ;
 Crownes be thy objects, and those eares of thine
 Rellish no musick but a sphere-like chime.
 Thus coucht I reason with my eagle's wings :
 If reason rul'd men, then what need of kings ?

No ; I look't up, nature bid me aspire,
 So taught the fire essence of my soule :
 Harts are small things, but infinite in desire,
 Which neither bounds contain'd, nor bars controule :
 The flesh is vapor, and the spirit a fire ;
 And joviall minds (when these begin t' inroule)
 Do part the drosse, and on the bodie's head
 Dissolve in thunder what his basenes bred.

So on I went in divelish politick wise.
 The yong prince now from safest sanctuarie
 A prelate forst, (some such can temporize)
 Who held with fiends t'enfring church libertie :
 The child being brought to me, (as 'twas my guize)
 I kist and blest with fein'd sinceritie
 The innocent soule ; and therein did fulfill
 The part of Judas, for I meant to kill.

Him with his brother lodg'd I in the Towre,
A payre ill met to undergoe like fate.
Now wrinckled browes (like skies before a showre)
Spredd gloomy darknes over England's state :
All sought to save, I purpos'd to devoure ;
My mynes are lay'd, and they prevent too late :
Counsels divide, and a confused rumor
Time sent, as throes, unto my swelling tumor.

Now did I use each working instrument :
Some fyles to take off, some smooth tooles to glaze,
Some serves t' insinuate ; all for close entent
Wrought one effectuall end in severall wayes :
I was prime mover in this firmament,
And they, the sphere-like movers to my praise ;
But Buckingham, my Jupiter of light,
Whose influence was mirror of my might.

And as the catholick spirit in man applyes
Each sence and organ to their proper ends,
Useth the hart, the braine, the eares, and eyes,
And to th' impulsive soule those powers extends ;
So in this pollitick bodie I devise
By Buckingham, (my spirit) who slackes or bends
My usefull engins : him I made my hand,
T' employ his powre with theirs to my command.

Now, good Lord Hastings, great in all men's grace,
(Of th' adverse faction fautor and chiefe head)
I heav'd at, and remov'd him from his place,
That so the rest might faint uncomforted :
My blood-hound Catesby foyl'd him in the chase,
Who, earst by him being rais'd, cherisht, and bred,
Knowing himselfe too weake to stand for right,
Proves treacherously wise, and friend to might.

Thus could I saint a divell with a fiend,
 And make one engine other to drive out,
 From a mayne faction cull a secret friend,
 To hold with hope, and to prevent with doubt :
 I had a powre to breake what would not bend,
 In cautions us'd my sentinell and scoute,
 In jealousie had Argus' hundred eyes,
 And Nero's cruell hart to tyrannize.

How cunningly did Buckingham and I
 Pretend, and set a coulour in the treason
 Of Hastings to our lives ! how suddenly
 We butcher'd (without forme of law or reason)
 That harmelesse man ! then gull'd simplicitie
 With forced feare, as if at that same season
 Erinnis and the furies had been bent
 To cast their palenes on our damn'd entent ?

And what a peece of justice did I shew
 On Mistresse Shore, when (with a fained hate
 To unchast life) I forced her to goe
 Bare-foote, on penance, with dejected state !
 But now her fame by a vile play doth grow,
 Whose fate the women so commisserate ;
 That who (to see my justice on that sinner)
 Drinks not her teares, and makes her fast their dinner ?

Now, whiles all wish to see yong Edward crown'd,
 And in each place a solemne preparation,
 In my vast sea their streames of joy were drown'd,
 Whose ayne was bent to crosse their expectation ;
 For Buckingham and I had laid the ground
 To raise my columnne, and suppress their station ;
 And much untemper'd mortar was in hand,
 To dawbe and ciment what could never stand.

The gayne and glorie-thirsting smooth divine,
More learn'd then true, yet of lesse arte then fame,
And many others with him doe combine
To sleike and pollish my corrupter clayme ;
And whiles their wits doe work to make me shine,
To guild my guilt, and glorifie my shame,
Like racking clouds, the people flock and runne,
With pitchie breathes t' obscure my rising sonne.

But I, that held the conscience but a sawe,
In my selfe-love confounding idle hate,
Found tricks t' impeach the princes' claime by lawe,
Proving mine true, theirs illigitimate ;
And to this end subborn'd one Doctor Shaw,
With servile tongue and spirit adulterate,
To preach dead Edward's slander with my mother,
And bastardize the issue of my brother.

It was suggested then, most impiously,
Edward nor Clarence to be lawful payres,
But (by th' erronious rule of phisnomy)
To be the issue of some stranger syres ;
That Edward had, with fowlest bygamy,
Blemish't his stock, and had no rightfull heyres :
Thus father, mother, brother, race, and name,
I would have vilify'd t' advance my claime.

Report went out, and whisp'ring rumor drew
From ev'ry quarter men of each condition
To know the sequell, whether false or true,
To cleare their doubts, and to enforme suspicion ;
And to Paule's Crosse (where state-foode, fresh and new,
After a change, to feed their inquisition)
The many headed beast doe flock and gather
To heare strange tidings from their ghostly father.

There Doctor Shaw stept up : this was his theame,
 The bastard slips doe never take deepe roote ;
 Who from his conduit pipe sent such a streame,
 As drench't his audience from the head to foote :
 Such milke and hony, with such clouted creame,
 Flow'd from his wit, and from his tongue did shoote
 Such spleenefull venome, that all men (perplext)
 Fear'd he'd goe mad, running beside his text.

Where, having slander'd Edward's progenie,
 Taxed his lyfe, and shew'd his præcontract,
 Defam'd our mother with adulterie,
 Edward nor Clarence got in lawfull act ;
 Then proving me (though most preposterously)
 Yorke's true borne sonne, by us it was compact
 That I (by miracle) should come in place
 At the instant of my praise, to meet with grace.

He lookes us oft, I came not on my cue :
 At last (of course) descending to my praise,
 Home it was sent ; which done, I came in view,
 And spred amongst them my abhorred rayes.
 Then Shaw (verbatim) doth againe renew
 What he had spoke, things fowle need double glaze,
 Forgetting quite that twice sod meate would dull,
 Witlesse, as shamelesse, prais'd me to the full,

Which (in effect) was thus :—That I alone
 Was patterne of each princely qualitie,
 For armes and vertuous disposition
 Unparell'd ; that in forme, face, and eye,
 I bore the figure and proportion
 Of Yorke, my sire : nay, to th' extremitie
 His hyred tongue my hope and glorie brings ;
 I was not borne t'obey, but rule with kings.

Which twice rub'd over, grossest flatterie,
 (Met with opinions so prejudicate)
Enforc'd the hearers universally
 To vent in murmure their concealed hate.
Another, too, (of the bald-frierie)
 Instructed on like subject to dilate,
 Grew hoarse, and in the midst (abrupt) came downe,
 Whose hyre was hate, perpetuall shame his crowne.

Such doctors were, (I doe not say there are)
 Whose breaths scall'd heaven, harts clog'd with world's desire,
That without scruple, touch of shame or feare,
 Would wrest the Scripture to make truth a lyer :
And these like mercenarie men appeare,
 That love the word for wealth, the worke for hyre ;
 Whose tutor'd tongues, to take off great men's blames,
 Set stronger seales on theirs, and their owne shames.

To give more colour to this enterprise,
 My agent, Buckingham (with wit's high straines)
Prepares the citie states ; men chiefly wise
 In giving way to things above their braines :
Such as were seene in measures, weights, and siz
 Of grocerie, with bread, beere, ale, and graines,
 And better knew the waight of bags and pence,
 Then matters of this weight and consequence.

These notable, wise-wealthy magistrates,
 (Such they were then, whatever they are now)
Did onely see with th' eyes of higher states ;
 And what these thought (though bad) they would allow.
The sweet recorder and the cittie waytes
 Did make them sound ; and ev'rie man knew how
 Better to coppie from their lookes austere,
 Then take true notes of wit from them by eare.

These gray-hayr'd sages (grave in saying little)
My subtle Buckingham like wax had wrought,
Who surely seal'd together with the people
He brought to tender what I long had sought ;
And, being their mouth, deliv'ring to a tittle
Both what they would and what our selves fore-thought,
Sollicit me (and they would have no nay)
To take the crowne, the scepter, and the sway.

He shewes the publique good that would ensue
The people's generall liking and applause,
Prevention of seditious plots, that grew
Through want of execution of the lawes ;
Said, that old sores would fester and renew,
If I tooke not the sword to right their cause.
Behold us, then, (quoth he) with pitties eye,
Of your accustom'd grace and clemencie.

Then I, with hart-cheekt tongue, made this reply :
That, though I saw their heavy states with ruth,
Yet so much was my love's sinceritie
Unto the promising hopes of Edward's youth ;
Withall, so loth to staine humilitie,
(Professing seamelesse zeale, and naked truth)
That I (unapt for rule and soveraigntie)
Prefer'd content to highest monarchie.

He farther doth enforce, and I deny :
He pleads my right, and I dissemble strong ;
Objects the princes confirm'd bastardie,
And still the maiden's part is all my song :
At last he drives his subtill oratorie
To shew of spleene that I their lives did wrong.
And if, quoth he, you will not condescend,
We must elect some other : there's an end.

This scene, so well perform'd on either part,
The play drew on to a catastrophe.
I added to state's double dealing art
Devices that, by ebbing, fill'd my sea :
I hung off, to be drawne by the desert
Of making conscience of the charge my plea,
To take as forc'd what more then heaven I wish't,
And to which would through troubled hel have fish't.

I still put baite on baite, to make my hooke
The more invisible, and gave away
More then men askt : men us'd more care to looke
Where any suite but worth the begging lay ;
Then, how to get my wing'd hand to the booke :
Proud beggery made the whole weeke holiday ;
For Saboths beggery was a worke of worth,
While merit grew as banefull as the north.

Then made I civill men make ryot way,
Men by art civill, that are ryotous ever ;
When men play arte's prize once, they fight and play,
Such danger in the open field is never.
Art, drawne from nature, drawes her soule away,
And then from beasts you can not men dissever,
But in the worst part : these men, for round fees,
Squar'd arts and all termes out by policies.

For fees I made them lawfull prove my claime,
Disabling both my nephewes to inherit.
Gold sets up markes, hoyles, pricks for any ayme,
That still shall hit, how wide soever merit :
Gould's chymick skill can cure an aged mayme,
And in at death's last gaspe breath youth's first spirit ;
Nay, so much art and nature gold controules,
That men it makes live without manly soules.

Gold got by begging, begging not forgot,
Could be at any hand ; but (varied now)
For my good now they beg'd ; that theirs might not
The font finde dry, since ever all the flow
Their sewres renewed still, and made seeth their pot.
'Tis sacred truth : first good t'ourselves we owe.
Thus, for themselves they supplication made,
That I would take on me the royall trade.

I made it nice for my good, (as from theirs
They turn'd their owne ends over all to mine)
And at the last for their good heard their prayers ;
And as by any flood's side sinkes a pine
To take more roote, and curle his leavie hayres
The more in bows and armes that kisse the skyne,
So stoopt I, so to rise ; and being up,
Both with their goods and bloods I crown'd my cup.

This fearefull doubt then being thus decided,
As a præludium to my tragick maine,
The factious peeres now joyn'd that were divided,
Who with all sollemne rights confirm'd my reigne.
Thus desperately I tooke the clew that guided
Through laberinthian doubts ; and now in vaine
That monstrous minotaure (the people) rag'd,
Whose turbulent breath I calm'd, and fierceness swag'd.

Now, though all heads are bare, and bend their knees,
Yet (in themselves) my greatnes they compare
To Senecaes high-stiled tragedies,
Emboast with gold, most glorious, ritch, and faire,
Which as they ope, Thyestes greets their eyes,
Who prov'd his children's tombe ; and then they fare
Like men that see with horror, reade with hate :
And so abhorred was my golden state.

For having died my hands in humane gore,
Made black my soule, my wit a plot doth cast
To feed my ravenous appetite with more.
My gorge was empty for a new repast ;
But such a one, not ages long before
Offer'd to time, or fame's all-sounding blast :
Now doth my conscience play the coward's part,
And blood, chac'd from my face, flies to my heart.

Then joy with feare, and hope with deep despaire,
Adulterate their powers, and did engender
Confusion, horror, and blood-thirsting care,
Which passion (mixed with distraction) render :
Now nature shrunke, and set on end my hayre,
My hart pants thick, my pulse beates slow and tender,
At the conception of a thought, whose hell
Containes that torment where the divels dwell.

In shapelesse darknes I was then confin'd,
And ev'rie thing (that erst was my delight)
Turn'd to a fiend : broad waking I was blind,
As if enfolded in the vayle of night ;
Astonishment did all my sences binde ;
Shame did appeare, dead pittie rose to light,
When I conceav'd the murder of the princes,
Which heav'n and hel, time, nature, death, convinces.

Yet thus my divellish spirit shooke off this trance,
And thus my genius chid :—O, coward faint !
Did not thy wit above thy birth advance ?
Cut knotty doubts, and bars of all restraint.
Doth not thy frowne controule the frowne of chance,
And shall thy superstitious fancy paint
These hartlesse feares, imaginarie hell,
And have a charme above thy politick spell ?

Hast not made God a cloake to get a crowne?
 Without all shame parboyl'd thy blushlesse face?
 With conquering tyranny cast pitie downe?
 Establisht wickednes, supplanted grace?
 And now like to a man (ready to drowne)
 Catch at a helplesse thing? Why, this is base;
 Not like a kingly pollitician,
 But a poore ignorant plebeian.

What! wilt thou thus runne from thy selfe to error,
 And make indulgent nature now thy foe;
 Plunging thy selfe into the depth of terror,
 And where once wisdom thriv'd let folly grow?
 Shall ayrie vertue now become thy mirror;
 And things (meerely without) afflict thee so?
 If conscience fright, and silent shame be fear'd,
 Thou art no king, but of the popular heard.

'Tis shame (where parts agree) to make a jarre,
 To bring disturbance and distraction;
 What nature hath established to marre
 Is to deface the habit she puts on:
 To bring thy actions to thy conscience bar,
 So to be doom'd to swift perdition;
 But having fear'd thy conscience, seal'd thy blame,
 T'unrip the wombe againe; why, this were shame.

No, Richard: in thine owne powers still be free,
 And what seemes best thinke absolutely well:
 Confirme thy strength, make good thy pollicy,
 Nor 'gainst thy name and dignity rebell.
 Prove not a zelist in fond purity,
 Nor paint a heaven, nor counterfeit a hell;
 But wind into thy selfe, there set thy rest,
 So plot and execute what thou think'st best.

Maintaine thy power, diminish not thy sway,
Nor bound thy selfe, being a boundlesse king ;
But of thy state still propagate the sea,
And take the tribute of each petty spring :
Frame thine owne circle, and then boldly say,
This is my center ; hether will I bring
The lynes of all my actions, faire or foule,
And see what power or will or can controule.

Breake ope thy black abissus, and take thence
Worlds of advantages against the world ;
Be false and cruell still with impudence,
And calmes with tempests on thy brow be curl'd :
From thy owne heaven derive thy influence,
And fiend-like feare be into darknes hurl'd :
Thy sun to sun, thy starres to starres advance,
And let thy pompe in golden mountaines dance.

So then, (resolved) having thus debated,
My tyrannous will had laid the bloody traine,
And in my doome the princes' lives were dated,
Whose ominous being did impeach my raigne.
I thought my selfe not absolute instated,
Nor could make free use of my purchast gaine,
Till without rivall I might shew my brow :
One king in state, one sunne the heavens allow.

Now was my frostie coldnes fully thaw'd,
And my resisted fire found open vent ;
Now I digested what so hard was chaw'd,
And turn'd it to familiar nourishment :
Then Buckingham (my artificiall bawde,
My hand, my factor, and my instrument)
I grounded on to worke this last designe,
And give the fire to this my secret myne.

Legions of divels seconded my thought
To joyne him with me in this dangerous mayne,
Whose powrefull hand my counsell would have wrought,
T' effect the complot of this murth'rous traine ;
But here he stopt, would by no meanes be brought
To adde this fowlenes to his former staine,
And like on's nayles within an ulcerous sore,
Tought to the quick, he shrinkes, and will no more.

My motion did repeale his banisht feare,
And feare sollicites his num'd conscience :
His coldnes mov'd my heate, which heate did beare
The churlish temper of impatience.
And now his love from memory I teare,
Turne his obsequious service to offence ;
For polliticians are no longer friends,
When friends can adde no more to their mayne ends.

So did he vanish, for he now had spent
The marrow of his trust and flatterie ;
And so I us'd each servile instrument,
When it had lost his steeled facultie :
I squeaz'd him dry, and his true service spent
I pay'd with emptie handed usury ;
For like a pollitick well taught, full growne,
I felt no want or fulnes but mine owne.

Besides, he had both power and subtiltie,
And knew where I was weakest fortify'd :
Then of my selfe so much in him did lie,
That he had got the raines to curb my pride ;
Nor stood it with my kingly dignitie
To prove his slave, that erst had been his guide.
For his owne neck he made the fatall noose :
They love no traytors that doe traytors use.

Great Buckingham thus pay'd with hatefull frownes,
I chose for him the maleconted mate,
One that will kill his dearest syre for crownes,
In hope t' advance his long dejected state :
The hope of heaven and paines of hell he drownes
In smiles of fortune, and auspicious fate ;
And of this ranke one Tyrrell I did frame
To doe this deed, whose horror wants a name.

This upstart gentleman, being styl'd a knight,
Whose back and belly had consum'd his good,
Puts forth his long-hid-head into the light,
To crowne his valour in this act of blood :
Ages to come a catalogue may cyte
Of such brave spirits, whose hated crests doe bud
With homicidiall honor, and do beare
A sable conscience in a shield of feare.

And note what state was kept when this was wrought :
The close-stoole was my seate most eminent ;
A filthy carpet fits an ordur'd thought,
The sences loathing, and sinne's excrement :
So Tyrrell tooke from state, whose pride had sought
Two loathed slaves, which o'ercloy'd time did vent
Into this sinke of shame ; in which damn'd fact
Tyrrell commanded, and the groomes did act.

The even before the night that this was done,
The head strong windes did rage with hydeous storme,
As red as blood discends the fearefull sunne,
And nature had put on a dismall forme ;
Chaos was threatned by th' eclipsed moone,
And ravens and scrich-owles bode th' ensuing harme ;
Then burst there forth (whiles darknes shooke hel's chaine)
An angry comet with a smoaky traine.

The fatall howre usher'd by this ostent
Astonisht all, and in the princes bred
Oraculous presages of th' event,
That they like lambes were to the slaughter led :
Their spotlesse lives must cleare the element ;
The angry comet thirsted to be fed
With their hart bloods: they knew these stormes would cease
When they were lodged in their graves of peace.

Thus they divin'd ; and though by zealous prayer
They sought t' avoid the danger then so neere,
Yet such vaine hopes doe turne into despayre,
For fate respects nor zeale, truth, love, nor feare :
Heav'n's causes knit doe never breake their square,
But runne directly to th' effects they beare ;
And though hard fates can never be withstood,
Yet death confounds the bad, life crownes the good.

Thus heaven's just law, order'd by upright hand,
They that live justly that true course do runne,
Which they that leave apparantly withstand,
And doe pursue their owne confusion.
These innocents, being markt for angells' band,
Keeping heaven's course as constant as the sunne,
Although by my most bloody hand they fell,
Yet in their fall they rose, I damn'd in hell.

These devilish slaves, whose darke deeds fly the light,
(When sleepe in binding deawes had steep't the sences)
With glaring eyes, cloakt in the vale of night,
Rusht in to act this murder on the princes ;
Whose horrid semblance death might well affright,
And whose attempt even hell it selfe convinces :
Medusa's adders in their hayre were rold,
Not Gorgon's head more ugly to behold.

As they approch the bed where they repose,
Their drumming harts panted their feare's alarms
To see the sweetnesse nature did disclose ;
(O that such beauty should lye ope to harmes !)
There twyn'd the lilly, and the blushing rose,
And as they claspt (like leaves) their innocent armes,
They seemed, in the object of such glory,
T' invite some pen to lyneate their story.

The humors and the elements combin'd
To forme in them the abstract of perfection ;
The graces, in their sweet proportion shin'd,
Whose radiant beames shot love, and fyr'd affection ;
And if the outward beauty from the minde,
Receive all grace, all luster, and reflection,
Then might one say, of eithers spirit and feature,
Heaven held the pensill and the forme of nature.

The world's abridgement in this beauty lay,
Thus subject to the hand of tyranny,
Whose light from darknes might have strooke the day,
And with his beames dazled an eagles eye ;
Yet these damn'd hell hounds had the hart t'assay
To roule these orbs up in obscuritie,
And pash to chaos their so faire built frames,
To sacrifice their lymbs in funerall flames.

Now, in the bed, which is the type of graves,
And in dead sleepe, the portraicture of death,
Those dregs of men, this spawne of earth, these slaves,
Did bury them alive, and stopt their breaths ;
Where like a sexton each himselfe behaves,
To cover them with that which lay beneath :
So left them sleeping in eternall rest,
Whose sainted soules now live among the blest.

These furies now are tortur'd with despayre,
 And howle in horror of their murd'rous deede ;
 They beate their brests, and teare their snaky hayre,
 In their assured torment to succeed ;
 With sinfull Breaths they taint the purest ayre,
 And in their faces ev'ry one may reade,
 Guilt mixt with feares : too late they finde too well,
 That though they breath on earth they live in hell.

Now, when I saw printed in Tyrrel's brow,
 These characters of death, and shamefull gore,
 I bid him study for the best meanes how
 I might requite, or he might well implore ;
 But he, that did with guilt enough endowe
 His wretched state would never looke for more,
 But summing up this murder with his pride,
 He got the divell and all ; so liv'd, so dyde.

Thus without feare, arm'd with Herculean force,
 I saw this hell, my thoughts had shapt and bred :
 If fearefull Hydra had opposed my course,
 I should have left the monster never a head ;
 Or like Roomes tyrant, with as small remorse,
 Thousand contracted lives have butchered,
 To raise my glorie to this compleate frame,
 And set my foote upon the throate of shame.

Yet, now my life was conversant with danger,
 Feare and suspition did perturb my sleepe.
 Th' apparent hate of men stir'd up my anger,
 And charged pistols for defence I keepe :
 For since I had profest my selfe a stranger
 To every good, in blood and sinne so deepe,
 My sores were to be rub'd t'avoide their harmes :
 Whom guilt sollicit, circumspection armes.

They that no ill commit, no ill need feare,
And truth is their best armor of defence :
Ill comes not when before it was not there,
And weapons fit a wounded conscience.
Tyrants the privie coate had need to weare,
And ever waking keep their troubled sence ;
So kept I watch, and stood upon my guard,
My steele still drawne, of mine own shadow fear'd.

Now the Lancastrian line, that scarce was seene,
With sword, insted of pen, begins to raze
The line of Yorke, whose inke is blackest spleene,
To blot my glorie, and my name deface.
The frost-bit rose now sprouts and waxeth greene,
Wanting but time to spread with wonted grace :
The white rose must be joined with the red,
To propagate faire stems in one chast bed.

Richmond my brother's daughter to espouse,
The sweet Elizabeth, is mark't by fate,
Which to prevent my lyon spirit I rouze,
With that faire lyonesse t' incorporate ;
Which though nor lawes of God nor man allowes,
Yet to establish and secure my state,
I sought with wilfull lust and powerfull awe,
To crosse the banes and over-rule the law.

First Buckingham, whose hopes were vainely fed
To breake the ice for Richmond with his powre,
I march't against, and by good fortune sped ;
My starres herein did smile, and his did lowre.
I prick't him kindly, he as kindly bled
His ancient love, and so in happy howre,
I pai'd th' arrerages of his lent good,
And had m' acquittance sealed with his blood.

O, Buckingham ! thou wert too open brested
 And spent'st too freely to receive thy right ;
 For of my state by thee I was invested,
 A debt farre greater then I could requite.
 Some states-men's hands are shut, their bounty chested,
 And ill doe they abide those men in sight,
 That may upbrayde with unrequited good :
 Such bonds are seldome cancell'd, but with blood.

Next Anne, my wife, whose being did deny
 My match with my fayre neece Elizabeth,
 Fell sodaine sicke with griefe or jealousie ;
 And all my love would not preserve her breath.
 I gave her medicines for sterilitie
 And she grew fruitfull in the bed of death,
 Her issue crawling wormes ; and there she lyes,
 Whose love, and life, loe ! thus I memorize.

This was that creature that I woo'd and wonn,
 Over her bleeding husband stab'd by me :
 Such different persons never saw the sunne.
 He, for perfection, I, deformitie.
 She wept and smil'd, hated and lov'd in one,
 Such was her vertue, my hypocrisie :
 Thus women's griefes, nor loves, are dyde in graine,
 For either's colour time or men can staine.

For farther prooffe my sister queene I chose,
 Professing truth to her, t' her daughter, love ;
 Insinuating with such artfull gloze,
 As if the god of eloquence should move ;
 And notwithstanding all the banefull woes
 She had sustain'd by me, I made her prove
 My loves attourney, furthering my sute
 T'astonish wonder, and strike rumor mute.

By this I instance how these fooles are caught.
With honors baites, or tickled with their praise ;
Whose flexible conditions may be wrought
To any forme, subjects for sports and playes :
Angels they seeme, and are with angels bought,
Guilded corruption, nature's falsed glaze ;
No meane in their affects, in passion moving,
No moment in their teares, nor faith in loving.

Inconstant sex ! no sooner full then wayning,
In weakenes dying, and imperfect borne ;
Their scanted wils, like halfe fac't noones, complaining,
Which to supply they make the forked horne :
Nor hot, nor cold ; now loving, then disdaining,
The fautors of deceit, of truth the scorne ;
Like cotton buds, which none can bruise or pull,
But being put forth, like them they turne to wooll.

Such were my wyles, I could deceive deceite,
Guild imperfections with imperfect glorie,
Building on ruines my uncertaine state,
Laugh at oppression from prides promontorie.
I sooth'd my pompe with an eternall date,
And in ambition perfected my storie ;
Which word let fame to after ages sound,
As of my life the pyramed and ground.

And thus with hartie nerves and spirit undaunted,
I plow'd up graves, and sow'd my seede in blood,
And in my crop of honors proudly vaunted,
Feeding my thoughts with momentarie good ;
And though my state on brittle sand was planted,
Yet fear'd not I death's all-subverting flood :
Of elementall stuffe I thought the mind,
Vertue but ayre, and all religion winde.

THE
TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

Now, whiles my lawlesse love was set on foote,
Entended as a barre to Richmond's claime,
Thinking to put mine axe unto the roote,
To cross his hopes with unrecover'd maim,
Revenge look't big, and heaven began to shoote
Warre's fierie darts ; and now my glorie's frame
(Founded on wrong, and rais'd in blood and teares)
Begins to shake and fall about mine eares.

O thou which bred'st all mischief in my brest,
And mad'st me swell with unasswag'd desire ;
Thou vast conceiving chaos indigest,
Thou toplesse builder of great Babel's spyre ;
(Damned ambition) thou that did'st infest,
And set my nature on a quenchlesse fire,
Now (prest with thy huge weight) too late I finde
There is no hell to an aspiring minde.

And as the taper play'd within the night,
Where men doe firmly sit, or walke, or stand,
Raiseth their shadowes to the places' hight,
Then to the ground in turning of a hand ;
Now it empaires them by the waving light,
And then extends their lengths themselves beyond ;
So fortune playes with kings and worldly states,
She tosses, turnes, reares, and precipitates.

As one that drinkes more then he can containe,
He surfets in excesse, and duls his tast ;
And then (the fume spred through his poares and braine)
He speakes his secret'st thoughts, and seemes disgrast,
Nor doth desist, till in his drunken vaine
His intellectuall powres are so defact,
That (loosing th' office of his feete) he lyes
Shamefull and naked to all sober eyes :

So I, in thirst of glorie, rule, and state,
Drinking excessively, and past my fill,
Swinging in lust and thoughts intemperate,
Drunke in ambition and my sensuall will,
Was so transparent in my latest date,
And all my good so swallow'd in my ill,
That in my staggering pride, and shamefull fall,
I grew a monster and a scorne to all.

I, that once thought that no man could be blest
In moderate kinde of humane blessednes,
And in my tyrannous licence did suggest
To comprehend (in pompe) all happines ;
Gave reignes to lust, and in my will suppress
The rule of reason, (man's sole soveraignesse)
That to the world's doome still prefer'd mine owne,
And pitcht my hopes no lower then a crowne :

I, that did make no conscience to plot,
And perpetrate all beastiall cruelty ;
That harrow'd earth and hell for what I got,
As if those tipes would last eternally ;
In goodnes cold, in mischief ever hot,
And in my damned tracts of pollicie
Had sowne men's harts, and with unfeeling taints
Did dye my hands in innocent blood of saints :

I, that could taint soules with corrupting breath,
And from their breasts roote faith and pietie,
Steeling their spirits for acts of closest death,
And suck the hart of their abilitie,
Then raise fresh bloods, and set the dry beneath,
Fester'd in conscience of their villany,
Then rack them with delays, reward with ayre,
And laugh to see them perish in despaire :

I, that at best held vertue and religion
No other things but well mixt elements,
Nor vice nor ill but humor's disposition
Depraved by the bodie's instruments ;
Esteem'd the soule subject to death's corruption ;
Nor thought all these but naturall events,
And their disorder cur'd by phisick's skill,
And nothing subject to th' Eternall will :

Now did my conscience, that lay smothered
Under this pile of damn'd impietie,
And seem'd (as with greene fuell maistered)
Conceall'd and prison'd in obscuritie,
Shew'd that by sin 'twas rather comforted
Then any way depriv'd of facultie,
And in their flame did rage so much the more
By how much it did seeme restrain'd before.

Now all my acts of murder, sinne, and shame,
(Bred by ambition and my tyrannous will)
Appear'd upon my head like Ætna's flame,
Or like a beacon fyr'd upon a hill :
Now rumor gives the eccho to my fame ;
Uprores and insurrections 'gin to fill
All places vast ; and now in feare I start,
To fall beneath the mountaine of my hart.

O how I curst my aspick flatterie
That shed such venome in my rationall powre,
I curst the glasse that so corruptedly
Did shew the face of vice to smile, not lowre :
Now for each priviledg'd mischiefe did I lye
A butt to torment ; and a fearefull showre,
(By the black vapor of my sin being bred)
With blood and vengeance swolne, hung o're my head.

Thus in the wayning splendor of my pride,
Compast with danger, and assaylde with feares,
And in my thoughts all torments multiply'd
That might augment the burthen of my cares,
I found myselfe so weakely fortifyde
Against the powerfull battery of despairres,
That I was plung'd into hel's deepe abisse,
Secluded from all comfort, joy, or blisse.

Nor did the ancient poets idely faine
Erinnis and the damn'd Eumenides,
Since even those furies in their maske containe
The morall of my tortur'd tyranies :
For th' apparitions of ensuing paine
So danted me with their extremities,
That I was rackt in terror of my doome,
And made that present which was but to come.

Then dreadfull melancholly did convert
My nature to the temper of my braine,
Which, soaked with my spleene, disturb'd my heart,
And through my body spred a pois'nous bane :
It did confound my sense and ev'ry part,
Each muscle, sinnew, artire, joint, and vaine,
Had lost their naturall working, and prepare
To set me in the high-way to despaire.

Such was the horror of my malady,
 Distract with feare of that I was t' inherit,
 That it corrupted every facultie,
 Congeal'd my blood, and dull'd my active spirit ;
 Thus my whole nature felt like sympathy
 With my despairefull soule for sinfull merit,
 For all the functions of my soule and sence
 Were maymed by my wounded conscience.

My reason dotes ; my soule did idle sit,
 Wanting fit matter of intelligence ;
 Organs deprav'd, and stupifyde my wit,
 My understanding weake, unsound my sence,
 And every part disabled, and unfit
 To comfort or relieve my conscience :
 Hopelesse and helplesse all my powers agree
 In desperation's gulph to swallow me.

And as we see the eye, the eare, or sent,
 Affected long, and over vehemently,
 Retaine their species in the instrument,
 Though absent be the moving qualitie ;
 So the internall sences, strongly bent
 To fearefull objects of obscuritie,
 To judge of things by their depraved kinde,
 Give passion vigor, and make reason blind.

The sunne, the moone, and planets of my nature,
 So fearefully eclipsed in their light ;
 My inward darknes casting on my feature
 A semblance ghastly pale, and full of fright ;
 My leprous soule deformed as my stature,
 Did in these tragick terrors seeme t' excite
 The thoughtfull presage of my destinie,
 To be accomlisht in my tragedie.

Likewise my name enter'd in hel's black roule,
So infinite my actions of arrest,
My grim-fac't conscience ceazing on my soule,
And my tormentor ever in my breast :
So not the minde alone, but body whole,
Equally feeling, and alike distrest,
Such watch they kept, such clamor they did make,
That waking I did dreame, and sleeping wake.

Such was my passion, of all faith bereav'd
Which should apply a salve unto my wound,
That in my minde hell onely was conceav'd,
Which did all thought and hope of heaven confound :
Thus my despairefull melancholly weav'd
The web of my affliction, and I found
My state so desperate, and my sin so great,
That no repentant meanes could expiate.

Should I have fill'd the ayre with plaints and cries,
Have wrung my hands in grieve, strayn'd blood in foares ;
Eate into marble with my still bent knees,
And all the center rotted with my teares ;
Such was the clamor of my villanies,
And so importunate were my despaires,
That nothing (as I thought) would satisfie
Th' offended justice of the Deitie.

The settled center easier might assume
The heavenly motion, that turnes ever round ;
Huge whales might sooner fly with feathered plume,
And birds, like wormes, creepe on the base ground,
Ere I could hope, or ever might presume,
By my repentance mercy to have found ;
For, prest with sin, and of all grace bereaven,
I could not lift one thought so high as heaven.

Not Saul, that (being possest) dyde reprobate,
 Not Esau's selfe, that did his birth-right sell;
 Not Judas, mark't for veng'ance by his fate,
 Not those which were deuoured quick to hell;
 Not hardned Pharao, all as desperate,
 Nor cursed and forlorne Achitophel,
 Could be more surely seall'd in Heaven's just doome,
 Then I in conscience for the wrath to come.

Thus blasted with the whirlwind of God's breath,
 And shaken with the terror of his wrath,
 Veng'ance above me, and hell-fire beneath,
 So void of grace, and so exempt from faith,
 What could I looke for but eternall death,
 Since all my life was progreſt in that path?
 Now did I fondly wish, in my despayre,
 To be resolv'd to th' element of ayre.

When drowsie Morpheus with his mace addrest
 My turbulent spirits to a quiet truce,
 My thoughts scarce gave me sleepe, that sleepe no rest;
 Though bound my sences, yet my sinne was loose;
 For th' images of outward things (imprest
 In common sence) did (as it is their use)
 Present unto my waking phantasie
 The horrid visions of my tyrannie.

For my domestick feares (that wholly tend
 To extacies and broken sleepes unsound)
 Did to my brayne black fumes of horror send,
 Rais'd from dispare and melācholies ground;
 Whereon the phantasie did apprehend,
 And forge such terrible objects, that I found
 My selfe oft strangled through those dreames of terror,
 Which shew'd my death, and hell, as through a mirror.

Such apparitions frighted me in sleepe,
 My conscience unappeas'd, my sinne still crying ;
 These terrible impressions were so deepe,
 That, waking, I was transt, and living, dying :
 I wish't I had beene made a worme, to creepe,
 Or from a worthlesse egge beene hatch't from flying ;
 Or, like proude Nabuchadnezar, to nourish
 My beastiall nature, and like beasts to perrish.

Thus sinne a venom'd tooth from hell did borrow,
 Which ranckled to the death with deadly byte ;
 I sorrow'd desperatly, because my sorrow
 Was all too late to helpe my helplesse plight :
 I plow'd uppon my barren heart, whose furrow
 (Not deaw'd with teares, nor sowne with seedes contrite)
 Could yeeld no frute, but ranckned with sinns ayre,
 For hopeful faith brought thornes of sharp despaire.

Damnation's feare did make me penitent,
 Which reprobates may have with God's elect ;
 But fayth and grace (whose ends are to repent)
 Were farre remov'd, and absent in effect :
 I knew my sinne with sorrowes languishment,
 In conscience sincking, and in horror wrak't,
 But that repentance, which should save and raise me,
 Justice forbids me, and despaire denaies me.

Now England's genius doth begin to swell,
 Whose spirit, long supprest, breakes out in fyre ;
 The peeres doe stirr, the commons doe rebell,
 Gyrles great with spleene, and women sharpe with ire,
 Old men takes armes, children (new crept from shell)
 Wrong and oppression doe with rage inspire :
 Factions now rend the state in severall parts,
 Swords in their hands, and vengeance in their hearts.

Richmond hath set his foote upon my strand,
 Who out of many letts hath wrought his course,
 And like a streame, which lower banckes withstand,
 Swells o're his bounds, and spreeds his flowing sourse:
 The wrong incensed peeres augment his band,
 And give his weakenes a resistfull force.
 Of those that did my tyrannous yoake still beare,
 None lent their strengths in love, but all in feare.

Who in their staggering doubts of warres event,
 And to secure their howses from attaint,
 Did set a coulour on their forst entent,
 And with could faiths relieved my hope as faint;
 Distracted were their mindes, their hearts were rent:
 Weake are the powers that fight upon constraint.
 Of some I tooke firme hostage, to assure them,
 And promis'd others mountaines, to procure them.

From the cold north (summon'd by my commaund)
 I had a company of frozen hearts,
 Who seem'd the very scar-crowes of the land,
 So poore they were; ill furnisht at all parts:
 These halfe fac't starvelings, and this bandles band,
 These ragged outsides, and these tattered shirts,
 Came as to warme them nere the western light,
 With mawes to feede, rather than hearts to fight.

These were the souldiers that I kept in pay,
 Such fayntlings never yet were prest with coyne;
 Whose heavy lookes their duller spirits betray:
 To make hope falter in my warres designe,
 All sought to loose rather then win the day,
 And seem'd more Richmond's part then friends of myne:
 Yet these I term'd true hearts, with falsed stile,
 And hartned them with many a hartles smile.

And, though environ'd with a darksome feare,
Yet in my face I forst a seeming light,
Whose substance crude, and could, I did out weare
The day in cares, in waking howers the night :
Unsettled were my motions, and did beare
Undoubted semblance of distracted plight.
My conscience prick't, soliciting my mynd
With blood, for my most bloody deedes assign'd.

O how I band the Welch with bitter spite,
Ap Thomas, Griffeth, Herbert, and their traine,
That with poore Richmond's handfull joyn'd their might,
To take part with the meane, and leave the mayne :
But when they swore to our defensive right,
With sence reserv'd they kept their names from stayne ;
For I usurpt, and had noe right at all ;
Their guardian angells prompt their rize, my fall.

Yet on I must with these my dangerous friends,
To try the chance of vengeance threatning warrs,
Where guilt gives terror, terror mischiefe lends,
And mixe their malice with my fatall starres :
The devlish fury in my brest extends,
In spite of danger and all opposite barrs ;
To cut this knot the mistick fates conteyne,
And set my life and kingdome on this mayne.

Richmond comes on, reliev'd with still supplies,
Whose firmest faiths give hart to his just ayme,
Steeling the back of his great enterprize
With Cambro-Brittaines, men of taintlesse name :
My strength is trustles, his in true harts lyes,
And still increaseth going, like to fame ;
Angels attend him with their imminent powre,
Auspicious are his starres, and mine doe lowre.

The prayers of old men, and the nerves of young,
 Give vigor to his arme, and prompt his spirit :
 Curses and rage (through tyranny and wrong)
 Attend my action and my hatefull merit :
 I faint in millions, he in hundreds strong ;
 For not the oddes of multitudes inherit
 The victor's prize, since warre (in heaven's just lawes)
 Is ever sway'd by justice of the cause.

Warr 's the tribunall where all deeds of armes
 Receive their equall and their partlesse doome ;
 Not fortune's spels, nor legions with their charmes,
 But must give fate preeminence and roome,
 Though men, like gyants, with their proud alarms,
 Doe brave the heav'ns ; yet if Jove's thunder come
 In awful veng'ance downe, such pride he quailles ;
 So not presumption, then, but truth prevails.

The bloody field is pitcht, survey'd the ground ;
 The centynels are plac't ; perdu's are sent,
 Souldiers entrenched and encamped round,
 And in the midst advanc'd my shining tent ;
 Counsels assembled for directions sound ;
 Advantages propos'd for detriment :
 All things dispos'd, night comes, strong watch wee keep,
 When weighty cares doe summon me to sleepe.

Now doth my conscience agitate my feares
 In visions of my waking phantasie ;
 Now each particular action appears
 A strong appealant of my tyranny :
 Murder sounds horror in my deafned eares,
 And all my deeds of damn'd impietie
 Presse to the barr where I receive my doome
 Of death-stabs heere, and infinite to come.

Me thought I saw in those affrighting dreames
My slaughtred numbers round about my bed,
Op'ning their wounded mouthes in crimson streames,
And powring blood upon my tyrannous head :
The furies' brands (me thought) shed flaming beames,
To wast me in my passage through the dead,
Where, at hel's mouth, each howling spirit proclaimes,
And rings my welcome with their clamorous chaines.

Me thought I saw and heard the loathsome plight
Of dying men, how bound in frosts they lye,
Swimming in cold sweates, and bereft of light,
Their entrailles gnawne, pulse stay'd, and veines drawne dry,
Their ratling throats, fur'd tongues, their broken sight ;
Their gasping breaths, their lookes deformitie,
Their earthy savor in expiring breath.
O, horrid dreame ! but O, more fearefull death !

Me thought, likewise, the dismall rav'ns did croke
As I approch't my death to passe the graves ;
The earth did shake, and conjur'd tempests broke
In hydeous noises from their bellowing caves,
Which threw downe turrets, root the stoutest oake :
Then from the clouds the arme of vengeance waves,
And gives the signall to the bloody fight,
Where thousand swords divide me and the light.

These violent distractions broke in sunder
The heavy band that bound my senses fast,
Whose frightfull visions made me wild with wonder ;
Yet up I rose : then had I slept my last,
And whiles with ghastly visage I did ponder,
Present, ensuing, and the times long past,
I started from my trance with ragefull teene,
Taking a dragon's spirit, a tyger's spleene.

And as the motions of all naturall things
Prove swiftest in their ends, more strong enclin'd,
As torrents roare, deriv'd from smallest springs,
And gentle blasts doe turne to boystrous winde ;
So I resolv'd to put on fierie wings,
And in my end adde spirit to my minde,
For yeelding thoughts besit the basest slaves ;
Kings should soare high, although they drop to graves.

The morning's chanticlere proclaim'd the day,
Whose lowring countenance vail'd the God of light ;
Yet glistring armor (spite of morning's gray)
To valiant mindes do yeeld a cheereful sight :
The roll'd up ensigne, when it doth display,
Gives hart and coulour to the martiall wight :
From Richmond's armes his harts took such bright shine,
But leaden spirits could take no life from mine.

Now was my battell rang'd on Bosworth plaine,
The vantgard order'd, and the wings were set :
Norfolke, (my chieftaine) with much sweat and paine,
Temper'd my frozen harts with his kind heate :
Surrey and he bore mindes that had no staine,
Both well approv'd in armes and martiall feate.
Our standards both advanc't in open sight,
Summons are given to prepare the fight.

My men with souldior's rethorick I excite,
Enforce the vildnes of mineemie.
Th' injustice of his cause, of ours the right ;
Our wealthy states, their desperate povertie,
Their fainting force, and our assured might ;
Our living honors, and their infamy :
So I concluded with these hartning words,
St. George for England, and for me their swords.

Now rotten sin gives ripenes to my fate,
And Jove doth vaile the curtaine of the sky,
Reflecting beames of favor and sterne hate
On Richmond's conquest and my tragedie :
Heaven's singing motion (that devoures live's date,
The working organs of the deitie)
Hastes to my period, when I must be throwne
From height of pride to depth of Acheron.

Signall is given, and the sound of death,
Showts, drums, and trumpets deafen all our eares ;
Brests butts for shafts, and swords in flesh doe sheath ;
Horse meet with horse, and speares are lin'd with speares ;
Blood blends with blood, and breath doth mix with breath ;
Life flies with life, and beeres are laid by beeres ;
Mazors to bils doe stand for butchers' blocks,
Fire twin'd with lightning, thunder join'd with shocks.

Bellona rag'd not so as I did storme :
My lyon spirit hunts Richmond for my pray.
I out-fac't death in his most ugly forme,
And through the thickest shocks I hew'd my way ;
My spirit was like whirle-winde, and mine arme
A pointed comet in this cruell fray,
Streaming forth blood, and foming rage and gall :
Deathfull my spleene, my fury funerall.

Unequall'd was my more then mortall ire :
Hel's ever burning lymbeck did distill
The spirit of divels in my quenchlesse fire,
Wishing such power to damne as hart to kill.
My winged horse did pegase my desire ;
Windes in my passion, th' ocean in my will,
My cloud-congested rage dissolv'd like thunder ;
My valour more prodigious then wonder.

But soone my archers slack their strongest bent,
 My souldiers' steele rebated ; yet (more keene)
 They brandish malice with one free consent,
 And against me convert their pointed spleene.
 Stanley with Richmond joines his regiment ;
 Some fled, some stood at gaze, the rest were seene
 With idle action to maintaine the field :
 Powre faintly answer'd argues will to yeeld.

Then, as I had attain'd the wished ken
 Of Richmond's selfe by noted markes he wore,
 In bloody sweate I spur'd through slaughtred men,
 To quench my fierie spirit with his gore.
 Brandon (his valiant standard-bearer then)
 I slew, with stout opposers many more ;
 And with spent blood being weake in ev'ry part,
 I fail'd to set my seale on Richmond's heart.

My horse being slaine, with him I fell to ground,
 And yet even then was not disanimate,
 For my high spirit above my flesh did bound,
 Scorning the limit of my mortall date ;
 Till with their thickest troopes enclosed round,
 And wrastling manly with malignant fate,
 They character'd in wounds my tyrannie,
 And thus perform'd my bloody tragedie.

My braine they dasht, which flew on ev'ry side,
 As they would shew my tracts of policie :
 My yeares with stabs, my dayes they multiplide
 In drops of blood, t' expresse my crueltie :
 They pierst my hart, evaporating pride,
 And mangled me like an anatomie,
 And then with horses drag'd me to my tombe.
 Thus finish't I my fate by heaven's just doome.

Yee that, in stately madnesse of desire,
Doe thinke your selves firme center'd in your spheres ;
Yee that (subjecting sence) like gods aspire,
In rising hopes confounding headlong feares,
Behold in me your suddaine quenched fire,
To depth of hell falne from those lofty stayres :
Asswage your thirst betimes, remit your height,
For if yee fall y' are crush't with your owne weight.

But if ye slight my counsell, still feed lust,
Pamper proud flesh, drinke sinfull Lethæ free,
Till tyme and death resolve your trunkes to dust,
Your soules to torments, names to infamy.
And so farewell, for back againe I must
Unto the horrid shades of destiny :
Now doe I sinke, as erst in pride I fell,
And to leave fame on earth thus div'd to hell.

Now England's chaos was reduc't to order
By god-like Richmond, whose successive stems
The hand of time hath branch't, in curious border,
Unto the mem'rie of thrice royall James :
An angel's trumpe be his true fame's recorder,
And may that Brittain Phœbus from his beames,
In glorie's light his influence extend,
His offspring countles ; peace, nor date, nor end.

Hæc decies repetita placebit.

NOTES.

Page 3, line 8. Since commonly the world's *obsequious* insinuations in trifles prove their obsequies of no more importance.] Shakespeare constantly uses "obsequious" in the sense of *funereal*, or at the obsequies of the dead. See Shakespeare, edit. published by Whittaker and Co., v. 270, 352; vii. 206; viii. 490.

Page 4, line 15. I know your true *noblesse* out of the common way.] So Shakespeare, "Richard II.," act iv., sc. 1, uses "nobless" for nobleness, according to the 4to, 1597, and as the verse requires; though later old impressions, and all modern editions, injuriously substitute *nobleness*.

"Would God, that any in this noble presence

Were enough noble to be upright judge

Of noble Richard: then, true *nobless* would

Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong."

Page 6, line 6. As hee is *ingenious* or *ingenuous*.] Shakespeare sometimes uses these two words indifferently. See edit. Whittaker and Co., ii., 294; vi., 535.

Page 6, line 22. I set up my rest.] A phrase originally from gunnery, of the commonest occurrence: it was also used figuratively at primero, and, perhaps, at some other games of cards. See Shakespeare, edit. Whittaker and Co., ii., 155; vi., 474, 489.

Page 7, line 13. Will sell like good old *Gascoine*.] Chapman here seems to intend a play upon the word "Gascoine," as the name of a wine, and as the name of our old English poet, George Gas-

coigne, who died in 1577, and whose poetical works were collected and published about 1572, and still more completely in 1587, 4to.

Page 8, line 17. *Fore-speake* the sale of thy sound poesie.] To "forespeak" was of old not unfrequently used for to *forbid*. So in "Antony and Cleopatra," act iii., sc. vii. Cleopatra tells Antony,
 "Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
 And say'st, it is not fit."

Page 8, line 26. ————— who then a rounde

On oaten pipe no further boasts his skill.]

Referring to the rustic character in which the writer of these lines had printed his "Britannia's Pastorals," which he dated from the Inner Temple (not a very rural vicinity), June 18, 1613.

Page 11, line 4. Your Pasquil like a mad-cap runs away.] Nicholas Breton was the author of a tract, printed in 1600, called "Pasquil's Mad-cap," &c., but in this line Daborne (the dramatist of whom so much is said in "The Alleyn Papers," and who afterwards went into the church, and had a living in Ireland), seems to use Pasquil merely in the sense of a lampoon, and to have had no particular reference.

Page 11, line 18. To his friend the author upon his Richard.] It is to be borne in mind, as stated in the introduction, that, in 1602, Ben Jonson was engaged in writing a historical drama for Henslowe's company, called "Richard Crook-back." See Shakespeare, edit. Whittaker and Co., v., 345. Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," at that date, had been, perhaps, eight years on the stage.

Page 13, line 5. What magick, or what *fiend's* infernall hand,

Reares my tormented ghost from *Orcus* flame.]

As a specimen of typography, in the age of Shakespeare, this poem begins very unpropitiously with two gross misprints in the two first lines, which run in the original,

"What magick, or what *friend's* infernall hand,

Reares my tormented ghost from *Oreus* flame."

We have, of course, corrected such errors, but not without due notice.

Page 13, line 14. When all their veniall and petty crimes

Are *expiate*, but mine will never cease].

C. B. here seems to use "expiate" in the sense in which it is twice

employed by Shakespeare, viz. *expired*, or *at an end*. The first instance occurs in his "Richard III.," act iii., sc. 3.

"Make haste: the hour of death is *expiate*."

The other instance is found in his twenty-second sonnet. This use of the word was not peculiar to Shakespeare.

Page 13, line 16. — all worlds and *times*.] The old copy reads *time* for "times."

Page 14, line 10. Whose percell guylt my *touch* will not endure.] Shakespeare uses "touch" just in the same sense in "Richard III.," act iv., sc. 2.

"Ah, Buckingham! now do I play the *touch*,
To try if thou be current gold indeed,"

or only "percell guylt," or *partly gilt*, and not true gold.

Page 14, line 14. How wanton Salmasis, with lust impure,
Cleaves to your soules !]

The poem imputed (perhaps falsely) to Francis Beaumont, under the title of "Salmasis and Hermaphroditus," had been printed in 1602, 4to. See Shakspeare, edit. Whittaker and Co., i. p. cxvi, note 3.

Page 15, line 13. My tongue in fire dragons spleene I steepe.] In "Richard III.," act v., sc. 3, Shakespeare uses the expression, "inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons."

Page 16, line 22. The characters of spleen and virulent *deeds*.] The rhyme would shew that we ought to read *deed* for "deeds," but poets of old were not always particular in this respect.

Page 17, line 1. And as a raven's beake, pointed to south,
Crokes following ill.]

This passage illustrates two lines in Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens," represented in Feb. 1609-10.

"As soon as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth."

Upon which the author's own comment is the following:—"As if that piece were sweeter, which the wolf had bitten, or the raven picked and more effectuous: and to do it at her turning to the south, as with the prediction of a storm; which, though they be but minutes in ceremony, being observed, make the act more dark and full of horror." This Masque is about to be printed by the Shakespeare Society from the author's own MS., preserved in the British

Museum, with the existence of which no editor of Ben Jonson's works was acquainted.

Page 23, line 26. How they dispatched suters that implored them.] We may suspect, from the corresponding rhymes of "adore them" and "bore them," that we ought to read this line,

"How they dispatched suters that *implore* them."

It might not, however, be a misprint, as poets of that day were not exact in their rhymes. See note on page 16, line 22.

Page 24, line 23. The sunne exhaled steames.] Of course "sunne exhaled" is here a compound epithet, and ought to have been printed *sunne-exhaled*.

Page 25, line 32. Therefore I thought to be myself alone.] Compare "Henry VI.," pt. 3, act v., sc. 6, "I am myself alone," &c. Several preceding passages, which it was needless to note, will have reminded the reader of Shakespeare.

Page 26, line 1.] And as your-selfe lov'd politicks n'ere care.] The old printer obviously did not understand this line, or he would have given it thus :

"And as your *selfe-lov'd* politicks n'ere care."

"Self-loved" for *self loving*; the passive for the active participle, very common in Shakspeare, and writers of the time.

Page 26, line 7. *I forst* no publique wrack.] That is, *I heeded not, or cared not for* any public wreck. The expression was not unusual : see Shakespeare, edit. Whittaker and Co., ii., 367 ; viii., 444, &c.

Page 27, line 3. To him that impt my fame with Clio's quill.] A clear allusion to Shakespeare, and to his play on the history of Richard III. is contained in this and the following stanza. See Shakespeare, edit. Whittaker and Co., i., ccxlv.

Page 27, line 17. Nor wits nor chronicles.] We may more than suspect a misprint here, and that we ought to read "Nor *acts*, nor chronicles," alluding to the acts of a drama, as distinguished from a chronicle : in old writing it would be easy for a cursory eye to mis-read *acts* "wits."

Page 27, line 23. There is a fate your boundles hope *convinces*.] Nothing was much more usual, in the time of Shakespeare, than to use the verb "to convince" in the etymological sense of to *overcome* or *conquer*. See also p. 34.

Page 28, line 7. — and hell sulphur spew'd.] This passage is thus misprinted in the old copy, *a hell sulphur and 'spew'd*: there can be little doubt that we have restored the right reading, which is at least intelligible.

Page 29, line 7. A murder that might make the *starres* to wink.] In the original, the letter *t* has dropped out in the word “starres.”

Page 29, line 10. The *dy* being bar'd.] The original has “The *by* being bar'd;” but the context seems to shew that we should read “the *dy* (or *die*) being *barr'd*.” to bar a die was a phrase among gamblers.

Page 30, line 7. And, being not shap't for love.] Here the author clearly had the opening soliloquy of “Richard III.” in his mind, especially the line—

“But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,” &c.

Page 33, line 9. Truth had a *tattering* stand.] Or, as we now spell it, *tottering*: on the other hand, the word which we now spell *tattered* was of old often printed *tottered*, of which many examples might be produced in the time of Shakespeare.

Page 33, line 19. My counsell's consistory.] This is precisely the phrase that Richard, in Shakespeare's tragedy, applies to Buckingham:

“My other self, *my counsel's consistory*.”

Richard III., act ii., sc. 2.

Page 35, line 20. Which neither bounds *contain'd*.] So the original copy, and it may be right; but the present tense, as in the conclusion of the line, would seem preferable.

Page 36, line 4. *Spred* gloomy darkness.] In the old copy “spred” (spread) is misprinted *sped*.

Page 37, line 7. In jealousy had *Argus* hundred eyes.] “*Argoes* hundred eyes,” in the old copy.

Page 37, line 21. But now her fame by a vile play doth grow.] Alluding to a drama upon the story of Jane Shore, of which there were several of old. One of them is mentioned with Shakespeare's “Pericles,” in a tract called “Pymlico, or Run Red-cap,” printed in 1609. See the Introduction. A play called “Shore's Wife,” by H. Chettle and John Day, is mentioned by Henslowe in his

Diary in 1603. In Thomas Heywood's "Edward VI.," a play in two parts recently printed for this Society, Jane Shore is a prominent character.

Page 39, line 17. I came not on my *cue*.] i. e., at the proper moment—an expression derived from the stage, the "cue" denoting the *tail*, or end, of the speech of one character, where another takes up the dialogue. The fact is historical: Sir T. More, in his "Life and Reign of Edward V.," has this passage. "At these words, 'twas designed the Protector should have entered, as if it had been by chance; and the conspirators hoped that the multitude, taking the doctor's words as coming from the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost, would have been induced to have cried out 'God save King Richard!' Which artifice was prevented, either by the doctor's making too much haste to come to that part of his sermon, or the Lord Protector's negligence to come in at the instant when he was saying it, for it was over before he came, and the priest was entered on some other matter when the Duke appeared."

Page 40, line 29. The sweet recorder and the cittie waytes
Did make them sound.]

A play upon the word "recorder," meaning the chief law authority of the city and a musical instrument, here seems obvious. "The city waits" were the nocturnal musicians of London: in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," "the waits of Southwark" are mentioned.

Page 41, line 32. We must elect some other: there's an end.] We may notice here a curious and characteristic variance between the folio edition of "Richard III." in 1623, and the older quartos: in the latter, at the end of his speech to the king, Buckingham, according to the folio, exclaims,

"Come citizens; we will entreat no more:"

but in the quartos it stands thus:

"Come citizens: *zounds*! I'll entreat no more:"

at which exclamation Gloucester, standing between two clergymen, with a prayer-book in his hand, and affecting to be shocked, observes,

"Oh! *do not swear*, my Lord of Buckingham,"

a line omitted in the folio of 1623, in all probability, because the

Master of the Revels, like Richard, considered "zounds" an oath, and therefore struck it out of the playhouse manuscript, from which the folio edition of "Richard III." was printed. That Shakespeare wrote it as it stands in the quarto, 1597, and in later impressions in the same form, we cannot doubt.

Page 42, line 13. Then, how to get my wing'd hand to *the booke*.] Meaning the *instrument* by which the grant was made, which document, at that time, was usually called a *book*. So in "Henry IV.," pt. 1, act iii., sc. 1.,

"By that time will our *book*, I think be drawn,"

referring to the agreement between Mortimer, Glendower, and Percy.

Page 42, line 16. While merit grew as *banefull* as the north.] For "baneful" the original has *bamefull*, by an evident misprint, which is corrected in a short list of *errata* at the end.

Page 43, line 5. Their *sewres* renewed still.] It may be doubted whether "sewres," in this line, is not an error for *sewtes*, or *suits*, but the passage being intelligible as it stands, we have not altered it.

Page 43, line 14. — that kisse the *skyne*,] i. e., *skye*n or *skies*, as *eyen* is often used in poetry for *eyes*.

Page 50, line 2. Their *drumming* hearts panted their feare's alarms.] An epithet adopted from Shakespeare's "Lucrece," where he describes Tarquin standing over his yet sleeping victim,

"His *drumming* heart cheers up his burning eye."

Page 50, line 23. And *push* to chaos.] In the Craven dialect, as well as in Norfolk and Suffolk, to *push* is still used for to beat, or strike down, with violence. See "Holloway's General Provincial Dictionary."

Page 54, line 14. The fautors of deceit, of truth the *scorne*.] We have not scrupled here, in accordance both with the sense and the rhyme, to substitute "scorne" for *storne*, as it stands in the old copy. "Fautors" are, of course, *favourers*.

Page 61, line 4. Not those which were devoured quick to hell.] This phrase may be explained by stating that of old, especially in the old miracle-plays, hell was represented by an enormous mouth, breathing out fire and smoke: hence those supposed to be condemned to eternal torments might properly be said to be "devoured quick to hell."

Page 63, line 24. ——— despaire *denaies* me.] It was not uncommon to employ the verb *to deny* for to deny. Shakespeare has an instance of the kind in "Henry VI.," pt. 2, act i., sc. 3. edit. Whittaker and Co., v. 125.

Page 64, line 9. O, how I *band* the Welch.] To "ban" is to *curse*, and it is so often used in this sense, that a note seems hardly necessary.

Page 64, line 24. And set my life and kingdome on this mayne.] We have before had "mayne" employed in reference to *dice*. The corresponding passage in Shakespeare's "Richard III.," act v., sc 4, will occur to everybody.

Page 66, line 31. I started from my trance with ragefull teene,
Taking a dragon's spirit, a tyger's spleene.]
In "Richard III.," act v., sc. 3, we have,

"Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons."

The distress of the rhyme has forced the author of "The Ghost of Richard III." into an unusual employment of the word "teen," which, in Shakespeare and other authors of the time, is ordinarily used for *sorrow*, or *grief*. See Shakespeare, edit. Whittaker and Co., i. 14, v. 441; vi. 388; viii. 397, 551.

Page 67, line 26. Enforce the *vildness* of mine enemie.] "Vildness" is a corrupt form of *vileness*, often used by old writers, and which some modern editors would strangely revive, as if correct spelling were to be observed in all other words, and this alone, for no assigned or assignable reason, excepted. *Vild* for *vile* is an evident blunder etymologically, as well as in every other mode of looking at the word, and it has sometimes led to the farther error of substituting *wild* for *vile*. In "Love's Labours Lost," there is a curious instance of a corruption in modern editions (pointed out in edit. Whittaker and Co., vol. ii. p. 303), where the Princess, standing in the open air, says to the king, "The roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the *wide* fields too base to be mine." Here modern editors have inserted *wild* for "wide," but they have not even the excuse that in the old copies it stands *vild*, for *all of them* have "wide." In Knight's "Pictorial Shakespeare," the corrupt text is followed—"and welcome to the *wild* fields;" but the edit. published by Whittaker and Co., coming out soon afterwards, where the

blunder was pointed out, it was corrected, both in Mr. Knight's "Library edition" and in his "Cabinet edition," but without any mention of the probable means by which the error had been detected. Perhaps this was unnecessary, and it seems to have been so considered in other instances.

Page 68, line 22. *A pointed comet.*] In the old copy "a pointed" is coupled, *apointed*, but it is clearly a misprint.

Page 68, line 29. My winged horse did *pegase* my desire.] This bold manufacture of a verb out of the substantive Pegasus is, we apprehend, without precedent.

Page 69, line 2. My soldiers' steele rebated.] i. e., blunted—a very common word in this sense in Shakespeare and his contemporaries: in "Measure for Measure," act i., sc. 5, we have, "Doth *rebate* and *blunt* his natural edge:" in "Hamlet," act iv., sc. 7, we meet with "unbated" for *unrebated*; and in "Love's Labours Lost," act i., sc. 1, we have "bate" for *rebate*.

Page 69, line 24. And thus performed *my* bloodie tragedie.] In the old copy "my" is misprinted *thy*.

THE END.

LONDON:

P. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

HONOUR TRIUMPHANT;

AND

A LINE OF LIFE :

TWO TRACTS BY

JOHN FORDE, THE DRAMATIST,

UNKNOWN TO THE EDITORS OF HIS WORKS,

AND

NOW FIRST REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL COPIES

PUBLISHED IN

1606 AND 1620.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1843.

LONDON :
P. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.

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INTRODUCTION.

The two following tracts are by the celebrated dramatist, and contemporary of Shakespeare, John Forde, whose works have gone through two modern impressions, besides the ancient editions. The first tract is altogether unknown, and has escaped the researches of every literary antiquary: the last is mentioned in the Stationers' Register, under the date of October 10, 1620; and the late Mr. Gifford, (*Ford's Works*, i., xiii,) presumed that it was a lost play. The reader will find that it has nothing dramatic in its form, subject, or composition; but, as the production of so distinguished a stage-poet, and as it importantly illustrates the life and character of its author, independently of any literary claims, it was clearly worthy of preservation, and no apology can be necessary for reprinting it from the sole existing copy.

Mr. Gifford also mistakenly terms Luke Hutton's "Black Dog of Newgate" a play. That there was a drama with this title cannot be doubted: it is mentioned in Henslowe's Diary as the authorship of R. Hathway; but Hutton's tract is quite of a different character, being an attack, in prose and verse, chiefly upon the

vices prevalent in London. The supposed author was hanged at York in 1598 for robbery, so that "The Black Dog of Newgate" must have appeared about that date; and we may presume that it was not penned by Hutton, but by some pamphleteer of the time, who wished to take advantage of the highwayman's notoriety. It was reprinted in 1638, with various changes and some additions, in order to give the work the appearance of novelty. An account of this impression is inserted in the "Bridgewater Catalogue," 4to, 1837, p. 149, and a copy of the original edition is in the British Museum.

"Honour Triumphant, or the Peer's Challenge, by Arms defensible, at Tilt, Turney, and Barriers," bears the date of 1606, and it was written in consequence of the royal celebrations on the arrival of the King of Denmark in London on the 17th July in that year: it must have been penned and printed with great speed, as his Danish majesty did not remain in England quite a month, having taken his departure, according to Camden, on the 14th August.

Forde was at this date not twenty-one, having been born in April, 1586: "Honour Triumphant" preceded his "Fame's Memorial," on the death of the Earl of Devonshire in 1606, so that we are entitled to consider it Forde's earliest work. It consists of four essays, or, more properly, orations, in support of four positions of chivalry, and the eloquent prose is intermixed with poetry. At the end are separate poems in honour of the Christian IV., obviously hasty efforts, intended perhaps to gratify the ear of James I., and to

secure patronage to the author, who had been admitted a student of Gray's Inn in 1602.

His object in writing his "Line of Life," fourteen years afterwards, is not very evident; since it is of a much graver character than might be looked for from the author of the plays Forde had then unquestionably produced. It is written in a high moral tone; and the characters, inserted in the course of it, of the Earl of Essex, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth, and of Sir Walter Raleigh, executed by James I. so short a time before the tract was published, are very remarkable. It concludes with a flattering tribute to the king.

It may be right to add that "Honour Triumphant" was published in 4to, and the "Line of Life" in 12mo.

In order to render all that relates to so distinguished an author complete, we have added on the next page some commendatory poems upon Forde and his "Fame's Memorial:" they are omitted by Mr. Gifford, because perhaps, as they are on a separate leaf, the copy he used of this very rare production did not contain them. They are in themselves of little worth.

To Master John Forde, of the Middle Temple, upon his
Fames Memorial, this Madrigal.

If that renowned Lord (whose powerfull fame
In strength of warres, and calmes of peace exceeded)
Hath after death purchas'd so great a name,
That it must prosper as it hath proceeded ;
Then must in time those spightful plants be weeded,
Which living, yet him living would have choaked ;
And those sweet wittes, touch'd with the sacred flame
Of his rich virtues, shall advance the same.
But thou (by those deserts in him provoked)
That song his honours which so much exceeded,
Whose pleasant pen, in sacred water soaked
Of Castaly, did register his worth,
Reapest much part of honour for thy pen
Through him, faire mirror of our Englishmen,
Whom with due dignity thy Muse set forth.

BAR. BARNES.

IN EUNDEM.

*Vivit, in æternum vivet Dux inolitus armis,
Mountjoyus : vivet, Forde, poema tuum,
Major uterque suo genio. Vi carminis heros,
Materiæ fœlix nobilis autor ope.*

T. P.

H O N O R
T R I V M P H A N T :

OR

T H E P E E R E S C H A L L E N G E ,

by Armes defensible, at
Tilt, Turney, and Barriers.

In honor of all faire Ladies, and in defence of
these foure positions following.

- 1 *Knights in Ladies service haue no free-will.*
- 2 *Beauty is the maintainer of valour.*
- 3 *Faire Lady was neuer false.*
- 4 *Perfect lovers are onely wise.*

Maintained by Arguments.

ALSO

T H E M O N A R C H E S M E E T I N G :

OR

*The King of Denmarkes welcome into
England.*

Tam Mercurio, quam Marti.

AT LONDON
Printed for Francis Burton.
1606.

To the most noble Lord, the Duke of *Lennox*
his Grace.

FIRST POSITION.

*Knights in Ladies service have no
free-will.*

To the Right Honorable, the Earle of
Arundel.

SECOND POSITION.

Beauty is the maintainer of valour.

To the Right Honorable, the Earle of
Pembrooke.

THIRD POSITION.

Faire Ladie was neuer false.

To the Right Honorable, the Earle of
Mountgomery.

FOURTH POSITION.

Perfect lovers are onely wise.

To the Rightly Honourable, and *truely worthy*
Ladies, the Countesse of Pembroke, and
the Countesse of Mountgomerie.

Most Excellent Ladies. Where perfect honour is ennobled with accomlisht perfection, beauty is not scant, which euermore is the glorious shrine of honourable favour; else had I misconceited mine owne hopes, and beene gravelled in mine owne conceipts; but my strong confidence is my confident warrant: neither can ye distust that which explanes but what is done for you, what is done by yours. If the pleasure ye shall take in the Defenders, who are yours, by the defence which is for you, be great, then the acceptance cannot be lesse in reading the reasons for that defence, especially being to you devoted, and onely to you devoted. What defects and weakly mainteyning arguments in the arguments there are, your protection shal wipe off, and the trueth it selfe (which needes no lustre) chiefly privilege. I affect no singularity, I boast no affectation; yet, can I not freeze in the one, when I am temperately heated with the other. To whom (noble Countesses) should I dedicate the ornaments of love and beauty but to the beautifullest ornaments worthy to be beloved? Neither doubt I, but as these endeavours were willingly intended, so will they as gratefully bee accepted. Otherwise (as I hope, as I feare not) I will be an alien to mine own issue, as unworthy to be christened for mine, since dis-esteemed in being mine. Others who oppose themselves, if not by Mercury perswaded, I referre to be by Mars enforced. So, adventuring at once all my deserts in your like or dislike, I rest,

Devoted to your honourable virtues,

JOHN FORDE.

TO EUERY SUNDRY OPINIONED READER.

READER,

I intend not to make any tedious apologie. If thou be my friend, thou wilt censure friendly ; if a stranger, indifferently ; if an enemie, I esteeme thee not. Then thus :—

I write not to content each cavelling braine,
But eyes of noblest spirits : he that loues mee
Will thanke my labours, and commend my veyne ;
For any others enuy, least it moues mee.
He that will storme at euery wrongfull hate
Must not referre it to desert, but fate.

Let ladies smile opon my lines, I care not
For idle faults in graver censor's eye ;
On whose opinion (truth it is) I dare not
The merit of my studies to rely :
Heere is the comfort which doth cheere despaire ;
I shall be likt not of the grave, but faire.

Meritum rependant venustæ.

HONOR TRYUMPHANT.

To the Right Noble Lord, the Duke of Lennox
his Grace.

FIRST POSITION.

Knights in Ladies service haue no free-will.

RIGHT NOBLE LORD.

How certaine it is, both by the tradition of ancient and moderne judgements avowed, that euerie man is not borne for himselfe. The communication of the sawe, and the authoritie of reason, shall bee a priuiledge sufficient ; but how much mistaken both the philosophers of old and later neotorickes haue been, their owne ignorance makes manifest. A man (say they) is partly borne for his countrey, partly for his parents, partly for his friends ; nothing, or (if any thing yet) least and lastly for himselfe. True ; yet had the sensible touch of passion toucht them with the feeling of a passionate sence, how much more, and more truely, might they haue affirmed, that the chiefest creation of man was (next his owne soule) to doe homage to the excellent frame of beautie—a woman : a woman, the art of nature, the liuely perfection of Heauen's architecture ! for though

Man be the little world where wonder lyes,
yet,

Women are saints aboue earth's paradise.

For what is he who is so absolute a lord of himselfe, so powerfull in his owne power, so free of his owne affections, as being

ensnared in the pleasing seruitude of a gracious beautie, can, or durst to undertake any occasion of remisnesse, but his own hart will be the first guilty accuser of his owne folly, and his sincere repentance doe pennance in the language of grieve, in the grieve of despair? Againe, what is he, then, that, being free from this captived happinesse of loue, as it were, disdainig to stoope to the bondage of beautie, will not at length feel the miserie of his scorne, and be scorned in the wracke of his miserie? Besides, may hee not be desperate of his owne merit to thinke himself the onely exiled abject, banished from out the acceptance of a ladie's fauor, as also his owne vnworthinesse, which cannot deserve so delicious a blessing? Say, then, such a one be entertained as a happie seruant to a more glorious mistresse, how soone, how much is his owne free rule of himselfe endeered to the commaund of a precious goddess? neither then hath he, neither is it mee the should haue, any more domination ouer his owne affections. Mars throwes downe his weapons, and Venus leads him captiue; the lustre of her eyes, and the glorie of her worth, are of such vnresistable a force, as the weaknesse of his manhood, or the aptnesse of his frailtie are neither able to endure the one's reflection, or withstand the other's temptation. How then? must he yeeld? true; not to captiuitie, but freedome; for to bee captived to beautie is to bee free to vertue. Who would not put of an armour of hard steele, and turne from his enemies, to be enchained in pleasure, and turne to a lady in a bed of soft down? Foolish hardinesse is hardened foolishnesse, when securest loue is the loueliest securitie.

Loue once was free from loue, and had a will

To play the wanton wag: he strooke full many,
And tooke delight soft thought of ease to kill;

Yet he himselfe was neuer spoyld of any.

Loue carelesse would go walke, when by a groue

Loue saw a nymph, when straight Loue fell in loue.

Cupid with Psiches fell in loue, whose beauty
 Dazled the lustre of his wandring eye;
 Forcing his heart devote obsequious duty
 Vnto the wonder of her deity:
 Herein was Cupid blind, who els could see
 Loue now captiv'd his heart, which earst was free.

Loue hath no power ere he gaine his rest,
 But to impawne, sweare, promise, and protest:
 Alas! what is it, then, that men in bed
 Will not vow, urge, to gain a maiden head;
 Which, being got, they euer after stand
 Devoted to their ladies' deere commaund?

Then, what man of reason is he, who would be so unreasonable in his owne desires, to wish himselfe obstinately foolish, or thinke himselfe foolishlie wise, by containing his owne dissolute infranchisement in the boundlesse limitts of his owne frantick wilfulnesse? Such, and of such nature are they, who, in the rancorous spleenes of an unpreuailing rancour, durst not onelie in the mallice of their tongues to speake, but in the venome of their hearts, to copy out whole pamphlets against the dignitie of the female sex; either without respect that they themselues came from a woman, or without regard that a woman wrought the peace for their weak-ballac't soules (oh, but say such): had not a woman beene the tempter and efficient of our fall, we had not needed a redemption. Alas! sillie betrayers of youre owne follie! wretched blasphemers against the perfection of nature! can ye not, or will yee not understand that the blessing of this fall is saluation? assurance of heauen? certainty of ioyes? Yes; it is doubtlesly probable that women are Nature's pride, Vertue's ornaments, Angels on earth worthy to be serued, saints in heauen memorable to be registred.

*Ne ii sunt amore digni,
 Quos indignos rejicit amor.*

Would any man lue happie in content of mind? fortunate in prosperitie of content? singular in the repute of account? blessed in being inriched with earthe's rarest blessing? let him then ennoble his deserts, by deseruing to be beloued: of whome? of popular opinion, or unstable vulgar dependances? No; but of loue it selfe—a woman. Would any be miserable? let him be excluded from the favour of beauty, and it is a misery incomparable, a torment vnspeakeable, a death, yea, a hell insufferable. How, then, comes it to passe that some vaine op-pugners of loue thinke, that, by seruing of a ladie, they themselves both honour in their loue, and ought to be honoured for louing of their beloued? It is easily answered: by the imperfection of their manhood, and pride of their grosse, erroneous folly. For this, in the rules of affection, is text: whosoever truly loue, and are truly of their ladies beloued, ought in their service to employ their endeouours; more for the honour and deseruing the continuance of their ladies good-will, than any way to respect the free-will of their owne heedlesse dispositions; else are they degenerate bastards, and apostates, reuolting from the principals, and principall rules of sincere devotion. It is not ynough for any man, that hath by long suit, tedious imprecations, jeopardous hazard, toyle of bodie, grieffe of mind, pitifull laments, obsequious fawnings, desperate passions, and passionate despaire, at length, for a meed or requitall to his unrest, gained the favourable acceptance of his most, and best desired ladie: it is not, I say, then, ynough for such a man to thinke, that, by his pennance in obtayning, he hath performed a knight's service having obtained; but he must, thenceforth, as much employ his industrie to preserue. For well sayd the poet, whosoever sayd it—

Non minor est virtus quam quærere parta tueri.

Perfect service, and serviceable loyaltie, is seene more cleerely in deseruing loue and maintaining it, than in attempting or laboring for it. How can any one be sayd truly to serve,

when he more respects the libertie of his owne affections, than the imposition of ladies' command? To attaine happinesse, and then neglect it, is but an unhappie negligence, a negligent vnhappyneesse: it is an vnthankfull ingratitude, than which nothing can be to heauen more hainous, and, in the regard of men, more detestable.

Herein are certain chuffes differing from the glorious nature of gentilitie, who, hauing stumbled vpon the raritie of beautie, are cloyed in their owne delicacies; not prizing the invaluable jewell of what they possesse, not esteeming the benefit of their precious felicitie, but, like swine towze pearle without respect, when as generous spirits glorie in their ample fortune, and subject themselues to their chiefest glorie; for, to be a deseruing seruant to a deserved ladie, is liberally to enjoy heauen on earth. If, therefore, the scope of mortalitie consist in the fruition of imparadised content, or a contented paradise, how requisite is it, that knights (for under these titles of honour doe I conclude true louers) should loose the freedome of their owne wils, to be seruicable to the wils of their choycest ladies. Who can serve two masters? Who can be master of himselfe, when he is a seruant to his ladie, but either he scornes the humilitie due to her, or affects a singularitie to himselfe: if the one, he is no seruant; if the other, an vnfit louer. Why? for because a true louer must frame his actions to the behestes of his ladie, and magnifying her worthinesse. Hence is it sayd, and truely sayd, *knights in ladies service haue no free-will*: that is, they ought not to be theire owne, nor subject to their owne pleasure, vnlesse to please themselues in the recreation which tendeth to their ladies' honour. How pithily said a wise man—

Non amare decet, et amari præstat.

To loue is common to sensualitie, but to be beloued is the crowne of desert: they best deserue to be beloued who deserue loue; and they principally deserue loue who can moderate their private affection, and leuell the scope of desert to the executing

their ladies' commaund, and adorne their names by martiall feates of armes : as for instance— Paris defended Hellen with the losse of his life : Troylus would fight for Cresseida : Æneas wonne Lavinia with the dint of his weapon and sweat of blood : Pœlops hazarded his life for Hippodamia. Yea, what better example than of late in our owne territorie? that noble, untimelie cropt spirit of honour our English Hector, who cared not to undergoe any gust of spleene and censure, for his neuer-sufficiently admired Opia, a perfect Penelope to her ancient knight, Ulisses; he an unfained Ulisses to her, for whose sake neither the wiles of Circes, or inchauntments of Syrens, or brunt of warrs, could force or intice to forgetfulness. But examples may seeme rather tedious than convenient: I leaue the certainty of them to their authours, with this prouiso, that what is manifest needs no commentarie. Now then, considering the perfections of ladies haue been, both in former and moderne ages, so resonant through euery climate of the world, what dull spirit, what leaden apprehension hath he, that would be more curious, to vndertake the yoake of their seruice, than forward to participate their beauties. Lentulus, the Roman warrior, after all his conquests abroad, was willingly captiv'd and conquered at home; insomuch as, at the first view of Terentia, hee fear'd not to say, *Non bellum, non fortuna*: Fate cannot limitt, warre cannot subdue the efficacie of Loue.

The fleeting pashions of disloyal minds

Proceeds from wrong directed scope of lust;

Inconstant chaunge beseems grosse-feeding hinds,

In whose deserts is neither faith or trust:

When noble spirits in the bonds of dutie

Pay tribute to the excellence of beautie.

For gentle temper, of a freer blood,

Counts bondage to a ladie willing pleasure,

Adoring seruice of best worthy good;

And deeme their toile for fauour pleasing leasure:

Not reckoning commaund seruilitie,
But true performance, true nobilitie.

To talke, conuerse, or dallie, is not loue,
But amorous wantonnesse of idle play :
Bruns of defence doth firme affection proue ;
Who would not fight when beutie is the prey ?
Then, who is he who would not think hee's free,
When hee's inthral'd to loue's captiuitie ?

Love's captiuitie is freedom's infranchisement, and whosoever is a prisoner to the merrit of fairnesse is absolutely naturalized a denizen to happines. To conclude (for in knowen verities many proofes are needlesse), a true, and truely louing knight's libertie, ought to be chained to the disposure of his ladie : her will must be to him a law, and that law not penall, but irrefragable. The sincerity of his tryed affection must bee an obstacle to wilfulnes, with due consideration, that although he be bound to vndergoe her pleasure, so he shall vndertake no shame that may displease—for from the faire proceeds nothing but what is faire. Ladies are mild, and fearefull to impose dangers ; wise, and will preuent them : especially such daungers as either may threaten inglorious dishonour, or likely perill to their beloued. Timorous they are of the worst, carefull (and in that care ambitious) for the best : Nature made them females, vertuously kinde, women angellically vertuous : horror befits not their sex, or vnthankfulnesse their beauties ; for although warre defends the right of loue, yet loue cannot brooke the severitie of warre,

Dalliance in chambers, harmlesse play and sport,
Doe with the sweetes of loue much better sort.

Since then, ladies are moulded of this temper, and tempered in the mould of loue, mildnesse, and kindnesse, what is that knight that would not be their captiue ? insomuch as the bluntest cynicke must in reason avow, that it is most reason that *knights in ladies service haue no free-will.*

To the Right Honourable, the Earle of Arundel.

SECOND POSITION.

Beautie is the maintainer of Valour.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

It is no prejudice to the precious charitie of knowledge, euen in undoubted truthes, to make truth more doubtles, for in matters of wrong arguments doe confound sence, when in explanation of right they doe senceably approoue it. 'Tis good ; mysterie in demonstration is a confused nicenesse : so knowne is the certainty of this position, *et domi, et foris*, that whosouever would seeme ignorantly strange, would but bewray his strangely rude ignorance in seeming so. Beautie (say we) is the maintayner of valour. Who is so blunt as knowes it not ? who is so blockish as will not (and may with justice) defend it ? an instance, euen in the entrance, shall bee no absurditie. In the infancie of the Romane Empire, (as Plutarch to the purpose rehearseth) the Romanes violently seized vpon the Sabines ladies : by violence they wonne them, by valour they justified their winning ; insomuch as euer after, betwixt these warlike nations, began both increase of hatred, and defiance of hostilities. In which times kissing had his first originall, devised by the Sabine ladies as an earnest-peny of desart to the guerdon of the Romanes desperate toyle. For although, in the eyes of some more stoicall censures, kissing seems but a needlesse ceremonie, yet, in the feeling of loue, it is the first tast of loue, the first certaintie of hope, the first hope of obtaining, the first obtaining of favour, the first favour of graunt, the first graunt of assurance, the first and principallest assu-

rance of affection, the first shadow of the substance of after contented happinesse, happy pleasure, pleasing heauen. But to our matter : men for the most part (some more heroycall inclinations by nature excepted) are, in the frailtie of their humanitie, so fearefull of harmes, and so desirous of the preseruatiue of life, as although not the discouragement of cowardise, yet proper instinct of mortalitie, will deter them from wilfull and imminent running into perill. Some, againe, are of that frozen and cold temperature of disposition as, according to the prouerbe, they esteeme it prouident safetie to sleepe in a whole skinne. Of this imbecilitie are many, who have only enioyed the lazie softnesse of vitious ease, and neuer felt, at least neuer conceited, the touch of any miserie, no nor of gentilitie. The selfe alone meanes, therefore, that were to be ordayned for a prouocation and incitement to liuelihood of manhood was the quintessence, raritie, yea, rare quintessence of diuine astonishment, Beautie : upon whose al-perfection the greedy eye of desire (euen in spirits of clay and mud) being fixt, hath stir'd up such a rauishment of possession, as they now esteeme all dangers weake ; nay, all impossibilities facilities to possesse it. That cardinall-vertue of inuincible fortitude had long since ben level'd with cowardise, had not beauty, the alarum to magnanimitie, rent the distrust of weaknes, and strengthened it with contempt of precedencie, æmulation of desert. Say, then, how probable is it, how indubitate hereditary is the dependance of valor to the merit of beauty ? Beautie ! which prickes on the slowest, encourageth the faint-harted, sharpens the dull, commaundeth the stowtest, recreateth the wearie, and guerdoneth the deseruing. Beautie ! the largesse of the gods ; the comfort of men ; the bounty of heauen ; the prize of earth ; the paradise of glory ; the *via lactea* to felicitie ; the wonder of itselfe—Beautie. This is that Achilles impenetrable shield, which euerie Uliesses pleads for, euery Ajax fights for ; this is that golden fleece, which the Argonants sued to find, which Iason toyling enioied. This is that famoused trophy, which Philip would haue his sonne

Alexander in the games of Olympus to wrastle for. How much are they deceived (I mean those fainter bloods) who vainly imagine that souldiers fight for spoile only ; generals hazard their persons for greedines ; sea men trafique for auarice ; knights wander for prey, or that any ieopards his life chiefly for lucre. Does not the marchant venture ship-wrack to returne with a present that may purchase his ladie's liking, and in her liking his owne blisse ? Does not the souldier fight abroad to preserue his ladie in safety at home ? Does not the generall commaund that he may returne with victorie gracious in his ladie's eyes ? Does not the knight-errant attempt threatnings of horreur, aduentures of dread, thunder of death it selfe, onely to rumour his fame in the eares of his ladie ? Does he not range for the succour of beautie ? for the freedome of beautie ? for the ioy of beautie ? and all spoyle that the souldier bleedes for, all the greedinesse that commaunders sweat for, all the auarice that the marchant trades for, all the prey that the knight aduentures for, all the benefite that euerie one and all these hope, wish, pray, contend for, is the fruition of Beautie ; than which nothing can be more gratefull, nothing is so acceptable.

Valour. Through streames of blood, and massacres of death,
I spend the troubles of a glorious breath :
In feates of armes and life's dread desperation,
I touze to gaine me fame and reputation.
All that I strive for is to comprehend
Honour ; to honour all my labours tend.

Honour. Valour doth aime at me, I aime at Beautie,
And make my greatnes greater by my dutie :
Valour doth fight for me, when all my prize
Consists in favour of sweet Beauties eies.
Honour sustaineth valour : when againe
Beautie feedes honour, and in that them twaine.

Beautie. Mean-bred deserts who covet much ambition,
 Having attain'd it, euer grow ambitious,
 Soring to gaine my loue, in whose tuition
 Their greatnes is aduanst, and made propitious.
 I strengthen cowards, and exalt the spirits
 Of weaknesse ; I maintaine proud chiuallrie,
 In me the drifts of honour pledge their merits,
 To guerdon and discerne worthes dignitie ;
 And but for me they brunts of hazard loath :
 Honour payes Valour ; Beautie rules them both.

The whole scope that Valour and men of valiant courage ayme their drifts at is, for the most part, a famous name and reputed honour ; but the marke which honour directs his level to is to participate the delightfull sweets of sweetest beautie ; which in all succeeding posterities hath been of so powerfull and powerfully respected awe, that for the hopes which men haue euermore conceived of enjoying it, they haue with accoutrements of defence been prest, for feare of losing, to preserve it. Beautie ! why it is the life of magnanimitie, it is the perfect sparke, whose lustre reflecteth boldnesse to the timorous. Beautie ! what is it ? what can it else be, but the modell of all fortitude ? for this prooffe (unlesse I be mistaken, as I am not) did the antiquaries of the elder world, such as were Martialists, attribute all worship vnto Pallas, all adoration to Bellona, reverencing her as the goddessse of armes, yet shee a woman. Fayre she was, els in vaine would shee strive with Venus for the golden ball : valiant she was, els with foolish superstition did the ancient best warriors adore her, and the younger Sophyes allow her. Yes, yes ; she was wise, beautiful, and valiant, including this morrall, that as shee had courage, so was shee a woman, whose force was not more fierce to terrifie, but her beautie was as piercing to wound. Did they applaud her martiall disposition ? True ; but they did reverence her amiable looks : most certain it is, the valiant may

and do contend with the valiant, but Beautie hath the maistry of both.

Audentes forma cogit audaces.

Loue breaths more resolution into the forwardnes of the resolved ; for neuer have we read, neuer heard of any undaunted champion, who, being free in his owne affections, did strive so much by perillous exployts to adorne the rumour of fame, but, if he after were blest by being an entertained seruant to some worthy ladie, those daungers, which before seemed dangers, he would now deem easie, and all easy atchievements toyes, onely that should then bee most honorable, which threatned most terror. Hercules valued the swimming ouer the sea, to breed wonder in Deianeira, not for that he desired to doe it, but because she should admire and commend the deed. Why do spruce courtiers practize courtlike actiuitie ? but to breed delight to their ladies. Why doe men in generall contend to excel in brauerie ? but to be noted the brauest of their ladies. Why doe cormorants hoord treasure ? but to attract some ladies liking. Why do poore men toyle ? great men trauerse ? but all to one end — to share Beautie. Why doe kings and greatest princes thirst to enlarge their empires and dominions ? but to be noted for more eminent, and more to be loued for that eminence of their ladies. Let vs looke into all the deuoyres of mankind, and they all tend to the content of beautie. Men to honour men, is rather a bootlesse feare, then in regardfull loue ; but for men to bee honoured of ladies, is the scope of all felicitie. Men in kindnesse are mutually lambs, but in corriual-shipp of loue Lyons. Should I fight for my friend, I might be appeazed in my choller ; but for my lady, I am inexorable.

Chalibz mihi circa pectus.

The teares of widows, the cries of babes, the condolement of parents, the intreaties of children, the wounds of the maimed, the wracke of the oppressed, cannot moue pity in a steeled

hart, which fights for report in the honor of his lady. It is said of the Turks, they traine their youth in discipline of warre, with intent of cruelty ; beleue it, I cannot be perswaded that, beeing so absolute warriors, they shuld so wholly be murderous tyrants, except to returne with triumph in the sight of their ladies. Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, and sauadgest monster of his time, neuer made a slaughter upon any of his conquered captives, but the principallest he euer sent as slaues to his queene Zenocrate, intending that, as she was the deity who infused strength into his armes, so shee should be the whole glory of his tryumph.

Pax ruat in bellam, sociumq; in prœlia fœdus :
Causa subitis nulla fronte regendus amor.

How requisite it is, then, for a kingdom which would be fortified with choyce of magnanimous spirits, to be also enriched with the ornament of beauty, the expediency in occasions of necessity makes evident. I haue often marvailed why the Romanes (famous for their loues) going to battaile against a world of so many nations as they did, for more suerty of victory had not carried their ladies with them, that by the sight of them their enfeebled strength might (like the head of Hydra) doubly haue renued. Doubtles, had Julius Cæsar, at his first arrival for the conquest of Britaine, brought with him Cleopatra, he would neuer haue twice suffered so shamefull a repulse. What infinite examples might here be alledged for the probation, that beauty hath euermore instigated audacity to the dullest ! finally, in the apprehension of common reason, let euery man examine himselfe, whether it be not the immediate norisher of al fortitude. It is, it hath been, and euer will be the nurse and foode of heroicall chiuallry ; for valour, not seasoned with the hopes of loue, is an irresolute valour.

A souldier, and libertine, is an unarmed souldier. Beauty is the spur to honor, honor the serviceable attendant on beauty : yet will some home-bred poring academicke say, it is the only

means to make a warrior a flat coward ; for beauty allures to delights, delights to ease, ease consequently the fosterer to discouraged pusillanimity : but let such an inexperienced plodder knowe, it is as difficult for him to censure of courage, as it is easy for the couragious to scorne his censure, or indeed rather pittie his ridiculous folly in censuring ; as Hannibal did Phormio, when he would read him a lecture of war, who had euer bin trained in the wars : as if a mild louer may not dally at home in a cabinet, yet the selfe same be a severe souldier in the field. Let, therefore, euery man of reason be reasonable in vnderstanding, and, where he cannot contradict, confesse that the truth is greatest, and chiefly prevaileth, principally when armes will justifie what arguments confirme, and arguments againe reciprocally corroborate what armes (on the behalfe of justice) doth mantaine, and rightly mantaine, that merely of it selfe *Beauty is the maintainer of Valour.*

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To the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembroke.

THIRD POSITION.

Faire Ladie was neuer false.

RIGHT HONORABLE.

The temperature of the mind follows the temperature of the bodie—which certaine aciome (sayes that sage prince of philosophers, Aristotle) is euer more infallible. Then, doe not I a little marvell what arrogant spleen of malediction, with teeth of juyceles envie, durst to detract from the worthines of beauty; terming it a particular blessing, bestowed for a more general curse; terming it fickle, deceitfull, inconstant, when, if the sawes of authority be authentical, nothing can be more precious, nothing in it selfe more vertuous. Faire Ladie was neuer false. Oh! sayes some curious impostor, *Euge hominem!* a goodly theame: much witt no doubt expected: few proofes produced. who will not sweare the contrary? who will not beleue the contrarie as his creed? Vaine fondlings, as many as so beleue, doubtlesse shall be so deceiued, and doe penance for their errour in the gall of their distrust. For, if the temperature of the mind follow the temperature of the bodie, (text it is) then, without controuersie, as the outward shape is more singular, so the inward vertues must be more exquisite. Nature is but the handmayd to heauen: beautie is the rarest workemanship of Nature's power. So, questionlesse, where the hand-maid of heauen hath imparted her art, the blessings of the gods are plentifully abounding. Neither will they make that lame which Nature hath framed perfect. For why? Can falsehood lye hidden under the raritie of fairnesse? No more than vice can lurke under the plumes of vertue, which is meerely impossible. Beautie is but a faire inne to lodge more

fairer guests within : it is but the lively colour of an excellent tasting wine : it is the greatest good in it selfe that heart of humanitie can wish for. If deformitie be the dregs and scum of earth's disgrace ; if it be (as it is) the curse of the parents transgression layd upon the child ; then, contrarily, must beautie be the immediate testimonie of heauen's fauor ? Why were people, in times past, called giants and monsters, but for the ugly appearance of their shapes ? neither were they in body so mishapen, as in conditions odious. So, then, euen in them it is manifestly verified, that foulest enormities harbour in fowlest formes ; then, it followes, that firmest vertues are shrowded in the fairest complexions. Some, indeed, oppose an argument that beauty of it selfe is a great good, but the abuse most wretched and common — yea, so common, that the very face of beautie is a presumption ; yea, more, a warrant of inconstancie. To such is easily replied—Such abuse proceeds not from perfect beautie, but from the adulterate counterfeit of beautie, art. Of this nature are those that, being intemperately wanton, strive, with artificiall cunning, to cover the defects of nature ; for true beautie, as it is of it selfe a good, so is it in it selfe simple, innocent, and harmlesse, into which no thought of vnkindnesse can penetrate ; and, being once subiect to loue, can neuer, will neuer be tempted to loosnesse. O strange ! sayes one ! oh, heresie ! cries another ; palpably false, falsely absurd ! Do not poets, the pillars of your folly, affirme that Venus, forsooth your only deity of your passions, the queen of your thoughtts, the boast and goddessse of your loues, was absolutely false to her husband ? else had Cupid been unborne ; *Æneas* unbegotten. And yet, lady was neuer fair and false ! Was not Helen of Greece made a Trojan stale — a scorne to posterities — whose verie name is ominous to cuckolds ? Do not all chronicles of antiquity shew, not only that the faire, but the fairest, haue prooued lightest ? and yet, faire ladie was neuer false ! True ; the poets say so, who, being themselves lasciuiously addicted, thought it great inhumanity, at least injurie,

that beautie shuld be ingroست to the proper vse of one alone man. Besides, if poets are to be credited, Venus was a goddess, not framed by nature, but yssuing from the gods, and therfore aboue human apprehension. Poets speak truth to warrant their writs, and so was Venus faire : they devise fictions to approve their wits, so was she immodest : with this caveat, that she was Venus was a troth, that she was trothles a fiction. Also Helen was counted faire, because many affected her, procur'd by her enticing wantones, inviting allurements. Curteous I thinke she was, and therfore beloued ; faire neuer, for then not fickle. Indeed, I acknowledge, old writers being themselues past the youth of loue, and sunk into dotage, haue inueighed against the dignity of that sex, not vpon knowledg, but mere supposition, deming that because the worst are haunted of the worst for their lewdnes, condemne the fairest for being faire, as the principall inchantment. Now, so much difference is there betwixt the wanton and the faire, as the wanton may be beloued, but the faire wil not be wanton. It is to be supposed, that such as inclined to the loose ficklenesse of change are not of that excellent temper of true bewty, because then they, knowing their own merit, (as women of that nature do) wold be by how much the more noted, by so much the more tender of the preseruatiō of the honors report, and somewhat precizely (pardon troth) prize their own value : *Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*. To be faire and not admired is as a hidden minerall, yet, to be admired, and not preserue that admiration, is an unvalued indignity. But, as ladies are fair, so are they wise ; and as they are both faire and wise, constant. Alas ! most know, and many fele, that bewty is not easily wooed to loue ; many bitter conflicts of oppressed griefs are to be indured, ere they are won to listen to affection. And, at length being persuaded, they were not so obdurat before to be sued to, as they are now most constant in their loues, most sincerely firme to their choice. Experience teacheth it, that stele is not soon hot ; yet, being once fired, is lesse easily

cooled. An example or two shal warrant the credit of the rest. Who could bee more industrious to his ladie, than Theseus was in gaining Ariadne? Who, being conquered, was euer most fast to him, though injuriously, yea, perfidiously forsaken of him? Portia so inderely reuerenced Cato, as she would for his preservation swallow coles. — Alcest wold die for Admetus; and Penelope (the mirror of the Greeke matrons, both for constancy and bewty) wold neuer falsify her faith to Uliesses. I my self shuld account such proofs inconuenient, did not the prooffe of my defence rely vpon former instances, compared both with present and latter times. Diana, renowned for beauty, was more renowned for chastity, insomuch as singularly and truly fairest ladies contended to be her nymphs, if trust to writers may be attributed: *rara præclara*; according to the proverbe, that the fairest are the fairest, that is, the best and best to be esteemed. What is more to be vrged for the rati-fying our maintenance, but the exterior beauty is assurance of the interior quality. To answeere to euery vain objection, that some more nice wits, only seeming witty in censure and misconstruction, is not here intended, as *fronti nulla fides*: the ficklenes of Cresseida; the mutability of some Lais: let it suffice, they are fictions and nugatory invectiues of deseriungly abused poets, or repulsed annalogers, ridiculous in the understanding of the wise, contemptible in the perseuerance of understanding. It is euen as impossible for ladies of quaintest formes to incline to thoughts of trothles impudency, as for monsters of deformity to produce effects of vertue. Needs there any other demonstration then the admirable (almost incredible) ornament of chastity, Lucrece, the Roman dame, the paragon of those times, the mirror of those daies, for rauishing perfection of beauty? harmles, unspotted Lucrece, who did withstand lust to the eternizing of her honor, and monumented her rape with extremity of death! Who is he so obstinate in his errour, so wilful in his madnes, so mad in his erroneous wilfulness, as would not euen in the glas of Lucrecia's perseuerance (euen

to the vttermost extinct of life) se the wonder of bewty matched with the indiuiduat adjunct, unsoyled constancy.

Constantia est gemella venustatis indiuidua.

Three particularities there are that stand firme for this position ; examples already alledged, approbation of judgement newly rehearsed, and ground of troth now to be verifi'de— Verifi'de, said I? the self assurance of the subject is a testimony most probable : if vice be the nourisher of vice, vertue must be the effect of vertue. That is sincerely a vertue, which is a good, and that good is beauty ; so herein fictions comprehend truth, as *forma bonum*. Yet ere I wade further, and be grauel'd in the owze, and quicksand of my own intention, I am for clearing of such as may misconceite my drift, to make an apology for my defence : neither by my iust iustification of an apparant verity, the wanton shall taxe my indeuours as ridiculous, knowing their own imperfections, nor challenge this as a due belonging to the encouragement of their lenity. I confesse (and blush that occasion should be ministred of confession) that many there are whose bewitching lookes drawe youth into folly, and age into dotage, rather madnes : too many there are whose smooth counterfeit, in the indiscretion of virility, may passe for beauty, when the counterfeiters are so mutable, as they are neither euer their own, or euer certaine any on's. Yea, euen in great personages this loosenesse is an imboldening to the meaner, rather a president to the worst of offending ; the greatnes of their estates, (I speake of some that haue beene) bolstereth out the community of licentious immodesty, whose shames, were they enameled in the tableture of their foreheads, it would be a hideous visour to more deformed complections, more enormous conditions. Such these are, who, vnder the abhomination of luxury, (nicely termed kindnes) import the pretexted glosse of beauties name, to such are also mercenarye slaues, intimated servants, against whom, although my purpose is not inueigh, yet doe I here exclude them from

out the assotiation of the faire : let those be false ; beautifull they are not. In them the temperature of the body follows the temperature of the mind, not the temperature of the mind, the temperature of the body ; of whom the philosopher insisteth. As I said before, so I here avow, that the error of their enchanting amyablenes bewitcheth their adherents, who, being ensnared in the nets of their lasciuousnes, esteeme that prime beauty which they themselues deliciously enjoy. For, as the loose haue no substance but fading art to attract, so the excellently faire haue no falsehood to be soyled, no cunning to beguile, no visor to delude. They are doues without gals ; swans without spots ; fawnes without spleene : they are simple, and will not be trained ; faire and cannot be tempted : they are the pure color of white, without staine, whose delicate eares, by prophaned tongues, may bee enforced to heare ill, but whose unmoued breasts by the fond cannot be enflamed to consent to il. Herein are the bewtiful, said to be angels on earth, for that, as they exceed others in wonder of beauty, so they excell all other in graces of vertue : it shall not be amisse to answere to the maleuolent will of some witty maleuolent detractors :

Women ! O they are fickle falling starres ;
 Tydes in their ebbes, moones euer in the wayne,
 Frost in the thawe, faint hearted in the wars
 Of constancy, yet constant in disdaine.
 Women ! O they are creatures most unholly,
 Borne for a scourge to men, and curbe to folly.

Mulieri ne credas, ne mortuæ quidem.

Prooffe.

Women ! why they are fixed lamps of heauen,
 Shining bright lustre to the hearts of men,
 Firme diamonds, and faire, bright lookes, hearts euen,
 Constant in scorne of motions, where and when.

Princes for ladies praise haue fell at odds ;
They are of men ador'd, belou'd of gods :
The highest blessing that to earth's vncommon
Is man's perfection, soule of life, a woman.

Diis compares fœminæ.

Euery faire lady is louely, but euery louely ladye is not faire :
so then the lovely may be fickle, but the faire cannot be inconstant. What should I more say ; and yet what haue I saide that is inough ? What that can bee too much, and yet what is not to much ? since the only experience of the subject commendeth his own worthines. To such, then, as credit it, I wish them a faire lady : to misbelevers and infidels in loue this curse :—may their ladies be foule, and so be loathsome, yet false, and repay them with the common crest of hornes.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of
Mountgomery.

THE FOURTH AND LAST POSITION.

Perfect louers are onely wise.

RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Perspicax est amatorum vigilans ocellus, prævidet adversa, studet horis convenientibus. A perfect louer is neuer lesse idle, then when he is idle ; neuer more busied, then when least seriously imployed.

Wise seeming censors count that labour vaine
Which is deuoted to the hopes of loue,
When they themselues themselves much vainer proue,
By holding lovers labours in disdaine :
They haue forgot the wiles which made them tremble
In heat of youth, when youth their bloods did moue,
What wit they vsed, what teares they did dissemble.

Their now waxt shallow apprehensions, then
Were quick to see the worst, wise to preuent it :
How they pleas'd fancie, how they might content it,
How much their hearts differed from hearts of men :
How prouident they were to fawne, to flatter,
To sweare, vov, vrge their grieffe, and to lament it :
Alas ! who would not doo't in such a matter ?

Loue makes men wise : 'tis not a feeling kisse
That's the true sport ; ther's sport more sweet than this,
To which, ere louers throughly doe attaine,
They must attend, doe service, grieve, and faine.
For this with ladies' honours best doth fit,
Not to be conquered by desire, but witt.

In all ages, both past and present, neuer haue there beene more witty pollicies, more politicke circumventions broached then in speedie obtaining of delatorie loue ; which is in itselfe so vrgent, so impatient of delayes, as the soundest sleights, quaintest deuises, haue beene studied for accomplishing of rest to vnrest, ease to disquiet, remedy to desperation. Three things triall hath taught to be expedient for mastery in love :—after choice, patience is to indure reproofes, witt to procure content, boldnesse to attempt at opportunities. Vaine is patience without hope ; hope desperate without meanes ; meanes, when occasion proffers, her forelock, and women toleration, hinderance without boldnesse. Yet boldnesse without witte is to no vse ; neither without witte shall time be euer found when to be bold. In a perfect lover, therefore, all these three are judicially cohered. Also, if a curious surveior will upon this approve that louers haue beene witty, yet disallow any wisdom in this witt, by distinguishing a different discrepantie betwixt witt and wisdom, since the one tendeth onely to folly of humanity, the other to consideration of diuinity, I will answer, that perfect lovers, even in this respect, are perfectly wise ; as with ease thus. Being ouercome with the affection of some excellently deseruing beauty, with admiration of the singular perfection thereof, with what curious workmanship it is framed, with what glorie of majesty it is endowed, it is an immediate occasion, to bring them in serious conceit of weighing the wonders of the heauens in compacting such admirable quintessence in so precious a forme, by which they will deeply revolve the dignitie of God in that mould, and truely acknowledge the weaknesse of their owne nature in comparison of beauty. This is the ready and directest course to force men to consider their owne frailty, and magnifie the omnipotency of their Creator in fashioning both : so as love is the onely line which leadeth man to the font of wisdom ; that is, to the gloryfying of heauen's power, and confessing man's imbecillity. Who then can deny, who will not allowe, that perfect louers are onely wise ? onely wise ? true ;

or men devoted to contemplation of theologie, are withdrawne from the absolute and due reuerence (sometime, of him to whome they chiefly owe all due reuerence by humane affaires ; when louers haue euermore the idea of beauty in their imaginations, and therefore hourelly do adore their Maker's architecture. Perfect louers are onely wise. Now againe to humanity : the dullest wit, the most vnseasoned capacity, being once salted with the tast of loue, sharpens his dulnesse, and seasons his capacity, to study any sleight, any device for setting a period to his desires : insomuch, as no time shall euer present any opportunity of study, but all inuention is vsed, all conceiptes employed, for the fruition of his beloued ; who beeing injoyed, yet his wittes are neuer idle, but industrious for conseruation of what hee inioyes, as loath to impart from that which with so much vigilancie he not easily obtained. As hitherto I haue proceeded with demonstration of examples, so now (to the purpose) will I inferre an instance to the more effectual proofoe of this. The Greekes, after the discursion of Helen, preparing an expedition against Troy, both for acquittance of their injury, and recouery of their false (neuer truly faire) queene, stood not in more need of Achilles for his courage, then of Uliesses for his counsaile ; who being then newly married to his perfectly faire Penelope, was vpon good cause moued (in the tendernesse of his loue) unwilling to that action. But excuse could not preuaile, except pollicie could find excuse : he feares much, but loues more ; which loue, euen at an instant, ripens his inuention : loue ripeneth his inuention ; he faines madnesse, and for madnesse to aduise in sober actions would proue but a mad aduice, an vnaduised madnesse : but he was discouered and went. Secondly, what vndoubted wisdom in him did charme his eares against the incantations of the Syrens ; the deuoute affection which he bore to his Penelope quickning his apprehension. Was euer man a truer lover, and euer man more truly wise ? It is infallibly certaine, certainly infallible, perfect louers are onely wise. Now it may be cauelled that that cannot be, for how can louers be wise, when

loue it selfe is both vaine, idle, and foolish ; a toye, a meere conceit of fancie ? But how vaine, foolish, idle, and fantastical, are they that so conceiue ! Loue is the onely band, the alone obligation, that traffiques betwixt earthly creatures and heavenly angels, that vnites woman to man, yea man to man, nay man to himselfe, and himselfe to God. Loue is the dignity of man's worth, not a blind Cupid, a sensual lust, as poets faine ; but an earnest and reasonable desire of good, as authorities confirme. It is an entire conjunction of soules together.

*Mutua sors animi, pia commutatio mentis,
Sub fido fidum est pectore pignus amor.
Quid magis est placidum ? nihil est felicius illo ;
Pax jucunda, manus splendida, tuta quies.
Fulget in auricoma nitido cum robore forma :
Ipsa sua splendens gaudet amore Venus.*

Loue is that tickling blood, which softly creepes
Into the pleasures of a quiet brest ;
Presenting pretty dreames in slumbring sleepes,
And in a ladie's bosome takes his rest.
Loue baths him in the channel of delight,
Which louers sigh for, and wish they also might.

Of twenty thousand 'tis the wittiest passion,
Wise in foreseeing of ensuing care ;
Makes louers provident, yeelds consolation,
And checks the bad from ill, if so they dare.
Loue is that fountaine, where the springs do lye,
Whence sweetest waters run, yet neuer drie.

Loue is that harmlesse prick in pleasant brier,
Which doth most please the sent, and breed desire.

Thus much for the satisfaction of the witty. Now, briefly followes a conclusion to the wise. Louers are perfectly wise,

and simply perfect ; indeed, absolutely perfect, insomuch as nothing is more expedient to the full accomplishment of a wise man, then to be a louer. Now, would any man seeme to oppose himselfe to the aduerse maintaining of what hath already been proved, it will be euident he shall more toyle his braines to affirme an vntroth, then the praise or commendation hee expects with a generall plaudite will counteruaile. If any champion will likewise be desperate hardy to vndertake a disallowance of these challenged positions, question lesse he neede not doubt but he shall not soner be armed, but as soone foyled, and in the vulgar confession of shame acknowledge his deerely bought wilfulnesse. But I leaue that to triall : I heere meane to be a pen man, no champion.

CONCLUSION.

Would any man be gracious in a ladie's favour? let him, then, subject himselfe to her wil. Would any be valiant and renowned for chivalry? let him serue vnder the colours of beauty. Would any strue to be blessed in hauing a lady truly constant? let him choose her truly faire. Would any be perfectly wise? let him be perfectly louing. Would any be happy, courageous, singular, or prouident? let him be a louer. In that life consisteth all happinesse, all courage, all glory, all wisdom. But as for such who doe *frigescere ad ignem*, I do desist to inueigh against their cold spirits ; onely in this I hate them, that I pittie them.

He who will strue to please each curious eye

Must freeze in silence ; but I care not I :

Let better favours favour mine indeuour,

The vulgar tauntings shall affright me neuer.

May it please you, to whom it is intended,

Then,

'Tis glory to deserve, though not commended.

Non omnibus studeo : non malevolis.

FINIS.

THE
MONARCHS MEETING,
OR
The King of Denmarkes welcome into
England.

Now had the harvest of the yeare brought forth
The blessed frute of long expected hope,
And leveld with the toile of labours worth
The crop of fatnesse to the trad's-man scope :

Now were the blossomes ripened to the hand
Of well deserving sweat ; when all anon
The mighty ruler of a peaceful land
Began to take his wisht progression.

Calme was the sea, and gentle gustes did blow
A whistling gale unto the flagges of peace :
Full were the streames, and smooth soft tides did flow,
And gave assurance of contented ease ;

When on bubbling beauty of fayre Thames
(Urg'd by the princely loue of amitie)
A Christian king in state and majestie
Was entertain'd with sundry showes of games.

The siluer crystal streame was proud to beare
The burthen of a person, each way graced
With all the rites of humane loue and feare,
In whose high lookes hōnour was lively placed.

Much welcome was the tydings of this newes
Unto the royall eare of worthy James,
Preparing with all speed, that speed might vse,
With his owne presence to ennoble Thames.

Looke how did Ioue salute the minor gods,
Inuiting all in heauen at a feast,
Where no more was reuerenc'd, no odds
Betwixt his proper person and the rest :

So did these princes meet, in whose first meeting
Joy was abundant in the truce of love ;
Each inter-changing a concordant greeting,
Which in the peeres of both did comfort move.

Ambitious was the riuer of this honour,
Knowing the value of the weight she bore :
Grac'd that such favour kings bestow'd upon her,
Bearing a richer burthen nere before.

Kings met, and kings saluted one another,
Eyther rejoycing in the others sight ;
Princes with princes, brother ioy'd with brother,
Each solacing the other with delight.

A goodly view of majestie it was
To see such intimated league betwixt them :
They striv'd in kindnesse how they might surpasse,
Sporting the season which the tide prefixt them.

Like to a prince, in euery point aright,
He came, and like a prince was entertained
With all the tipes of dignity bedight,
With all the friendship friendship could haue claimed.

O, what a gladsome sight of joye it is,
When monarches so are linkt in amitie !
How strengthened are those empires with safe blisse,
Where two such princes joyne in unitie !

Great both are in dominions, yet more great
In being vertuously religious :
Fresh blooming piety doth praise beget
In goodly zeale. Let tyrants be litigious.

What he amongst the stoutest of contempt,
Full in command, and fuller in disdaine,
Durst any threats of enmity attempt,
Or to oppose himselfe against those twaine ?

Those twaine ! so firmly are they matcht together,
So euerlastingly affectionate,
So indiuidually combin'd together,
As they loue none of both, who do one hate.

Power with power, realme with realme united,
Hearts joynd with hearts, and hand imbrac'd in hand :
Should all the world of nations be excited,
Yet all the world could scarce those two withstand.

Nor is it faining shew of smooth pretext,
But doubtlesse troth of loue which brought him hither :
Let none with such suspition be perplexed,
For then they neuer had thus come together.

Nor can it be suppos'd a prince so mighty,
So worthy in himselfe, so absolute,
Who hath so large a rule, a charge so weighty,
Would leave his countrie but for meere repute.

Puissant is the Danish king, and strong
In all the sinews of approved force :
Valiant and able for to right the wrong,
That should proceed from any eager course.

It is no common thing, seene euery day,
Scarce in an age, to see so great a state,
From out his countries boundes to come away,
For visitation of an neighbouring mate.

It is no common honour that is done
Unto our happy land by his arriving :
Much worth thereby and glory haue we won,
Our home-bred hearts, with stranger loves reuiving.

Two kings in England have beene rarely seene,
Two kings for singularitie renowned ;
The like before hath hardly euer beene,
For never were two with more honour crowned.

This may we boast, and after times report
How much the king of Denmarke grac'd our age ;
A king of so much eminence, such port,
By his arrival did his love ingage.

England with Denmarke, Denmarke eke with us,
Are firmly now in league, conioyned in one :
Seven kingdomes now againe united thus
Are strength'ned, so as stronger can be none ;
Then, as a certaine and welwishing greeting,
We thus applaud the monarch's happy meeting.

Hayle, princely stemme of great magnificence !
Issue of royall blood, who dost commence
True instance of thy fast undoubted loue,
And by thy comming certainly approue
The pledge of peace, thus low in humblest heart,
Regreetes vnto thy truce doe we impart.
With fit applause, our thankes deuoutly running
Gives welcome to the honour of thy comming :
Time cannot rase, nor amity surcease
Betwixt our realme and thine a long liv'd peace :
Whiles thoughts are undefil'd and credit true,
From age to age this league will still renue ;
And thou thyselfe (great King of Danes) wilt joy,
Counting the hazards which thou didst imploy,
Daungers of thankes, by tasting approbation
Of spotlesse friendship with our willing nation.
We are not subtile French, to fawne and flatter ;
Nor Spaniards, hot in shew, yet cold in matter :
Trothlesse Italian, fleeting Irish wiles,
(Whose trust when most protesting most beguiles)
We deeme dishonour Germaine policies ;
Or everchanging Indian fopperies,
We spurne. Know we are English, hating wrongs,
Bearing our thoughts decipher'd in our tongs :
Rather the sunne may in his courses alter,
Then we in true-meant trust our promise faulter.
Which of our chiefest emulating foes
Can justly taxe us ? But we euer chose
To die with fame then live with infamy,
Purchas'd with disesteemed trechery :

What needs an instance ? rumor will avow
We haue our troth ingrauen in our brow—
“ Who are in nature false, yet free in name,
“ Are servile slaves to feare, and fooles to shame.”
What more ? we are thy friends, and thou art our,
Thy loue is ours, and our force thy power :
Long may this happy thred of faith be woven,
And nere have dissolution but with heaven.
Fatall and joyous doth the knot begin,
Then, who doth breake it first commits first sin.
Lo ! then, great monarch, with what words of zeale
Thy comming wee imbrace, and hopes reveale
Of linkt conjunction, prest to gratifie
That loue, which thou with loue dost ratifie.
Here speakes the clamour of a public voyce,
Which speaking, all doe publikly rejoyce
Thy safe arrivall. England thankes the honour,
Which by thy presence thou bestowest vpon her,
Sounding lowd ecchoes of thy kingly fame,
And making trophees to adorne thy name.
The clarion's breath thy welcome, bells do ring,
Praise shoutes, whiles all thy friends thus sweetly sing.

THE APPLAUSE SONG

FOR THE

KING OF DENMARKES ARRIVAL.

In the most happy season of the yeare,
When fayrest sun-shine glistered on the earth,
The royall king of Denmarke did appeare,
And tun'd the hearts of England full with mirth :
In goodly maiesty, and princely cheere,
Euen in the fullest crop of harvests birth,
When birdes with pleasant notes did sweetly sing,
To giue a hearty welcome to the king.

Prettily, prettily,
With musick sweet,
Did Philomele merily
And ioyfully,
And euer prettily

The noble king of Denmarke greet.
Welcome to England, prince of high degree,
And all our song shall euer welcome be.

Our king himselfe rejoyced in his sight ;
His presence to the Court did breed delight ;
Blithe was the country and the citty proud—
Cornets with trumpets shrill did blow, and lowd,

To welcome to our land
With hearty greeting,
(By our king's command)
The monarches meeting :

Which we fulfilling
With loue and mindes willing,
Ioyn'd together :
Welcome hither,
 Friendly,
 And ever
 Kindly,
The Danish king, a prince of high degree,
For all our song shall ever welcome bee :
To welcome all our notes, and loue doth tend,
In that sence we began, with that we end.

Cantibus, et carmine.

FINIS.

.

LINE OF LIFE.

Pointing out the Immortalitie

of a

Vertuous Name.

Printed by W. S. for N. Butter, and are
to be sold at his shop neere
Saint Austens gate.

1620.

WISE, AND THEREIN NOBLE.

Ambition, beeing sooner discovered by acting then plotting, can rarely personate practise in studie, unlesse the arts themselves, which in themselves are liberall, should be too curiously censured, too inquisitiuely confined. It is an easie vanity, in these dayes of libertie, to be a conceited interpreter, but a difficult commendation to bee a serious author; for, whatsoever is at all times honestly intended, oftentimes is too largely construed. Generall collections meet (not seldome) with particular applications, and those so dangerous, that it is more safe, more wise, to professe a free silence then a necessarie industrie.

Here in this (scarce an) handfull of discourse, is deciphered, not what any personally is, but what any personally may be; to the intent, that by the view of others wounds we might provide playsters and cures for our owne, if occasion impose them. It is true, that all men are not borne in one, the same, or the like puritie of qualitie or condition; for in some custome is so become another nature, that reason is not the mistresse, but the seruant; not the directresse, but the foyle to their passions. Folly is a saleable merchandise, whose factour, youth, is not so allowedly profest in young men, as pleasure in men of any age: yet are the ruines, the calamities, the wofull experiences of sundrie presidents and samplers of indiscretion and weaknesse (euen in noted, and sometimes in great ones) so apparent, so daily, that no antidote the infection, disease, leprosie of so increasing an euill, can be reputed superfluous. For my part, I ingeniously acknowledge, that hitherto (however the course hath proued a barre to my thrift yet) I neuer fawned vpon any man's fortunes, whose person and merit I preferred not. Neither hath any courtship of applause set me in a higher straine,

a higher pinnacle of opinion, then severest approbation might make warrantable. Howbeit, euen in these few lines that follow, my ayme hath not beene so grossely levelled, that I meant to chuse euery reader for my patron ; considering that none can challenge any interest herein from me (vnlesse he challenge it by way of an usurped impropriation) whom I myselfe doe not, out of some certaine knowledge and allowance of desert, as it were poynt out and at with my finger, and confesse that *Hic est*, it is this one, and onely. By which marke I can deny no man (not guiltie to himselfe of a selfe-unworthinesse) to call it his owne ; at least, none of those who freely returne the defects to their proper owner, and the benefit (if any may be) of this little worke to their owne use and themselues. So much, it is to bee presumed, the verie taliarie law may require, and obtaine. In all things, no one thing can more requisitely be obserued to be practised then the golden meane ; The exemplification, whereof, howeuer, heretofore attributed, I dare not so poorely undervalue myselfe and labours, as not to call mine. But, if I should farther exceede, I might exceede that meane, which I haue endeoured to commend. Let him that is wise, and therein noble, assume properly to himselfe this interest, that I cannot distrust the successefull acceptation, where the sacrifice is a thriftie love, the patron a great man good, (for to be truly good, is to be great) and the presenter a feodorie to such as are maisters, not more of their own fortunes, then their owne affections.

*Æstatis occasum haud ægrè tulit unquam
Temperata hyems.*

IO. FORD.

LINEA VITÆ:

A Line of Life.

To live, and to live well, are distinct in themselves, so peculiarly as is the ACTOR and the ACTION. All men couet the former, as if it were the totall and souereigne felicitie of a humane condition ; and some few pursue the latter, because it giues an eternity to their blessednesse. The difference between these two is, life, desired for the onely benifit of liuing, feares to dye ; for such men that so liue, when they dye, both dye finally, and dye all. But a good life aymes at another mark ; for such men as indeauour to liue well, liue with an expectation of death ; and they, when they dye, dye to liue, and liue for euer. In this respect hath death (being the parting of a precious ghest from a ruinous inne, the soule from the bodie) beene by the ancients styled a hauen of safetie, a finishing of pilgrimages, a resting from trauaile, a passage to glorie. Everie man that most shuns it (and he most shunnes it that most feares it) runnes, notwithstanding, wilfully to meet it, euen then posting to it when hee abhorres it ; for (the comparison is liuely and remarkeable) as he who in a shippe directs his course to some port ; whether he stand, walk, reuell, lie downe, or any way dispose himself, is, notwithstanding, alwaies driuen on to the period of his voyage ; so in this ship of our mortallitie, howsoever wee limit our courses, or are suited in any fortune of prosperitie, or lownesse in this great sea of the world, yet by the violence and perpetuall motion of time are we compelled to pace onward to the last and long home of our granes, and then the victorie of life is concluded in the victory of our ends.

Arist. in 1.
Ethic.
Cicer. in off.

It is granted in *philosophie* that *action* is the crowne of vertue. It cannot in *reason* (the light of philosophie) be denied that *perseuerance* is the crowne of action: and then *diuinitie*, the Queene of Nature, will confirme that *sufferance* is the crowne of perseuerance. For to be vertuous without the testimonie of imployment is as a rich minerall in the heart of the earth, un-useful, because unknowne; yet to bee vertuously imployed, and not to continue, is like a swift runner for a prize, who can with ease gain it from others, but slothfully sitteth downe in the middle way: but to perseuere in well-doing without a sence of a dutie, only with hope of reward, is like an Indian dromedarie, that gallops to his common inne, prickt on-wardes with the desire of prouender. *It is beast-like not to differ from beasts, aswell in the abuse of reason, as it would bee in the defect.*

ACTION, PERSEVERANCE IN ACTION, SUFFERANCE IN PERSEVERANCE, are the three golden linkes that furnish vp the richest chain wherewith a good man can bee adorned. They are a tripartite counterpawne, wherby wee hold the possession of life, whose charter, or poll-deed, (as they terme it) are youth till twentie, manhood till fortie, olde age till our end. And hee who beginnes not in the spring of his minoritie to bud forth fruits of vertuous hopes, or hopefull deserts, which may ripen in the summer of confirmed manhood, rarely or neuer yeelds the crop of a plentiful memory in his age, but preuents the winter of his last houre, in the barren autume of his worst houre, by making an euen reckoning with time misspent, dying without any issue to inherit his remembrance or commendation.

Here is, then, a preparation made to the ground-worke and foundation wheron the structure and faire building of a minde nobly furnisht must stand; which for the perpetuitie and glorie of so lasting a monument, cannot altogether unfitly bee applyed to a LINE OF LIFE: for whosoeuer shall leuell and square his whole course by this just proportion, shall (as by a line) bee led not only to unwinde himselfe from out the laby-

rinth and maze of this naturall and troublesome race of frailtie, but to flie up in the middle path, the *via lactea* of immortalitie in his name on earth, to the throne of life, and perfection in his whole man, and to an immortalitie that cannot bee changed.

Deceiuing and deceivable *Palmesters*, who will undertake by the view of the hand to bee as expert in fortelling the course of life to come to others, as they are ignorant of their owne in themselves, haue framed and found out three chiefe lines in the hand, wherby to diuine future euent: — *the line of life, the middle naturall line, and the table line.* According to the fresh colour or palenes, length or shortnesse, bredth or narrownesse, straitnesse, or obliquitie, continuance, or intermission, of either of these, they presume to censure the manners, the infirmities, the qualities, the verie power of life or death of the person: but the *line of life* is the eminent mark they must be directed by to the perfection of their master-piece. All which are as far from truth as wonder; onely it is true, and wonderfull, that any ignorance can be so deluded. Another *line of life* is the most certaine and infallible rule which wee, as we are men, and more then men, Christians, and more then Christians, the image of our Maker, must take our leuel by. Neither is judgement to be given by the ordinary lineaments of the furniture of nature, but by the noble indowments of the mind; whose ornaments or ruines are then most apparently goodly, or miserable, when as the actions we do are the evidences of a primitiue puritie, or a deriuatiue deprauation. Here is a great labour to indure, a great strength in that labour to conquer, a great resolution in that strength to triumph, requisite before wee can climbe the almost impregnable and inaccessible toppe of glorie; which they that haue attempted haue found, and they that haue found, haue enjoyed to their own happinis, and wonder of imitation.

RESOLUTION is the plotter and the Actor: nay, it is both the plot, and the act it selfe that must prompt vs how to doe, aswell as it must point us out what to doe, before wee can as

much as take into the hands of our purposed constancie this *line*, which must direct us to life, and make us to live.

Whatsoever, therefore, in those briefe ensuing collections is inserted to patterne and personate an excellent man, must be concluded and understood, for method's sake, in this one onely attribute, *RESOLUTION*; for by it are exemplified the perfections of the minde, consisting in the whole furniture of an enriched soule; and to it are referred the noblest actions, which are the externall arguments and proofes of the treasure within. For, as it is a state maxime in pollicie, that *force abroad in warre is of no force, but rather rashnesse then souldierie, vnlesse there be counsell peaceably at home to direct for expedition*, so are all actions of resolution, in the oeconomic, and household government of a man's owne particular priuate wealth, but shining follies, vnlesse there bee a consultation first held within him, for determining the commoditie, the conueniencie and commendation of such actions, aswell in doing, as when they are done.

Order, in euerie taske, is for conceipte easiest, for demonstration playnest, for imitation surest. Let vs, then, take into our consideration this *Line of Life*, and trace the way wherein wee are to trauaill, keeping our eye on the compasse, whereby we may runne to the Paradise of memorable happinesse. And first it is to be obserued, that *Resolution* hath three branches. The one concerns a man's owne particular person for the carriage of himselfe in his proper dutie; and such an one is knowne by none other note, then in being A MAN. Another concernes a man's employment in affaires for his country, prince, and common-wealth; and such a one is knowne by the generall name of A PUBLIKE MAN. The last concernes a man's voluntarie traffique in ciuill causes, without the imposition of authoritie, only vrged on to performe the offices of a friend, as a priuate statist to seuerall ends, all tending to goodnes and vertue; and such a one is euer to be call'd a GOOD MAN. In euerie one of those there is a plentifull employment, presenting

it selfe to the liberall choyce for ennobling themselues with publique honors, or gayning them the truest honour, a *deserued fame*, which is one (if worthie) of the best and highest rewards of vertue.

Superfluous it were, and unnecessarie, to enter into the con- Of the first, a
tentious lists of diuided philosophers, or vnreconciled schoole-
men, for the absolute and punctuall definition of man ; since
it sufficeth vs to be assured that he is mainly, and yet pithily,
distinguisht from all other created substances in the only pos-
session of a *reasonable soule*. This royall prerogative alone
poynts him to be noblest of creatures ; and, to speak truth,
in an assertion not to be gain-said, he containes the summary
of all the *great world* in the *little world* of himselfe. As, then,
the fabricke of the globe of the earth would of necessitie runne
to the confusion out of which it was first refined, if there were
not a great and watchfull providence, to measure it in the just
ballance of preserving and sustayning ; so, consequently, without
question, the frame of our humane composition must preposte-
rously sinke vnder its burthen, if warre and prudent direction,
as well in manners as in deedes, restraine it not from the dis-
solution and wracke, the procliuitie of corrupted nature doth
hourely slide into.

A man's minde is the man himselfe, (said the Romane orator) Cicero Arist.
and the chiefest of the Grecian naturalists was confident to
averre, that the *temperature of the minde followed the temperature*
of the body. It were a lesson worthie to be cond, if eyther of
those rules may be positiuely receiued ; for out of the first, as
any man feelles his inclinations and affections, thereafter let
him judge himselfe to bee such a man : out of the latter it
may be gathered, how easie it were for euerie man to be his
owne schoole-master, in the conformation, or reformation of his
life, without other tutour then himselfe.

Socrates his speech of the use of mirrours or looking glasses
concludes whatsoever can bee ranged in many wordes of this
subject, and is, therefore, notoriously vsefull, and vsefully

notable. When thou viewest thy selfe in a mirrour, (said that wise man) surveyest thy complexion, thy proportion, if thy face be more faire, louely, and sweeter than others, thy bodie straighter, thy lineaments perfecter, consider how much more thou art bound by that to match those blessings of nature with the accomplishment of more noble qualities then others of a courser mould. If, on the other side, thou perceiue thy face deformed, thy body crooked, thy outward constitution vnslightly or mis-shapen, by so much the more hast thou reason to liue a good life, that thereby concord of vertuous conditions may supply the defects of nature, and make thee more beautifull inwardly to the eye of judgement, then outwardly thou couldst haue beene to the eyes of popular delight.

In short, to be a *man*, the first branch of resolution is to know, feele, and moderate affections, which, like traitors and disturbers of peace, rise vp to alter, and quite change the lawes of reason, by working in the feeble, and oftentimes the sounder parts, an innovation of folly. Hee can seldome be a flourishing member of a bodie politique, and so a *publique deserving man*; but more rarely, scantly euer, a reconciler of divisions, and so a ciuill *good man* for others, that begins not betimes to discharge his owne dutie to himselfe. The old proverbe was, (and it is lamentable to speake with truth, and say it is) that *a man is a beast to a man*; but it must be of necessitie granted, when a man to himselfe is a *monster*, or, more proverbially, a *devill*.

Homo homini lupus

Velleius
Paterc, lib. 2

It is said of CAIUS CVRIO, that hee was a man most *wittily wicked*, and most *singularly eloquent* in mischief against the common-wealth. What rarities were here lost ! (like a diamond set in a rushen ring.) How much better had it been for him to haue had a *duller braine*, if better imployed, and a *slower tongue*, if auailable for the publique good ? Euery man should, in his owne person, endeouour and strue to be like *Catoes Orator*, a *good man*; and *expert in pleading*. First *good*, then *expert*; for of so much richer price is *vertue* than *art*: *art*, without *vertue*, being like the *Cantharides*, whose wings

Fabius
Orat. lib. 12,
cap. 1
Plin. lib. 11,
cap. 35

puld off, they haue prettie colours to please the eye, but poisonous substances to be receiued into the stomack. How easie it is to guild a rotten post, to paint a sepulcher, to varnish an ill meaning, is soone resolved : many men can *speake well*, few men will *doe well* ; the reason for that we covet to be thought what wee are not, and yet continue to be what wee are ashamed to be thought.

The excellency of goodnesse is apparent mainly in this one poynt, that euen those who least practise it in outward appearance cunningly labour to make it the marke whereto all their actions (how foule soever in the issue) leuell at. It was truly obserued by a graue author, that there was neuer any publique mischief attempted in a state by euen atheists, or very incarnate deuils, but religion was their colour to effect it ; at least a shew of some false zeale in as false a worship : for there must be an intention of vertue in the worst actions, otherwise they could neuer haue passage by any publique approbation ; insomuch, that hypocrisie is reputed the surest and the safest ground of pollicie.

By this appeareth the richnesse of vertue, that euen such as most oppose it must, and are compelled to acknowledge it for best. In like manner, euery man, in his particular to distinguish his actions, is, in his knowledge, guiltie and conscious of what he doth or should doe. We were not borne to feed, sleepe, and spinne out our webbe of life in the delicate softnesse of vanitie or sloath ; wee were not borne to traffique in follies, and to make merchandize of our sensualities ; wee were not borne to reuel in the apishnesse of ridiculous expence of time ; wee were not borne to be panders to that great whore of a declyning reason, *bewitching pleasure* ; we were not borne to laugh at our owne securitie, but to bewaile it ; we were not borne to liue for our selues, but to our selues ; as we were not, on the other side, borne to dye to our selues, but for our selues. We must learne to rejoyce in true goodnesse, not vain delights ; for, as we cannot judge him to haue a light heart alwaies that

sometimes laughs (for euen in laughter there is a sadnesse), so wee must not imitate, by any outward demeanor, to bewray the minoritie of our resolution, except we would be as childish in understanding as in action.

What infinite inticers hath a man, as he is a meere man, to withdraw him from an erected heart ! As the temptation of a reputed beautie, the invitement of a presented honour, the bewitching of an inforced wealth, the lethargie and disease of an infectious court-grace ; yet all, and euerie one of these (with what other appendances soeuer belonging vnto them) are, if not wisely made vse of, but glorious snares, dangerous baites, golden poysons, dreaming distructions, snares to intrappe the mightineese of constancie, baites to deceiue the constancie of manhood, poysons to corrupt the manhood of resolution, destruction to quite cast away the resolution of a just desert.

Now, for a man's carriage in his particular dutie, what can hee determine of, since he hath not more himselfe, and his own affections to assault and batter his resolution in the path of vertue, then a world of presidents, of partners, of helpers, to perswade and draw him on to the full measure of an vnworthy life ? It is a labor wel worthie a chronicle (and chronicled will bee in a perpetuall memorie) to withstand the seuerie assault of folly, pressing on with so infinite an armie of followers, and admirers, as shee is accompanied with. What can one *private man* do against such a multitude of temptations ? Either hee must consent to doe as they doe, or dissent and hate them : if consent, hee is mischievous with many ; if dissent, vertuous by himselfe ; and the last is without controversie the best, since neuer to haue seene euill is no praise to well doing ; but where the actours of mischiefe are a nation, there, and amongst them, to liue well is a crowne of immortal commendation.

A golden axiome there was registred amongst the ciuilians in the daies of *Justinian* : *that it was not convenient for any man to pry and looke after what was done at Rome, but to examine justly what ought there to bee done.* Rome was then the mart of

the world: all sorts of euery people came thither, from thence to receiue the oracles of life (as they might bee termed); yet doth it not follow that any one man, with the multitude, should runne to *Rome* to sucke the infection of dissolute intemperature. *Vanity* most commonly rides coach't in the high way, the beaten way, the common way; but *Vertue and Moderation* walkes alone. It may be said, what profit can redound, what commendation, what reward, for one man to be singular against many? O! the profit is infinite, the commendation memorable, the reward immortall. It is true, the olde Greeke prouerbe concluded that *one man was no man*; yet, with their most approued authours, by the verie word MANY were the worst sort of people vnderstood; and by FEW, the best. For certainly there is not any allurements could lull men in the trust of their misdeeds, so much as those two pestilent yoke-fellowes and twinnes of confusion, *the multitude of offenders, and the libertie of offending*. They are both examples and schoole-masters, to teach euen the very ignorant (whose simplicitie else might be their excuse) to do what (if others did not) they might accidentally slide into, but not so eagerly pursue.

To conclude this point, it may somewhat too truly be said, though not by way of discouragement, yet of caveat, what by the proclivitie and pronenesse of our frailtie is warrantable, *Let no man bee too confident of his owne merit; the best doe erre. Let no man relye too much on his owne judgement; the wisest are deceiued*. Yet, let euery man so conceiue of himselfe, that he may indeuour to bee such a one, as distrust shal not make him carelesse, or confidence secure.

It followes, that the very consideration of being men should somewhat rectifie our crooked inclinations, and ennoble our actions, to keepe vs worthy of the priuiledge wee haue aboue beasts: otherwise, only to be a man in substance and name is no more glorie, then to bee knowne and distinguished from a very beast in nature.

Presidents from antiquitie may plentifully be borrowed, to

Plutarch in
Apotheg.

Cicero de
leg. lib. 3

Epist. 98

set before vs what some men haue beene, not as they were commanders, or employed for the commonwealth, but as they were commanders of their owne infirmities, and employed for the commonwealth of their own particular persons. *Epaminondos*, amongst the *Thebanes*, is worthy of note and memorie, euen to our ages and those that shall succeed vs. Hee (as the philosopher recordeth) chose rather to bee moderate alone, then madde with the multitude; chusing at all times to consult with himselfe in excellent things, not with his countrymen to giue lust, dalliance, effeminate softnes, a regiment in the kingdome of his thoughts; no, not of his thoughts, much lesse of his actions. *Phocion*, among the *Athenians*, *Brutus*, among the *Romanes*, are for their particular cariage of themselves, as they were only men, well worthy of all remembrance: and the sententious Seneca is bold to say, that all ages will euer hatch and bring forth many such as *Clodius* (a man bent to mischiefe), but rarely any age another *Cato*, a man so sincere, so free from corruption, and so severe a censurer of himselfe.

But what need we to search histories of other times, or the deserts of another nation, when, in our owne land, in our owne dayes, wee might easily patterne what a man should bee or not bee, by what others haue bin? Among many, two of late times are justly examined; not as they were different in fortune, in yeares, in degree, but as they differed in the use of the gifts of their mind. The first was JOHN, the last and yongest Lord HARRINGTON, whose rare and admirable course of life (not as he was a nobleman, for then indeed it were miraculous, but as a man) deserues all prayse, and imitation from all. Of whome it may without flatterie, (for what benefit can accrue to flatter the dead?) or affection bee said, that he, amongst a world of men, attayned, euen in his youth, not only to gravitie in his behaiour, to wisdom in his vnderstanding, to ripenesse in his carriage, to discretion in his discourse, but to perfection

in his action: a man wel-deserving even the testimonie of a religious learned diuine.

But for that his owne merit is his best commendation, and questionlesse his surest reward for morall gifts, let him rest in his peace, whilst the next is to bee obserued.

SIR WALTER RAULEIGH may be a second president; a man known, and wel-deserving to be knowne; a man endued not with common endowments, being stored with the best of Nature's furniture, taught much by much experience, experienc'd in both fortunes so feelingly and apparently that it may truly bee controuerted whether hee were more happie or miserable; yet, beholde in him the strange character of a *meere man*, a man subject to as many changes of *resolution*, as resolute to bee the instrument of change: *politique*, and yet in *policie* so unstedie, that his too much apprehension was the foile of his judgement.

For what man soeuer leaues

* * * * *

hend all what the former discourse hath amplified; namely, that *the only felicitie of a good life depends in doing all things* Seneca Epist. 128 *freely, by beeing content with what wee haue (for wee speake of a morall man). This is to remember that we are mortal, that our dayes passe on, and our life slides away without recoverie.*

Great is the taske, the labour painfull, the discharge full of danger, and the dangers full of enuy, that he must of necessitie vndergoe, that, like a blaze upon a mountain, stands neerest in grace to his prince: or, like a vigilant-sentinell in a watch-tower, busies and weakens his owne naturall and vitall spirits, to administer equalitie and iustice to all, according to the requisition of his office.

It is lamentable, and much to bee pittied, when places of authority in a commonwealth are disposed of to some, whose vnworthinesse, or disability, brings a scandall, a scorne, and a reproch to both the place and the minister.

Plato, 3, 6;
& 12 de leg.
& 7 de Repub.
Arist. 7; &
6 Pol.
Isocrat. in
Pan.

The best law-makers amongst the ancients were so curious in their choice of men in office in the commonwealth, that precisely and peremptorily they reputed that STATE plagued, whipped, tormented, wounded, yea, wounded to death, where the subordinate gouernours were not as well vnblemished in their liues and actions, as in their names and reputation.

A PUBLIKE MAN hath not more neede to be *bonus civis*, a good *statist*, then *bonus vir*, good in himselfe: a very faire and large *line* is limmed out to square by it a direct path that leades to a vertuous name, if a man acquite himselfe nobly, justly, and wisely, in well steering the helme of state that he sits at; otherwise, his honours are but a burthen, his height a curse, his fauours a destruction, his life a death, and his death a misery; a misery in respect of his after defamation, as well as of his after accompt.

Far from the present purpose it is to dive into the depth of *policie*, or to set downe any positieue rules what a right *statesman* should be; for that were with *Phormio*, the philosopher, to read a Lecture of souldierie to *Hannibal*, the most cunningest warriour of his time: and, consequently, as *Phormio* was by *Hannibal* to be justly laughed at, so as well might *Seneca* haue written to *Nero* the art of crueltie, or *Cicero* to his brother *Quintus* the commendation of anger. The summe of these briefe collections is intended to recreate the minde; not to informe knowledge in practice, but to conforme practice to knowledge. Where to no indeavor can bee found more requisite, more availleable then an vndeceiuing lesson of an impartiall observation; wherein if our studies erre not with many, and those approued, thus we haue obserued.

Two sorts of
publike men

First, of publike men there are two generall sorts: the one, such as by speciall fauour of their prince (which fauour cannot ordinarily be conferred without some mayne, and euident note of desert) haue been raised to a supereminent ranck of honour and so by degrees (as it for the most part alwayes happens) to speciall places of weightie imployment in the common wealth.

The other sort are such as the prince according to his judgement hath, out of their owne sufficiencie, aduanced to particular offices, whether for administration of justice, for execution of law, for necessitie of seruice, and the like ; being, according to their education and studie, enabled for the discharge of those places of authoritie : and *these two* are the onely chiefe and principall members of imploiment, under that head, of whose politike bodie they are the most usefull and stirring members.

Against both those publique persons there are *two capitall and deadly opposites* (if it were possible) to becharme their resolutions, and blot out their name from the LINE OF LIFE, by which they should be led to the endlesse immortalitie of an immortalitie, in an euer-flourishing commendation. *The first* are poysoners of vertue, the betrayers of goodnesse, the bloud-suckers of innocencie : *the latter*, the close deaths-men of merit, the plotters against honestie, and the executioners of honors. They are in two words discovered, *blandientes & scævientes*, flatterers, and privie murtherers. It is a disputable question, and well worthie a canvase and discussion in the schools, to decide which of the two doe the greatest injurie to noble personages. How be it, most apparent it is, that enuie, the inseparable companion that accompanies the vertuous, doeth not worke more mischief for the finall ouerthrow of a noble and deseruing man, then flattery doth, for driuing that noble and deseruing man into the snares of enuie. No man can be, or should be reputed a god ; and then how easie it is for any man of the choycest temper, of the soundest apprehension, of the gracefullest education, of the sincerest austeritie of life, how easie it is for him to fall into many errours, into many unbecomming follies, into many passions, and affections : his onely being *a man* is both sufficient prooffe, and yet sufficient excuse. The eloquentest and grauest diuine of all the Augustines. *ancients confest*, out of his owne experience, *non est mihi vicinior hostis memet ipso* ; that he had not a more neere enemy to him then himselfe : for he that hath about him his

frailtie to corrupt him, a world to besot him, an aduersarie to terrifie him, and, lastly, a death to deuoure him, how should hee but bee inueigled with the inticements of the *two first*, and so consequently consent to the vnsteadinesse of his temptation, before he be drawne to a serious consideration of the daunger of the *two last*?—especially as we are men, being not onely subject to the lapses and vanities of men, but as we are eminent men, in grace and fauour, in prioritie of titles, of place, and of command; having men to sooth us up in the maintenance and countenancing of those euils, which elsé doubtlesse could not, at one time or other, but appeare before us in their own ugliness and deformitie.

A flatterer is the onely pestilent bawd to great mens shames, the nurse to their wantonnesse, the fuell to their lusts; and, with his poyson of artificial villanie, most times doth set an edge vnto ryot, which otherwise would be blunted, and rebated, in the detestation of their own violent posting to a violent confusion. Not vnwisely did a wise man compare a *flattering language* to a *silken halter*, which is *soft* because *silken*, but strangling because a halter. The words wherewith those *panders of vice* doe perswade are not so louely, as the matters they dawbe ouer with their adulations are abominable. That is a bitter sweetnesse, which is onely delicious to the pallate, and to the stomacke deadly. It is reported, that all beasts are wonderfully delighted with the sent of the breath of the panther, a beast fierce and cruell by nature, but that they are else affrighted with the sternesse of his lookes: for which cause the panther, when he hunts his prey, hiding his grimme visage, with the sweetnesse of his breath allures the other beastes vnto him, who, being come within his reach, hee rends and cruelly doth dilaniate them. Even so, those patrons and *minions of false pleasures, the flatterers*, that they may prey vpon the credulitie of the abused GREAT ONES, imitate the panthers, extenuating, and, as much as in them lyes, hiding the grossnesse, the vglinesse, the deformitie of those follyes they perswade vnto; and with

Diog. Laert.
in vita Diog.

Plin. hist. lib.
8. cap. 17

a false glosse varnishing and setting out the paradise of vncontrolled pleasures, to the ruine, oftimes, of the informed, and glorie of their owne pietie.

Is such a MIGHTIE MAN inticed to ouer-rule his reason, nay, ouer-bear it, by giuing scope to his licentious eye, first to see, then to delight in—lastly to couet a chaste beauty? Alasse! how many swarms of dependants, being creatures to his greatnesse, will not onely tell him, mocke him, and harden him in a readie and pregnant deceit, that loue is courtly, and women were in their creation ordained to be wooed, and to be won, but also what numbers of them will thrust themselves into imployments and seruile action, to affect the lewdnesse of desire, to corrupt with promises, with guifts, with perswasions, with threatnings, with entreaties, to force a rape on vertue, and adulterate the chaste bosome of spotlesse simplicitie. A folly is committed; how sleight are they ready to prove it, how sedulous to sleighten, how damnably disposed to make it nothing! insomuch as those vipers of humanitie are fitly to be termed the *man's whore*, and the *woman's knaue*. Is such a mightie one affected to such a suite, as the graunt and possession of it will draw a curse vpon his head by a generall voyce of a generall smarte, and detriment, to the commonwealth? How suddenly will those wilde beasts labour to assure him, that the multitudes loue is wonne by keeping them in awe, not by giuing way to their giddinesse by any affabilitie! Will another aduance an vnworthy *court-ape*, and oppresse a desertfull hope? It were too tedious to recite what incessant approbations will bee repeated by these *Anthropophagi*, those men-eaters to make a *golden calfe* an idoll, and a *neglected merite* a laughter. That such a kinde of monsters may appeare in their likenesse as monstrous as in effect they are, it is worthie obseruation to see how, when any man, who, whiles hee stood chiefe in the prince's fauour, they honoured as an earthly god, yet, being declyned from his prince's estimation, it is worthie to be noted how speedily, how swiftly, how maliciously those

cankers of a state will not onely fall off, will not onely dispise, will not onely deride, but also oppose themselues against the partie distasted.

As many subtill practizers of infamie haue other subordinate ministers of publique office and imployment in a common-wealth to betray them to their ruine, yet ever and anon they, like enchanted glasses, set them on fire with the false light of concealement and extenuation. Let it be spoken with some authority, borrowed from experience of the elder times, that men in high places are like some hopelesse marriners, set to sea in a leaking vessel: there is no safetie, no securitie, no comfort, no content in greatnesse, vnlesse it be most constantly armed in the defensive armor of a selfe-worthie resolution; especially when their places they hold are hourelly subject to innoation, as their names (if they prevent not their dangers by leauing them and their liues at once) are to reproach, and the libertie of malice.

Flatterie to either publique persons is not more inductious on the one side, then enuie on the other is vigilant. Great men are by great men (not good men by good men) narrowly sifted; their liues, their actions, their demeanors examined, for that their places and honours are hunted after, as the *beazar* for his preservatiues; and then the least blemish, the least slide, the least error, the least offence is exasperated, made capitall: the dangers ensuing euer prooue (like the wound of an enemy's sword) mortall, and many times deadly. Now, in this case, when the eye of judgement is awakened, flatterie is discovered to be but an inmate to *envie*; an inmate, at least, consulting together, though not dwelling together, the one being catarer to the other's bloodie banquet: and some wise men haue been perswaded that the pestilence, the rigour of law, famine, sicknes, or war, haue not devour'd more great ones then *flatterie and envie*.

Much amisse, and from the purpose, it cannot bee to giue instance in three publike presidents of three famous nations, all

chancing within the compasse of twentieth yeares. In *England*, not long agoe, a man supereminent in honours, desertfull in many services, indeared to a vertuous and a wise queene, ELIZABETH of glorious memorie, and eternall happinesse; a man, too, publikely beloued, and too confident of the loue he held, ROBERT EARLE OF ESSEX, and Earle Marshall of the kingdome; he, euen he, that was thought too high to fall, and too fixed to be removed, in a verie handfull of time felt the miserie of greatnesse, by relying on such as flattered and envyed his greatnesse. His end was their end; and the execution of law is a witnesse in him to posteritie, how a publike person is not at any time longer happie, then hee preserues his happinesse with a resolution that depends vpon the guard of innocencie and goodnes.

CHARLES DUKE OF BYRON, in *France*, not long after him, ranne the same fate; a prince that was reputed the inuincible fortresse to his king and countrey; great in desert, and too great in his greatnesse. Not managing the fiery chariot of his, guiding the sunne of that climate, with moderation, gave testimonie, by an imposed and unexpected end, how a publike man in authoritie sits but in commission on his own delinquencie, longer then *resolution* in noble actions leuels at the immortalite of *A Line of Life*.

Lastly, SIR JOHN VANOLDEN BARNEVELT, in the Netherlands, (whose ashes are scarce yet colde) is, and will bee, a liuely president of the mutabilitie of greatnesse. Hee was the only one that traffiqued in the counsels of foreine princes, had factors in all courts, intelligencers amongst all Christian nations; stood as the ORACLE of the prouinces, and was even the moderator of policies of all sorts; was reputed to bee second to none on earth for soundnesse of designes; was indeed his countreyes both mynion, mirror, and wonder: yet, enforcing his publike authoritie too much to bee seruant to his priuate ambition, hee left the tongue of *justice* to proclayme, that *long life* and a *peacefull death* are not granted or held by the charter of

honours, except vertuous RESOLUTION renew the patent, at a daily expence of proficiencie in goodnesse.

Others, fresh in memorie, might bee inserted, but these are yet bleeding in the wounds which they haue giuen themselues ; and some now liuing to this day, who both haue had, and doe enjoy, as great honours, and are therefore as incident to as many wofull changes, but that they wisely provide to proppe their greatnesse with many greater deserts.

Here is in text letters layd before us the hazard, perill, and casuality of A PVBLIKE MAN ; the possibilitie what miserie, calamity, ruine, greatnesse, and popularitie may winde him into. Heere is decyphered the unavoydable and incessant persecutors of their honours and joyes, *flatterie and envie, two ancient courtiers*. It comes now to conclusion, that it cannot be denyed but those *publike men* haue (notwithstanding these) chiefe and immediate meanes in their owne powers, if they well and nobly order their courses to make their countrey their debtors, and to enroll their names in the glorious register of an euer-memorable glorie ; especially if they be not too partially doting on euery commendable vertue, which in priuate men is reputed, as it is, a vertue, but in them miracle. Certainly (without disparagement to desert in great men) there are many particular persons fit for publike employments, whose ablenesse and sufficiencie is no way inferior to the prayses of the mightiest, but that they are clouded in their lownesse, and obscured in their priuatenesse, but else would, and could, giue testimony to the world, that all fulnesse and perfection is not confined to eminence and authoritie.

A PVBLIKE MAN, therefore, shunning the adulation of a parasite, (which hee may easily discouer, if hee wisely examine his merit with their hyperbolical insinuations) then keeping an euen course in the processe of lawfull and just actions, auoyding the toyles, snares, and trappes of the enuious, cannot chuse in his own lifetime but build a monument, to which the triumph and trophies of his memorie shall giue a longer life then the

perpetuitie of stone, marble, or brasse, can preserue. Otherwise, if they stand not on the guard of their owne pietie and wisdom, they will vpon trifles, sometime or other, bee quarrelled against and evicted. Neyther may they imagine that any one taint (howsoever they would bee contented to winke at it in themselues, supposing it to be (as perhaps it is) little, and not worthy reprehension) can escape vnespyed; for the morall of the poet's fiction is a goodly lesson for their instruction. It is said that *Thetis*, the mother of *Achilles*, drencht him, being an infant, in the *Stygian* waters, that thereby his whole bodie might bee made invulnerable: but see the seueritie of Fate; for in that part of the heele that his mother held him by was hee shot by the arrow of *Paris*, of which wound he dyed. In like ease, may euery statesman bee like *Achilles* in the generall body of his actions, impassible and secure from any assault of wilfull and grosse enormitie, yet, if he giue way to *but one* handfull (as it may be termed) of folly, not becomming the grauity and greatnes of his calling, hee shall soone meete with some watchfull *Paris*, some industrious flatterer, or ouer-busie enuious competitour, that will take aduantage of his weaknesse, and wound his infirmitie to the ruin of his honours, if not to the jeopardy of his life.

The period of all shal be knit vp with the aduise of a famous learned [man] and philosopher; and, as he wrote to his familiar Sen. Epi. 23 friend, let vs transcribe to men in authoritie:—*Let a publike man rejoyce in the true pleasures of a constant resolution, not in the deceiuable pleasures of vanitie and fondnesse. By a good conscience, honest counsell, and just actions, the true good is acquired: other momentany delights only supple the forehead, not unburthen and solace the heart. They are nothing, alasse! they are nothing: it is the minde must be well disposed, it is the minde must bee confident; it is the mind, aboue all things, must be rectified, and the true comfort is not easily attayned, and yet with more difficulty retayned.* But hee, he who directs all his whole priuate life in honourable projections, cannot any way misse

our LINE OF LIFE, which points at the immortalitie of a vertuous name, by profitably discharging the burthen of such employments as are vsually imposed vpon those, whom their callings haue entituled *publike men*.

Of the 3
branch, a
good man.

A GOOD MAN is the last branch of *resolution*, and by him is meant (as is said before) such a man as doth (beside the care he hath of himselfe in particular) attend all his drifts and actions to bee a seruant for others, for the good of others, as if it were his owne. School-boyes, newly trayned vp in the principles of grammer, can resolute what a good man is, or who? Who? *Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque seruat*. Such a one as not indeed singly obserues what he should doe, but doth euen that which hee obserues hee should doe. This man not only liues, but liues well, remembring alwayes the old adage, that God is there warder of aduerbes, not of nownes. His intents are without the hypocrisie of applause, his deedes without the mercenary expectation of reward; the issue of both is, all his workes are crown'd in themselues, and yet crowne not him, for that hee loues *vertue* for it selfe. *This man* neuer flatters folly in greatnesse, but rather pitties; and, in pitie, strives to redresse the greatnesse of folly. *This man* neuer envies the eminence of Authoritie, nor feares the enuious: his reprehensions are balms, his prayses glories; and he is as thankfull to be rebuked, as to bee cherished. From such a *man* all things are to be gratefully accepted: his desire to doe good to all hath not a like successe to all (notwithstanding in him *to will* is commendable, and not to be able *to doe* pardonable): for it is not only the proprietie of true vertue, but also of true friendship, as well to admonish as to bee admonished; for amongst *good men* those things are euer well taken that are well meant. Yet euen *this man* (that vncompeld, vnrequired, not exacted) interposes himselfe, to set at vnitie the disorders of others not so inclinable to goodnesse, is not free from enmity with those who, in a general care, he labours to deserue as friends. The reason *flattery procures friends, truth hatred* — how! Truth

hatred? Yes, for from truth is hatred borne, which is the
 poyson of friendship, as Lælius wel obserued. But what
 ensues? Hee whose eares are so fortified and barrocaded
 against the admitment of truth, that from his friend he wil
 not heare the truth, this man's safetie is desperat. Wherefore,
 if any one will only relish *words of downe and honey*, as if wee
 loued to speake nothing but *pure roses* (as the prouerbe is), let
 such a one learn from the skilfull artists of nature, that the bees
 doe anoynt their hiues with the iuyce of the bitterest weeds,
 against the greedinesse of other beasts. Let him learne from
 the skilfullest phisicians, that the healthfullest medicines smart
 most in the wound. Let him learne from the prince of philo-
 sophie, that anger was giuen to men by nature (as hee writes)
 as a whetstone of valour; and then he cannot but consider, that
 any paines which a *good man* undergoes for reconciliation, be
 they either by way of admonition, or reprehension, tend both to
 one end, and that hee may make all like vnto himselfe, that
 is, *good men*.

Cicero de
Amicit.Plin. hist. lib.
11. Cap. 6Arist. Eth.
lib. 3

This very word (GOOD) implyes a description in it selfe,
 more pithy, more patheticall, then by any familiar exempli-
 fication can be made manifest: such a man as makes the
 generall commoditie his particular benefit, may not vnfitly be
 stiled a PRIVATE STATESMAN. His endeaouours are publike, the
 use publike, the profit publike, the commendation publike; but
 the person priuate, the resolution priuate, the end priuate, and
 the reward peculiar.

It is impossible that the wretched and avaricious banking vp
 of wealth can draw him into a conceipt, that hee can euer make
 friends of mony after his death, considering that the world was
 created for the use of men, and men created into the world *to*
use it, not to enjoy it. This man's bounty is giuing, not lending;
 and his giuing is free, not reserued. He cherisheth learning in
 the learned, and encourageth the learned to the loue of learning
 by cherishing them. He heartneth the vpright in justice, and
 ratifies justice in the vpright. He helpes the distressed with

counsell, and approues the proceedings of wise counsellors. He is a patterne to all what they should be, as he is to himselfe what he is.

Finally, try all his desires, his actions are the seasoners of his speeches, as his profession is of his actions. Hee is a physician to other men's affections, as to his own, by committing such passions as runne into an insurrection, by strengthening such as decline, by suppling such as are inflamed, by restrayning such as would runne out, by purging such as ouerabound. His ambition climbs to none other cure then to heale the wounded, not to wound the whole; beeing neither so vnwise to doe any thing that he ought not to doe, nor so vnhappy to doe any thing what hee does not. His singular misfortune is, that with Drusus (an excellent man) he attempts many times with a more honest and good mind, then good fortune and successe; insomuch as it often comes to passe that other men's mischiefes are preferred before his vertues: yet still as he is a *good man*; injuries can no more discourage him, than applause can ouer-weene him.

Euen this man hath his particular aduersaries to threaten him; and (if it could be possible) to terrifie him, and deter him from the soliditie of his temper: *scandal* to defame him, and *imposture* to traduce him. *Flatterie* and *envie* are not a more pestilent broode, set in armes against a *publique man*, then these two miscreant monsters are against a *good man*. But is his resolution any way infracted, for that some refractaries are (like knights of the post) hired to witnesse against him? Doubtlesse no, but much more the rather confirmed to run by a LINE OF LIFE to the *goale of life*. His owne solace is to him as an inexpugnable castle of strength against all the forcible assaults of diuellish exploits, built onely vpon this foundation, that he is conscious to himselfe of an vnforced sinceritie. With the poet he can resolute: *Hic murus æthereus esto, nil conscire sibi*: his integritie to him is a brazen wall: and with the orator Tusc. lib. 2 he assures himselfe that *nullum theatrum virtuti majus consci-*

Velleius hist.
Rom. lib. 2

Horat. lib. 1,
Epist. 1

Cicer. quest.
Tusc. lib. 2

entia: vertue hath not a more illustrious and eminent theatre to act on, then her owne conscience. Socrates (a good man, if a meere morall man may be termed so) beeing scurrilously by *Aristophanes* the poet derided before the people, and by *Anytus* In Comœd. and *Melytus* vnjustly accused before the iudges as a trifier, a Νεφάλαις master of follies, a corrupter of youth, a sower of impieties, answered, *If their alledged imputations be true, we will amend them; if false, they pertaine not to us.* It was a noble constancie and resolution of a wise man, that he (inlightened with the only beames of nature) was so moderate and discreet. The good Plat. apol. Socrat. man here personated (inspired with a farre richer and diuiner knowledge then humanitie) cannot but asmuch exceede Socrates in those vertues of resolution, as Socrates did his aduersaries in modestie and moderation. Diog. Laert. in vita Socrat.

Kings and mightie monarches, as they are first movers to all subordinate ministers, of what ranke or imployments soever, within their proper dominions, are indeed *publike persons*. But as one king traffiques with another, another, and another, either for repressing of hostilities, enlarging a confederacie, confirming an amitie, settling a peace, supplanting an heresie, and such like, not immediately concerning his owne particular, or his peoples, but for moderating the differences betweene other princes; in this respect euen *kings and priuate men*, and so their actions belong wholly and onely to themselves, printing the royalty of their goodnes in an imorrtalitie of a vertuous and euerlasting name, by which they justly lay a claime to the style of *good men*: which attribute doth more glorifie their desert, then the mightinesse of their thrones can their glories.

In which respect our SOVERAIGNE LORD AND KING, that now Basλ. is, hath worthily chronicled his grand-father's remembrance, Δεσποτ which was (as hee best witnesseth) called *The Poore Man's King*; Lib. 2 a title of so inestimable a wealth, that the riches of many kingdoms are of too low and meane a value to purchase the dignitie and honour of this onely style, *The Poore Man's King*.

The famous and most excellent commendation of A GOOD

MAN cannot be more expressly exemplified in any president or myrrour by all the instances of former times, nor shall euer (farre, farre bee servilitie or insinuation) over-paralleled by any age succeeding, then in the person of JAMES, the king of Great Britaine, presently here reigning ouer vs. *A good man*, so well deseruing (from all grateful memorie) seruice and honour, that not to doe him seruice is an ingratitude to the *greatnesse of his goodnesse*, and not to doe him all honour an ingratitude to the *goodnesse of his greatnesse*. *A good man* that, euen with his entrance to the crowne, did not more bring *peace* to all Christian nations, yea, almost to all nations of the Western World, then since the whole course of his glorious reigne hath preserued *peace* amongst them. *A good man* who hath thus long sought, as an equal and vpright moderatour, to decide, discusse, conclude, and determine all differences between his neighbouring princes and fellowes in Europe : *a good man*, of whom it may be verified that he is BONORUM MAXIMUS, and MAGNORUM OPTIMUS : *a good man* that loues not *vertue* for the name of vertue onely, but for the substance and realities : *a good man*, whom neither scandal can any way impeach of injustice, tyrannie, ignorance, nor imposture traduce to a neglect of merite in the desertfull, to leuitie in affections, to surquedrie in passions, to intention of inclyning to folly, or declyning from reall worth ; which, as an hereditarie inheritance, and a fee simple by nature and education, hee retaynes in himselfe, to the wonder and admiration of all that may emulously imitate him, never perfectly equall him. Questionlesse, the chronicles, that shall hereafter report the annalls of his life and actions, shall doe infinite injuries to the incomparable monuments of his name, if they style him, as some would wish, JAMES THE GREAT, or, as others indeavour, JAMES THE PEACEABLE, or, as not a few hope, JAMES THE LEARNED : for to those titles haue the Greekes in *Alexander*, the Romans in *Augustus*, the Germans in *Charles the Fifth*, the French men in *Charlemaine* and *Henrie the Fourth*, father to their present king, attayned. But if he

shall be reported in his style to be, as in his owne worthinesse hee may justly challenge, he must then be styled, as by the approbation of all that truely know him, he is knowne to be, JAMES THE GOOD. Let the summe of this branch of *resolution*, which is indeed *corona operis*, the summe of the whole sum, bee concluded:—that *this onely patterne*, as he is onely inferior on earth to God, who is BONUM SVMMUM, the chiefe and soueraigne good, so the distinction betweene his great master and him (whose vicegerent he is) consists in this (with reverence to the divine Majestie be it spoken) that as God (whom to call good is but an impropriety of description) is not singly *bonus*, good, but *bonitas*, goodnesse, *in abstracto* (as the schoole men speake): so vnder the great KING OF KINGS this king of men is substitute to his king with this vp-shut—the one is for ever the *king of goodnesse*; and our king on earth not onely a *good king*, but a GOOD MAN; such a *good man* as doth himselfe run, and teacheth by his example others securely and readily to runne, by his *line of life* to the immortalitie of a vertuous name.

A *private man*, a *publique man*, a *good man*, haue beene here particularly deciphered and discoursed. It comes to conclusion, that hee who desires either in his owne person to be renowned, for the generall prosperitie of the common-wealth to be eternized, or for the communitie of his friends, or any whom he will make his friends, remembred in the diaries of posteritie, must first lay the foundation of a *willingnesse*, from thence proceed to a *desire*, from thence to a *delight*, from a *delight* to *practise*, from *practise* to a constant perseuerance in noble actions. And then such a man, howsoever he liue, shall neuer misse to end his dayes before his honors and the honours of his name can end, for they shal knowe no end; and yet euen in death, and after death ouer-liue all his enemies in the immortall spring of a most glorious memorie, which is the most precious crowne and reward

of a most precious

Line of Life.

THE COROLLARIE.

In the view of the precedent argument somewhat (perhaps) too lamely hath the progresse of a man's life (in any fate) been traced, wherein still the course, like a pilot sayling for his safety and welfare, hath alwayes had an eie to the north-starre of vertue, without which men cannot but suffer shipwrack on the land, as well as mariners on the sea. Such as haue proofes in their owne persons and experiences of both fortunes haue past through their dangers of their beeing men, as they were first priuat, before they entered, and from their entrance waded into the labyrinth of greatnesse and imployment, from whence they became *publike men*. Now then somewhat boldly (yet the boldnes is a presumption of loue, not loue of presumption) may bee intimated, that howsoeuer any great or popular person (for to such doth this application properly appertaine, howbeit free from any particularity, except particularly challenged) in a peculiar examination of himselfe cannot chuse but find, that he hath encountred many oppositions of youth (euen in graue yeares) and frailtie (in graue actions.) Yet hauing at any time, by any casualtie, a happinesse (danger it selfe is a happinesse if rightly made vse of, otherwise a miserie) to account with his expence of time, he cannot, vpon indifferent and euen reckoning, instead of impayring his honours, but aduance them : he cannot, if he account faithfully, instead of making the world his confessour, but confesse his owne noblenesse ; and therevpon he will find that the toyle in common affaires is but trash and bondage, compared to the sweet repose of the minde, and the goodly contemplation of man's peace with himselfe. All glory, whether it consist of profits or preferments, is WITHOUT, and therefore makes nothing to the essence of true happinesse ; but the feeling of a resolu'd constancie is WITHIN, and euer keeps

a feast in a man's soundest content. One pregnant and notable samplar deserves an eye of judgement to be fixed on it. *Demosthenes*, after a long government at his pleasure in the common-wealth, (vpon what consideration he himselfe knew best, and states-men may easily guesse at) is reported to confesse to his friends who came to visit him, that if at the beginning *two* Plutarch in vit. Demost. *waies* had bin proposed before him, *the one* leading to the tribunall of authoritie, *the other* to his graue, if hee could, by inspiration, haue fore-knowne the euils, the terrors, the calumnies, the enuies, the contentions, the dangers that men in such places must customarily meet with, that hee would much rather with alacritie haue posted on to his sepulcher, then to his greatnesse. *Brutus*, when hee determined his owne end, cried out with *Hercules*, *O wretched and miserable power of man! thou wert* Dion. hist. Rom. lib. 47 *nothing but a name, yet I embraced thee as a glorious worke, but thou wert a bond-slave to fortune.*

It is superfluous to inlarge (or comment vpon) the sufferings of those famous men. Euery man's owne talent of wisdom, and share of tryall, may, with not much difficultie, conster the sence of their meanings. *A good man* is the man that euen the greatest or lowest should both *bee*, and resolute *to be*; and this much may be confidently auerred, that men of eminent commands are not in generall more feared in the tyde of their greatnesse, then beloued in the ebbe of that greatnesse, if they beare it with moderation. Statists, honoured or fauoured, (for fauour and honour are for the most part inseparable) haue the eyes of the world vpon their carriage, in the carriage eyther of their glories or dejections. It is not to bee doubted (which is a singular comfort) but any sequestration from a woonted height is only but a tryall; for beeing managed with humblenesse and gratitude, it may ennoble the patients (for their owne particulars) to demeane themselues excellently in the places they had before (may bee) somewhat too neglectfully discharged. Alwayes there is a rule in obseruation, positive and memorable, that an interposition, or eclipse, of eminence must not so make

a man vndervalue his owne desert, but that a *noble resolution* should still vphold its owne worth in deseruing well, if wee ayme, and intend, to repute and vse honours but as instrumental causes of vertuous effects in actions. To all such as so doe (and all should so doe that are worthy to bee such) a seruice not to be neglected is a proper debt, especially from inferiour ministers, to those whose creation hath not more giuen them the prerogatiues of *being men*, then the vertuous *resolution*, leading them by A LINE OF LIFE, hath adorned them with the just, knowne, and glorious titles of beeing *good men*.

VADUM *non transeat excors.*

FINIS.

.

NOTES.

Page 4, line 30. John Forde.] This is the mode in which the name is properly spelt, and not Ford, as it was sometimes printed, even by himself. John Forde's anagrammatic motto, prefixed to some of his later works, was *Fide Honor*, so that the final *e* in Forde is necessary to it.

Page 8, line 19. For their weak *ballac't* soules.] Here we have a direct authority for "ballast," instead of *ballasted* in "The Comedy of Errors," act iii., sc. 2: it ought, of course, properly to be spelt "*ballac'd*."

Page 8, line 21. Needed a *redemption*.] In the original "redemption" is misprinted in the plural.

Page 8, line 25. Yes; it is doubtlessly *probable*.] "Probable" is here used in the sense of *proveable*.

Page 10, line 15. Doe I *conclude* true lovers.] The use of "conclude" for *include* was not uncommon; and *visè versè*. See "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," act v., sc. 4.

Page 12, line 1. To talke, converse, or *dallie*.] In the old copy "dallie" is misprinted *dallie*.

Page 16, line 18. Been *prest*.] i. e. ready, Fr. *prêt*. It occurs again in a poem near the end.

Page 19, line 6. Tamburlaine, the scourge of God.] It is evident, from his mode of spelling the names, as well as from what he says of Tamburlaine and Zenocrate, that Forde took his knowledge of them chiefly from Marlowe's drama of "Tamburlaine the Great," which was printed in 1590, and reprinted the year before "Honour Triumphant" came from the press.

Page 22, line 30. Was not Helen of Greece made a Trojan

stale ?] “Stale,” which usually means a bait, decoy, or pretence of some kind, is here used in rather a peculiar sense.

Page 24, line 28. Lucrece, the Roman dame.] Forde seems to have had Shakespeare’s poem in his mind when he wrote this passage. T. Heywood’s tragedy, “The Rape of Lucrece,” was not printed until two years after this tract came from the press.

Page 36, line 1. Puissant is the Danish king, and strong.] It was not usual at this date to employ “puissant” as a trisyllable: Shakespeare several times applies it as a dissyllable.

Page 37, line 31.

“Who are in nature false, yet free in name,

Are servile slaves to feare, and fooles to shame.”

These lines are marked as a quotation in the old copy; but it was frequently at that date a mode of noting passages which the author thought worthy of quotation, and not such as were quoted by himself from preceding writers.

Page 43, line 28. I *ingeniously* acknowledge.] The words *ingenious* and *ingenuous*, now quite distinct in their meaning and application, were formerly confounded, and used almost indifferently: thus in “Timon of Athens,” act ii., sc. 2, we have:—

———— “*ingeniously* I speak,

No blame belongs to thee.”

In “Love’s Labours Lost,” act i., sc. 2, in the question, “What! is an eel *ingenious*?” the quarto, 1598, has it *ingenious*, and the folio, 1623, *ingenuous*. Many other instances might be produced.

Page 44, line 22. And the presenter a *feodorie*.] This is a word which occurs several times in Shakespeare, and it generally means an accomplice, or confederate: in “The Winter’s Tale,” act ii., sc. 1, we find “federary” in the old copies, but it is probably a misprint for feodary. In “Cymbeline,” act iii., sc. 2, Pisanio

“Senseless bauble,

Art thou a *feodary* to this act?”

It is in the sense of *confederate* that Forde employs it.

Page 46, line 17. The richest chain wherewith a good man can be adorned.] Alluding, of course, to the custom of old, for persons of station to wear gold chains round their necks.

Page 49, line 25. The temperature of the mind followed the temperature of the body.] This axiom has been already inserted in the same words in "Honour Triumphant." See this vol., p. 21.

Page 50, line 29. In a *rushen* ring.] i. e. a ring of rushes, often used of old in sport, and sometimes in superstition.

Page 54, line 26. John, the last and yongest Lord Harrington.] This title is properly spelt Harington. John, "the last and youngest" who bore the title, came to it in 1613, and died in the following year, when the peerage became extinct. His father was John Lord Harington, created Baron Harington, of Exton, 21 July, 1603.

Page 55, line 16. For what man soever leaues.] It is deeply to be regretted that a page is here wanting in this character of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Page 57, line 10. To *becharme* their resolutions.] i. e. to bewitch or overcome their resolutions by a charm. The word occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Laws of Candy."

Page 59, line 10. Women were in their creation ordained to be wooed and to be won.] See "Henry VI.," part i., act v., sc. 3.

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed ;

She is a woman, therefore to be won."

The last line is found in Robert Greene's "Planetomachia," quarto, 1585.

Page 60, line 22. As the beazar for his preservatives.] Alluding probably to the medicinal virtues formerly imputed to the *bezour* stone.

Page 61, line 15. Charles Duke of Byron.] George Chapman wrote two fine dramas upon the life and fate of this French nobleman, which were first printed in 1608, and again in 1625.

Page 63, line 24. Learned [man] and philosopher.] The word *man* seems here accidentally to have dropped out in the press.

Page 63, line 29. Other *momentany* delights.] The words *momentany* and *momentary* were of old used somewhat indifferently. In "Midsummer Night's Dream," act i., sc. 1., "momentany" of the quarto editions in 1600 is printed *momentary* in the folio of 1623 (see Collier's note on the passage); but, nevertheless, "momentany" was used as late as the time of Dryden, so that we need not be surprised that Forde employed it in 1620.

Page 64, line 9. School-boys, newly trayned up in the principles of grammar.] Alluding to the example in Lilly's Latin Grammar, then in use, *Vir bonus est quis*, &c.

Page 66, line 26. Like knights of the post.] See Nash's "Pierce Penniless's Supplication," 1592, (pp. 12 and 95 of the Shakespeare Society's reprint) for an explanation of the terms "knights of the post."

Page 67, line 23. Euen kings *and* private men.] Perhaps we ought to read "even kings *are* private men."

Page 68, line 22. To *surquedrie* in passions.] i. e. to *insolence* in passions: properly "surquedry" (an unusual word in prose, but often used in verse, especially by Spenser) means overweeningness, from *sur* and *cuidier*, Fr., to think; so that it etymologically means insolence, or pride, arising out of too good an opinion of ourselves.

THE END.

LONDON:

F. SHOEBEL, JUN, 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

JOHN A KENT AND JOHN A CUMBER ;

A COMEDY,

BY ANTHONY MUNDAY.

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT,

THE PROPERTY OF E. M. L. MOSTYN, ESQ., M.P.

WITH OTHER TRACTS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1851.

F. Shoberl, Jun., Printer to H.R.H. Prince Albert, Rupert Street, Haymarket.

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INTRODUCTION.

For the use of the highly valuable and remarkable manuscript, printed in the first half of the ensuing volume, we are indebted to E. M. L. Mostyn, Esq., M.P. Some of the papers of that ancient family falling under the notice of Sir Frederick Madden, (Principal Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum) he found among them a theatrical relic, under the title of "The Book of John a Kent and John a Cumber," and procured the ready consent of the proprietor to the publication of it by the Shakespeare Society. It is fitting, therefore, that our obligations to both those gentlemen should, in the first instance, be emphatically expressed; and most of our Members are aware that the latter has always taken a warm interest in our proceedings, as well as in every thing calculated to illustrate the history of our early drama, poetry, and general literature.

How the play of "John a Kent and John a Cumber" came into the hands of the Mostyns, after the lapse of more than two centuries and a half we are unable to determine. We entertain little doubt that it was written originally for representation at one of

the public theatres of the Metropolis; and it is possible that, having been in some respects well adapted to private performance, the author subsequently prepared it for the purpose, and transmitted his manuscript to North Wales, where it may have been exhibited by the retainers of some powerful house as a Christmas entertainment. On the other hand, it seems more likely that it was acted by a company of professional performers during their progress through North Wales and South Lancashire; and it is to be observed that the author was at one time engaged as a writer for a body calling themselves the theatrical servants of Lord Strange.¹ They may have left their "book" behind them in the country, and in this way it may have been deposited among domestic muniments. It is, however, needless to speculate upon this point: we have good reason to rejoice that the MS. has been preserved, and that we have now an opportunity of presenting it to our subscribers.

There is no doubt respecting the authorship of the work, since it is signed by that celebrated dramatist, Anthony Munday, or Mundy, at the conclusion, in the following form :

"Finis.

"Anthony Mundy.

"Decembris, 1595."

The whole body of the work is in Munday's hand-

¹ The earliest account in "Henslowe's Diary" is thus headed: "In the name of God, Amen, 1591, beginning the 19 of February, my Lord Strange's men, as followeth." See p. 20 of our impression of this valuable manuscript, made in 1845 by the liberal permission of the Master, Warden, and Fellows, of Dulwich College.

writing, and, by permission of Mr. Mostyn, we have had a facsimile made of a portion of it, which precedes the title-page of our volume.

The size of the original manuscript is foolscap-folio, and it is in all parts quite as closely written as our specimen; but, unfortunately, damp and other causes have worn away some of the margins, especially at the tops and bottoms of the pages, so that in various places the sense can only be filled up by conjecture. We have usually indicated these defects by asterisks; and if here and there we have ventured to supply a word or two, regarding which we could not be mistaken, we have never omitted to place our insertions between brackets, in order that the reader might not be misguided as to the real state of the original. What we have left undone, in the way of completing the writer's meaning, a little ingenuity would often have accomplished; but we preferred trusting the matter to the speculation of others, even though the mode we have pursued has disfigured our text more than otherwise might have been necessary. It will be seen that our last two pages exhibit a grievous deficiency of this kind; for the final leaf of the MS. has been diagonally torn, and nearly one half of it is entirely wanting: luckily, however, the name of the author is left, with the date of the month and year when, perhaps, he finished his composition. We ought to state, however, that "Decembris, 1595," is not Munday's autograph, although in a handwriting of the time. The tearing of the MS. has had the lament-

able effect of annihilating the beginnings or ends of from twenty to thirty lines.

Notwithstanding this apparent ill-usage of the manuscript, and the farther injury it has sustained from damp or accident, the whole story of the piece can be perfectly made out, and nothing has been lost, as far as we can judge, which was important to the explanation of the incidents, or to the delineation of the characters. The latter are drawn with sufficient distinctness; but Munday's wish seems to have been, not so much to write a play in which what were of old called "humours," or individual peculiarities, were portrayed, as a piece with much variety of detail, and with the attractive admixture of natural and preternatural agencies. He has combined with these the "merriments" of grotesque clowns and ignorant rustics, with more skill and effect than, we apprehend, are to be found in any poet of his time—of course, with the exception of Shakespeare. One of these scenes will strongly remind those who happen to be acquainted with it, of "Kemp's applauded merriments" on receiving King Edgar into Gotham, in the comedy of the "Knack to know a Knave," 1594;¹ but Munday has employed his materials with greater judgment, and, above all, he has ingeniously contrived that they shall contribute to the progress and unwinding of the story. In the "Knack to know a Knave," (which was printed only

¹ This "merry Comedy," with four other early dramas, like it of a peculiar and intermediate character, has recently been re-printed by the Roxburghe Club.

the year before "John a Kent and John a Cumber" bears date) the scene between the Miller, the Cobbler, the Smith, &c., is mere blundering buffoonery, intended only to raise a laugh, without aiding at all in the advancement of the plot; but Munday has not only heightened the drollery of the dialogue, but has made it, and the persons engaged in it, subsidiary to the main objects he had in view, and to the circumstances in which his chief characters are placed.

In fact, it is a performance in which the plot has been treated as the matter of highest importance; and while it is not needlessly involved, it is full of unexpected changes, and the reader is often kept in uncertainty as to the way in which the persons will escape from the positions in which they find themselves. It was the ability evinced by Munday in this department of the duty of a dramatist, that obtained for him the character of the "best plotter" our stage possessed in 1598;¹ and

¹ This character was given to him by Francis Meres, in his "*Palladis Tamia*. Wit's Treasury." 12mo. 1598: on fo. 283 we read as follows:—

"The best Poets for Comedy among the Greeks are these: Menander, Aristophanes, Eupolis Atheniensis, Alexis Terins, Nicostriatus, Amipsias Atheniensis, Anaxandrides Rhodius, Aristonymus, Archippus Atheniensis, and Callias Atheniensis; and among the Latines, Plautus, Terence, Nævius, Sext. Turpilus, Licinius Imbrex, and Virgilius Romanus: so the best for Comedy amongst us bee, Edward Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gager of Oxforde, Maister Rowley once a rare Scholler of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Maister Edwardes one of her Majesties Chappell, eloquent and witty John Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundaye our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle."

Ben Jonson is not even mentioned here among "the best for comedy," while Munday is singled out as the "best plotter."

although this praise, by no incompetent judge, is to be taken with grains of allowance, there is no doubt that in this respect Munday had advantages over not a few of his contemporaries. He seems to have been as decidedly superior to Ben Jonson, (of whose hostility to Munday we shall have more to say hereafter, in reference to the very expression we have quoted) in the construction of the story of a play, as he was inferior to him in the delineation of characters, and their idiosyncrasies.

Few of Munday's dramatic productions have come down to us, and we shall hereafter insert a list of such as are extant, in our enumeration of all his known works, dramatic and undramatic; but such of his plays as exist support, though not to its full extent, the applause to which we have just adverted. His earliest dramatic attempt seems to have been a comedy called "The Two Italian Gentlemen," which was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication in November, 1584,¹ and was no doubt printed in that year, although both the extant copies want title-pages.

¹ The memorandum in the Registers is in the following form, showing that the running title of "The two Italian Gentlemen" was preceded, on the title-page, by the names of the heroes, viz., *Fidele* and *Fortun[atus]*.

"12 Novembr.

"*Tho. Hackett.* Rd of him, for printinge a booke, entituled *fidele* and *fortun*. The deceipts in love discoursed in a Comedie of ij Italyan gent, translated into Englishe."

Extracts from the Stationers' Registers, ii., 193.

The authorship of Munday, as far as translation is concerned, is ascertained by the circumstance that the dedication of one of the two remaining copies is subscribed with his initials: it may be seen in "*Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage*," iii., 242.

This was a mere translation, and whatever merit the plot may possess belongs to the original author; but such is not the case with Munday's "Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington," which he probably wrote alone, nor with his "Death of Robert Earl of Huntington," in which he was assisted by Henry Chettle. Both of these were first printed in 1601,¹ but they were written some years earlier, and are indisputably favourable specimens of his talents and ingenuity.

As a dramatic poet, independently of the formation of his fable, (which is so important a portion of the art required in theatrical composition) Munday is seen to greater advantage in the two plays relating to Robert Earl of Huntington, or Robin Hood, than in the drama of "John a Kent and John a Cumber;" because, although the versification in the latter in general runs smoothly, like that of a practised writer, it has no claim to be ranked in the higher order of our stage-performances: the lines are usually unambitious of any greater excellence than that of conveying the writer's meaning distinctly, at the same time falling agreeably upon the

¹ They are reprinted in the Supplemental Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays," which was prepared by the Editor of the present publication in 1828. "The Widow's Charm," which some have supposed to be the same play as "The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street," 1607, has been imputed to Munday by Malone, on the authority of "Henslowe's Diary;" but in the two entries relating to it he is only called "Anthony the poet." There was another Anthony in Henslowe's employment and pay—Anthony Wadeson—and he may have been the writer of "The Widow's Charm." See "Henslowe's Diary," printed by the Shakespeare Society, pp. 225, 226.

ear of the auditor.' Therefore, if any reader shall expect to meet with bold and lofty flights of fancy, with new and poetical images, and with any thing approaching the wealth, force, and variety of expression, as well as the depth and originality of thought, to which he has been accustomed in Shakespeare, he will be disappointed. All that Munday proposed to himself seems to have been to compose a comedy, which for two or three hours should amuse by the novelty and diversity of its incidents, and satisfy by the plain, and appropriate language put into the mouths of the characters interested in the progress and result of the story.

Here we may, perhaps, be permitted to remark that the extravagant, though most just, admiration with which we invariably turn to the dramas of Shakespeare, has led many persons to fix too high a standard for estimating the qualifications and excellences of his contemporaries. We will venture, nevertheless, to assert, after the devotion of a tolerably long life to the study of early dramatic literature, that even if the plays of Shakespeare be entirely left out of consideration, his contemporaries, such as Marlow, Greene, Jonson, Heywood, Chapman, Webster, Marston, Dekker, Munday, and many others, have left behind them productions of the same description, which will not only compete with, but, in most respects, exceed, the efforts of the dramatists of any other country of the world since the revival of letters. The recent and very able volumes of Mr. Ticknor¹ have tended much to place

¹ The History of Spanish Literature. 3 vols. 8vo. 1850.

upon a proper level the elder dramatists of Spain, and thereby (while freely admitting the excellence of others) to establish the superiority of our own. We are prepared to maintain that, in all the great essentials of stage-composition, any comparison between the great literary ornaments of the respective theatres of Spain and England must terminate in favour of the latter. The parallel is the more fair, because the principles upon which the poets of the two countries wrote were extremely similar, and, as far as we know, without the slightest concert or communication.

It will now be necessary to enter with a little more particularity into the fable, conduct, and characters, of "John a Kent and John a Cumber;" but as the play, in such entirety as it possesses in the manuscript, is now before our readers, we may avoid prolixity in noticing the story which Munday either borrowed or invented.

At this time of day, and in the present state of our information, we need hardly advert to the manner in which our early dramatists resorted, in the construction of their plays, to any known history or popular fiction. We more than strongly suspect, for we are thoroughly convinced, that such was the origin of the comedy in our hands. Munday found John a Kent and John a Cumber persons whose existence, as accomplished and powerful magicians, was fixed in popular belief; and he took advantage of that belief very much in the same way his contemporary, Robert Greene, took advantage of it, when he wrote

his play founded upon the preternatural powers attributed to Friars Bacon and Bongay.¹ The novel forming the foundation of Greene's production has been preserved to our day, though in an edition much later than the date of the drama; but, in the case before us, although we have no early printed account of the exploits of John a Kent or of his competitor, we feel satisfied that a work of the kind must formerly have been current, and that the very circumstance of its extreme popularity has led to the destruction of every copy, so as to leave John a Kent and his performances merely a matter of vague tradition. His story, and the remarkable incidents and achievements with which he was connected, must have been narrated in chap-books and ballads, numerous printed and widely circulated, but they have all perished; and we believe that the only record of what he attempted or accomplished is found in the comedy before us. It has happened with these chap-books and ballads, as with many other specimens of our old national literature, that having been printed in the cheapest form, they became such favourites with the lower orders, and were so much read and so carelessly treated, that every edition has disappeared. The very circumstance that they assumed so unpretending a shape, and addressed themselves to the vulgar and the ignorant, kept them out of the libraries and depo-

¹ See vol. viii. of the last edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays," in which "The honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bongay," 1594, was inserted for the first time.

sitories of the wealthy and the learned; and in comparatively modern times they have only now and then been accidentally detected in obscure corners, or in the collections of individuals of peculiar habits and propensities,¹ who were probably themselves hardly aware of the value of such productions, in connexion with the history of the progress of human intellect.

To establish this fact, we have only to direct attention to the many ancient ballads, broadsides, penny-histories, and other ephemeral productions, recorded in our volumes of "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," compared with the few indeed that are now known.

We have stated that the comedy of "John a Kent and John a Cumber" contains proof of the popularity, at least, of the former as a magician or wizard, whose existence and abilities were fixed in belief by the composition of tracts, printed and circulated of old, relating to his achievements. To these we find Sidanen, the heroine of the play, referring very

¹ Such, for instance, as Samuel Pepys, whose curious accumulations of this kind are preserved in Magdalene College, Cambridge, where the kindness of the Hon. the Dean of Windsor renders them as accessible as the terms of the bequest will permit. The prudence of the restrictions imposed by Pepys cannot be doubted, although they may now and then be found inconvenient to such as have occasion to make extensive or lengthened examinations of the mass of popular relics he left behind him, which would assuredly not have been preserved to this day, but for the stringent regulations established by the testator.

The Editor may here, perhaps, be permitted to state that he has long been preparing a history of ballads, chap-books, and early popular literature, especially in relation to the annals of our country.

distinctly, on p. 50, where she tells John a Kent that she

—"will entreat all Britain's poets
To write large volumes of thy learned skill :"

and she said so because, in fact, such narratives were well known at the time Munday wrote. Again, on p. 58, when Lord Powis and Prince Griffin are expressing their gratitude to John a Kent for what he had accomplished in their favour, the former exclaims—

"Ah, peerless John! with love, with life, and lands,
Will we requite this kindness at thy hands:"

and Prince Griffin adds—

"And sing sweet Sonnets in thy endless praise,
While our fair loves and we enjoy our days:"

clearly showing that such "sweet Sonnets" in praise of John a Kent were then in circulation.¹

We may also refer to pp. 40, 41, for abundant evidence that the peasantry were well acquainted not only with his being, but with his powers, and held him in sufficient awe and veneration. "A man" (says Hugh, the Sexton) "were better deal with the best man in the country than with master John a Kent: he never goes abroad without a bushel of devils about him, that if one speak but an ill word of

¹ On p. 29, John a Cumber refers to the high reputation his competitor had acquired:

"Now, John a Kent, much have I heard of thee:
Ancient thy fame" * * *

but the injury of the MS. at this place renders it impossible to read farther, and we are tantalized by the certainty that what followed must have been important with reference to the exploits of John a Kent, which we now learn only by tradition.

him, he knows it by and by, and it is no more but send out one of these devils, and where's the man then?" To this the leader of the clowns adds—"Indeed, sir, master John hath dealt but even so so with me, in times past: hark ye, sir, I never besorted or played the good fellow, as sometimes ye know flesh and blood will be frail, but my wife hath known on it ere I came home, and it could not be but by some of his flying devils." It is therefore needless to dwell longer upon this point.

With regard to his character, as we collect it from his words and actions in the drama, it will be seen that, although no higher nature is given to him than that of a human being with magical power and authority, he plays the part, in some respects, of a sort of merry goblin, or Robin Goodfellow, "a magician most profound in his art, and yet not damnable," in aiding certain persons, who ingratiate themselves with him, to accomplish their reasonable desires, which without his help they could hardly hope to attain. These parties are Prince Griffin (of South Wales) and the Earl of Powis; one of whom is in love with Sidanen, the daughter of Prince Llwellen, (of North Wales) and the other with Marian, the daughter of the Earl of Chester.

John a Cumber is the competitor of John a Kent in supernatural power and magical delusion, and all we know of him is that he is represented as a native of Scotland,¹ and a wizard, who is called in by

¹ Mr. T. Stephens, of Merthyr Tydfil, in a letter in "Notes and Queries," of August 16, suggests that "John a Cumber is probably John

the Earl of Morton, a peer of that country, and by the Earl of Pembroke, to assist them in their designs upon Sidanen and Marian. These designs are perfectly honourable, and are zealously seconded by the fathers of the ladies; but in the end they and their coadjutor are outwitted and defeated: the weapons employed by John a Cumber are turned against himself, and he becomes, through the instrumentality of John a Kent, an object of contempt and ridicule with the very persons who expected to profit by his success. There is a great deal of genuine comedy both in the situations and dialogue, where insults of the most provoking kind are heaped upon the unfortunate John a Cumber, who at length, at the moment when he is most looking for a favourable issue to his schemes and contrivances, is mortified by being clothed in motley, and compelled to act as the Fool in a rustic morris-dance.

It would be a waste of time, to enter into any detailed account of the plot: neither would it be very easy to make our narrative perfectly intelligible, in consequence of the numerous and amusing changes of situation and circumstances in the progress of the performance, which in all probability rendered it popular. It will be observed that the manuscript is furnished with no list of the *Dramatis Personæ*, and perhaps it may be as well here to supply the deficiency, in order that our readers may become acquainted with the names of

y Kymro, or John the Cambrian;" but this is hardly consistent with the statement in the play that he was from Scotland.

the different characters before they commence the perusal of the drama.

Llwellen, Prince of North Wales.

Ranulph, Earl of Chester.

Sir Griffin Meriddock, Prince of South Wales.

Geoffrey, Earl of Powis.

Sir Gosselen Denville. }
Sir Evan Griffin. } their friends.

Earl of Pembroke.

Earl of Morton, a Scottish Lord.

Abbot of Chester.

John a Kent. }
John a Cumber. } Magicians.

Oswen, son to the Earl of Chester.

Lord Amery, his friend.

Lord Mortaigne.

Shrimp, John a Kent's Boy.

Turnip. }
Hugh Sexton. }
Tom Taberer. } Clowns and rustics.

Spurling and Boy.

Countess of Chester, Mother of Marian.

Sidanen, Daughter of Llwellen.

Marian, Daughter of the Earl and Countess of
Chester.

Servant to the Earl of Chester. Antics, Peasants, &c.

We are not aware that we are called upon to say more than we have already stated regarding these characters, with the exception, perhaps, of Sidanen, who seems to have been a Welsh heroine of considerable beauty and celebrity, in praise of whom, according to this play, poems had been written; for she herself in one place (p. 42) exclaims—

“Ay, poor Sidanen! let no more sweet song
Be made by Poet for Sidanen sake;”

and among the entries in the Stationers' Registers for the year 1579 we read the following, under date of 13th August:

"Rd of him (Richard Jones) for printing a ballad of British Sidanen, applied by a Courtier to the praise of the Queen."

The meaning appears to be, that some courtier had applied to Elizabeth a ballad which had been written in praise of Sidanen, as if she were a known subject of English verse at that period.¹

The scene is laid throughout in and near the city of Chester, but in what way some of the principal persons engaged in the action of the piece are brought there, we have no distinct information: it is, however, to be borne in mind that Munday was addressing himself to an audience previously well acquainted with the names of most of the characters he introduces, and with the principal incidents he employs. Thus, when we are first brought acquainted with John a Kent (p. 5), he enters with Sir Gosselen Denville, and addresses Prince Griffin and the Earl of Powis (whose interests are similar) rather in the language of a highwayman than of a magician:—

"Be not offended at my salutations,
That bade ye stand before I say God speed;
For, in plain terms, speed what your speed may be,
Such coin you have both must and shall with me."

It deserves remark, also, in connexion with these expressions, that John a Kent calls Sir Gosselen

¹ We again refer our readers with much pleasure to the communication from Mr. T. Stephens, in "Notes and Queries," for some curious and interesting particulars regarding Sidanen, or Senena, whom he states to have been the daughter-in-law, and not the daughter, of Prince Llwellen.

Denville his "master;" and that in Captain C. Johnson's "Lives of the Highwaymen," (copied from Captain A. Smith's previous work of the same kind, published in 1714 and again in 1720) fol. 1734, p. 15, is inserted the Life of a Sir Gosselen Denville, who was accustomed to rob travellers, and who is said to have flourished in the reign of Edward II.¹ Munday may have transferred the scene of this hero's adventures to North Wales, though it does not at all appear in the course of the piece that Sir Gosselen was concerned in predatory transactions: on the contrary, he lives like a nobleman, in a castle, where passes much that is important to the plot.

Our earliest acquaintance with John a Cumber is even more abrupt, and very possibly for the same reason; namely, that the Author relied upon the recollection of his hearers, to whom particulars of the story were known that have not reached our time. On p. 22, (Act II., for the drama is divided into acts, though the scenes are not marked) John a Kent mentions his rival, and expresses a wish for his presence, in order that he (John a Kent) might be compelled to try the utmost of his magical skill, and display "the glory of his art," in defeating him; and on p. 26, John a Cumber introduces himself, and (having previously become acquainted with the relative position of the parties) immediately adopts the cause of

¹ In his "Watchword for England," 1584, Munday introduces the name of Sir Goceline Deynville (Sign. B iii. b.) as one of the rebels under the Earl of Lancaster, in the reign of Edward II; and adds that he was drawn and quartered at York.

the Earls of Morton and Pembroke in their suit to Sidanen and Marian. How or why he had come from Scotland, excepting that his aid was required by Morton in his emergency, is not explained. Compared with John a Kent, John a Cumber cuts but a sorry figure as a conjuror, considering the high character he had received.

As to the name of John a Kent, we are not to suppose that it has any connexion with the county of Kent; because it is distinctly stated that he is a Welshman, and various traditions are current in Herefordshire respecting the exercise of his profession, and the display of his abilities. There is a village called Kentchurch, not far from Hereford, and it was in that part of the kingdom that our magician acquired most celebrity: it is possible, therefore, that the name of John a Kent may in some way have relation to Kentchurch,¹ but the editor has no local knowledge upon the point, and he has not succeeded in procuring from others the necessary information. It is certain, however, that the neighbourhood of Kentchurch was the chief scene of his exploits; and

¹ A correspondent of "Notes and Queries," (August 16, 1851) under the signature of Seleucus (Silurius?), has favoured us with information regarding John a Kent, which shows that he was a Welsh Bard in the beginning of the 15th century, and that some of his poems are published in the "Iolo MSS." In a note to those poems it is stated that the author was "a priest of Kentchurch in Herefordshire," and "is said to have lived in the time of Wicliffe, and to have been of his party." What was most needed, for the purpose of illustrating the play in our hands, was tidings (if they could have been procured) of some early published and popular history of John a Kent and his achievements; but these we can hardly hope to obtain.

upon this subject and the current traditions respecting him, an intelligent and learned friend, who resides at no great distance, has obligingly forwarded the subsequent memoranda.

"I have great pleasure in telling you all the little that I know about the mysterious being, John a Kent, who, I am inclined to think, must have been some personage of note in his time. His fame as a wizard, though not so extensive, is somewhat like that of Doctor Faustus. There is hardly any one in this southern part of Herefordshire, particularly among the peasantry, who has not some marvellous traditionary story to relate concerning him. Most of these tales, however, are resolvable into one or two exploits in travelling for or with his master, in something like the railway speed of a single night, from Grosmont or Kentchurch to London, and of his outwitting in some way or other the arch-enemy of mankind. But with regard to time they are so confused—as traditions are apt to be—that there is no arriving at any point from which a conjecture may be formed as to the period of his, or of his prototype's existence.

"A countryman whom I once met with in the neighbourhood of Grosmont, and questioned as to what he had ever heard of the state of the country during the civil war between Charles the First and the Parliament, and the plundering of the county by the Scots, during the siege of Hereford—of which there were formerly many traditions—immediately pounced upon John a Kent as an actor in those affairs. He told me that, when the Scots came to plunder in the neighbourhood of Kentchurch and Grosmont, this magician went into a field of corn, and with one blast of his horn called forth such a host of warriors, as immediately compelled the intruders to retire. But I am sure that the origin of John a Kent ascends much higher. Coxe, in his *History (or Account)* of Monmouthshire, gives, as far as I can recollect, most of the particulars that I ever heard related of him, and offers an ingenious conjecture as to his reality."

There can be no doubt, as the writer of the preceding note speculates, that John a Kent exercised his vocation at a period much anterior to the Civil Wars; and the play before us furnishes evidence that his reputation was so great at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, that a popular dramatist availed himself

of it for the purpose of stage-representation. For the following particulars we are indebted to a correspondent of "The Athenæum;" (26th July, 1851) and it will be found that they accord very much with the information above quoted.

"There are yet many legends current about John o' Kent in the vicinity of Kentchurch, twelve miles from Hereford, and twelve from Abergavenny. There is a barn, still called John o' Kent's Barn, in which he is said to have confined all the crows which infested a certain field which, when a boy, he was desired to watch—the barn having then no roof. There is an aged oak in Kentchurch Park, belonging to Colonel Scudamore, called John o' Kent's Oak, to which he is said to have fastened his dogs. He is supposed to have sold his soul to the Evil Spirit—the covenant being, that John o' Kent should not be buried inside a church, whence the Enemy could not have taken him. This he eluded by being buried under the church wall, half inside and half outside of the building, at Grosemont, the adjoining parish to Kentchurch, in Monmouthshire. I believe that there is something about him in Coxe's "Monmouthshire," but I have not the book. The old people about Kentchurch have some more tales about the feats of John of Kent. I have heard it conjectured that, under this name, in the character of a wizard, Owen Glendower lurked in this neighbourhood for many years; and that here two of his daughters were married, one to an ancestor of Colonel Scudamore, and another to a Monnington, of the village so called, where a tomb, supposed to be his, is still shown. I know not what authority there is for this conjecture. Kentchurch is a very ancient property of the family of Scudamore, who have been settled there some centuries. The present owner is abroad now, but habitually resides there. He has a portrait said to be of John a Kent."

As both the writers of the preceding communications refer to Coxe's "Historical Tour in Monmouthshire," and as it comprises some particulars and speculations not hitherto noticed, we venture to subjoin, with a little abridgment, what is there said of John a Kent (p 336, &c).

"Grosmont rings with the achievements of John a Kent. Like Dr. Faustus, he is said to have made a compact with the devil, but, more successful than the Doctor, he evaded the conditions of his covenant, and outwitted the prince of darkness, both in his life and at his death. Among the early specimens of his magical skill, while a farmer's boy in the vicinity, he confined a number of crows, which he was ordered to keep from the corn, in an old barn without a roof, that he might visit Grosmont fair. Kentchurch house, the neighbouring seat of the Scudamore family, by whom he was hired as a servant, became afterwards the scene of his marvellous exploits. The feat of all others which most endears his memory to the inhabitants of Grosmont was the construction of the bridge over the Monnow, leading to Kentchurch: it is still called John of Kent's bridge, and is said to have been built in one night by one of his familiar spirits. An old tombstone in the churchyard, close to the east wall of the chancel, is said to cover his body; and the legend reports that he was interred under the wall to evade the condition of his compact, which stipulated, that if buried either within the church, or out of the church, he should become the property of Satan.

"Various opinions have been entertained concerning this mysterious personage. According to some, he was the John of Kent, Gwent, or Went, a Franciscan, thus mentioned by Leland: 'He was bred in Wales, and so ardently followed the most celebrated schools of the Franciscans at Oxford, and made such improvements in profound learning, that he was the wonder of his religious bretheren.' Baker in his chronicle mentions another John of Kent among the men of learning in the reign of Henry III. According to others, he was the bard of Owen Glendower, and became domesticated in the family on the defeat of his chieftain, whose daughter married a Scudamore. A tradition, however, still prevails that an old wizard, disguised in a shepherd's habit, once roamed about in the neighbourhood of Grosmont, frequented Kentchurch house, and was buried privately under a stone in the churchyard below the east window of the chancel, which is called John of Kent's tombstone. It has been conjectured that this wizard was Owen Glendower himself, who, when proscribed, wandered about in a shepherd's habit, and took refuge with one of his daughters."

In the play, now for the first time printed, John a Kent evinces his masterdom over supernatural agents in a way not indicated in the preceding quota-

tions; for he raises no fewer than four different preternatural agents, or Antics, for the purpose of misleading his adversary, John a Cumber, and those who trusted in him. These Antics sing four songs; and John a Kent's boy, Shrimp, who is a very useful coadjutor, possesses the faculty of becoming invisible, and, like Ariel in "The Tempest," by his magical music induces persons to follow him, until they lose their way, and lie down to sleep from weariness. In any other particulars we would not for an instant be supposed to institute a comparison between the most beautiful and delicate creation our poetry can boast, and the coarse and comparatively vulgar invention of a great, but far inferior dramatist.¹

¹ Since the above was in type, the Editor has to acknowledge the receipt of a very obliging letter from the Rev. R. P. Llewelyn, who resides near Bridgend, Glamorganshire, referring to several works which mention John a Kent and Sidanen. He states, among other points, that the late Taliesin Williams gained a prize offered for a History of the former; and that an air named after the latter is to be found in Parry's "Welsh Harper," i., 94.

MEMOIR OF ANTHONY MUNDAY.

We now proceed to give such an account as we are able to furnish of the life and writings of Anthony Munday. The materials have been collected from all sources, including what he says of himself in his own works, a means of knowledge hitherto almost entirely disregarded.¹

It has been long known, upon his own authority, that Munday was intended for a stationer, (as book-sellers and publishers were then called) and Vol. IV. of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers" contains the very entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company relating to his engagement with John Alde, or Aldee, to serve him as an apprentice in that trade. It is among the records belonging to October, 1576, and, as it is very short, we may be excused for quoting it here, for the sake of completeness.

"Anthonie Mondaie, sonne of Christopher mondaye, late of London, draper, deceased, hath put himself apprentice to John Aldee, stationer, for Eighte yeres, begynnyng at Bartholometide laste past."

We have here as many facts as lines, and among other points we learn the Christian name and trade of Anthony Munday's father,² and that he was dead

¹ As long ago as 1828 the Editor drew up a sketch of Munday's life from such imperfect materials as he then possessed; but he has since been able to correct various errors and to make many additions. It precedes "The downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington," reprinted in the Supplementary Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays."

² It would probably be quite in vain to attempt to trace back his family, especially as we have no hint as to the part of the kingdom from which it originally came to settle in London: we may remark, however,

at the date when his son was bound to John Alde: Alde, as may be seen in our two volumes of "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," was principally engaged in the publication of ballads and small popular works. Some of these he either wrote, compiled, or translated himself, and perhaps he encouraged those under him also to exercise their literary talents; for in November, 1577, (just a year and a month after Munday became bound) was entered "The Defence of Poverty against the Desire of Wordly Riches, dialoguewise, collected by Anthony Mundaye;" and although this non-extant tract, or broadside, was not licensed at Stationers' Hall to Alde, but to John Charlwood, it is most likely that the former had an interest in its publication. It seems to have frequently happened, that two or more stationers having the copyright (such as that right then existed) in a work, it was licensed to only one of them: on the other hand, it is, of course, very possible that Alde had no concern with the earliest known production by his full-grown apprentice; but we shall hear presently what Munday himself says upon the question.

He could not have been much less than twenty-three years old when he bound himself to Alde, an age when, according to the custom of the trade in our day, a young man has usually finished his apprenticeship. He was born in 1553, because we shall show, that Munday was not an uncommon name in the midland counties, and especially in Warwickshire, from whence unquestionably so many of our old dramatists and actors arrived in the metropolis with the Shakespeares, the Burbadges, &c.

at the close of the present memoir, that he was eighty at the time of his death in 1633. It seems very probable, if it be not quite certain, that he had tried his talents on the stage before he bound himself in 1576; and a considerable impulse had been given to theatrical affairs, about the year preceding, by the construction of three regular playhouses, two in Shoreditch, and a third in the precinct of the Blackfriars.¹ Here it will be necessary for us to anticipate a little by a quotation from a tract published in the very beginning of 1582, written in vindication of the Jesuit Edmond Campion, and of others executed with him on 1st December, 1581, which contains an attack upon Munday, who had been one of the witnesses against them. It is there asserted positively, that he had been a stage-player before he became Allde's apprentice. The work to which we refer is called "A true reporte of the death and martyrdome of M. Campion, Jesuite and preiste, and M. Sherwin and M. Bryan, preistes, at Tiborne, the first of December, 1581. Observed and written by a Catholike preist which was present therat," &c.

According to this authority, (not very impartial, it must be admitted) Munday "was *first* a stage-player, (no doubt a calling of some credit) *after* an apprentice, which time he wel served with deceaving of his master; then, wandring towards Italy, by his own report became a coosener in his journey. Comming

¹ The Theatre and Curtain, in the parish of St. Leonard, and the Blackfriars Theatre, in the parish of St. Anne. An account of these may be found in the "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii., 263, 264, and 273. Some particulars, since discovered, are contained in Vol. IV. "The Shakespeare Society's Papers," p. 63.

to Rome, in his short abode there was charitably relieved, but never admitted in the Seminary, as he pleseth to lye in the title of his booke;¹ and, being wery of well doing, returned home to his first vomite againe. I omite to declare howe this scholler, new come out of Italy, did play extempore: those gentlemen and others whiche were present can best give witnes of his dexterity, who, being wery of his folly, hissed him from his stage. Then, being thereby discouraged, he set forth a balet against playes, but yet (O constant youth!) he now beginnes againe to ruffle upon the stage. I omit, among other places, his behavior in Barbican with his good mistres and mother, from whence our superintendent might fetch him to his court, were it not for love (I woulde saye slaunder) to their gospel. Yet I thinke it not amiss to remember thee of this boyes infelicitie.”²

Making all due allowance for exaggeration on the part of this Roman Catholic priest, who could have no friendly feeling towards Munday, in consequence of his recently avowed hostility and the imputed treachery of which the friends of Campion complained; we need not doubt that there are points

¹ Alluding to “A Discoverie of Edmund Campion and his Confederates,” &c. “Published by A. M., sometime the Popes scholler, allowed in the Seminarie at Rome amongst them.” This tract must have been published before the execution of Campion, Sherwin, and Bryan; and the “True Reporte,” by the Catholic priest, was a reply to it, but, of course, issued after the 1st of December, 1581.

² This passage is most incorrectly and incompletely quoted by Chalmers, in his *Biogr. Dict.*, xxii., 513. It is accurately given in the *Bridgewater Catalogue*, compiled by the Editor, and privately printed for the Earl of Ellesmere in 1837, p. 45.

of truth in the preceding attack. We may take it for granted, because Munday never contradicts it while answering another part of the accusation, that he had been on the stage before the Autumn of 1576, when he became apprentice—that he then repaired to Rome, (for what purpose is not stated, but his enemies asserted that his object was first to spy into the conduct of the English Seminary there, and afterwards to betray it¹) and that leaving that city, after a short residence, he returned to England and to the stage, where he endeavoured to play extempore. Between his two histrionic attempts he became Allde's apprentice; and, were we to trust what is said by the writer of the tract above quoted, "deceived his master;" but this accusation was not long afterwards distinctly met by Munday, who, in his "Breefe Aunswer made unto two Seditious Pamphlets," 1582, inserted the ensuing certificate from John Allde:—

"This is to let all men understand that Anthony Munday, for the tyme he was my Servaunt, dyd his duetie in all respectes, as much as I could desire, without fraude, covin, or deceyte: if otherwise I should report of him, I should but say untrueth.

"By me, JOHN ALLDE."

¹ Sledd and Munday were two of the witnesses against Campion and others; and among some stanzas at the end of the "True Report" of the death, &c., of Campion, we read the following:—

"The wisse false, Sledd, Munday, and the rest,

Which had your slanders noted in your booke,

Confesse your fault beforehand, it were best,

Lest God do find it written, when he doth looke

In dreadfull doome upon the soules of men:

It will be late, alas, to mend it then."

This, therefore, must be taken as a satisfactory exculpation of Munday from the charge of having "deceived his master." As we have said, he does not deny that he had been on the stage before his apprenticeship, and that fact may be considered established. It is certain, also, that he was not in Allde's service in 1582, nor even in 1578, as we shall show presently: so that, although he bound himself, in his indentures, for "eight years," he must have served but a short time. As his master and he appear to have continued on good terms, we may, perhaps, conclude that the engagement was ended by mutual consent, and that Allde returned his apprentice the articles he had signed in October, 1576.

We can only speculate what is meant by the last part of the charge against Munday, where his "behaviour in Barbican with his good mistress and mother" is mentioned; but we may add that he dates his "Breefe Aunswer" "from Barbican this 22 of March, 1582;" so that he was not ashamed of his residence there, and he continued in the same neighbourhood afterwards.

In this tract Munday tells us (Sig. D 3) that his master, John Allde, printed his first work; but we have already seen that his "Defence of Poverty" was licensed to Charlwood, though it may have been printed and published by Allde. In September, 1578, Richard Jones entered for publication "a booke intituled the payne of pleasure," which in the Registers of the Stationers' Company is said to have been "compiled by N. Britten," or Nicholas Breton. This

last statement, we apprehend, is a mistake, and that Munday was the real author of the work; for Dr. Farmer was in possession of a tract, dated 1580, and called "The Pain of Pleasure," which had unquestionably Munday's name upon the title-page, if the accurate Herbert may be trusted.¹ When, however, Munday informs us that his master, John Alde, printed his first work, he refers, we believe, to his "Mirror of Mutability," (a production of considerable pretension and labour, and an avowed imitation of "The Mirror for Magistrates") which was entered by Alde on 10th October, 1579,² and which was published with that date at the bottom of the title-page: he might not consider the "Defence of Poverty," the "Pain of Pleasure," and a translation from the French, to be noticed presently, of sufficient importance to deserve the name of "works."

¹ Herbert's "Ames," iii., 1337.

² "Extracts from Stationers' Registers," ii., 100. Robert Greene subsequently employed the same alliterative expression in his "History of Arbasto," which must have been written and printed before 1592, although the earliest known copies of it are dated as late as 1617: the passage is curious on another account, since it speaks of "The Cradle of Security," which was the title of an early popular dramatic entertainment: see "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," ii., 272. Greene's words are—"Fickle Fortune having now hoysed us up to the top of her inconstant wheele, seeing how careless I slumbled in *the cradle of securitie*, thought to make me a very *mirrour of her mutabilitie*, for she began afresh to turne my typet on this wise." As the Rev. Mr. Dyce had not seen the earliest extant impression of the "History of Arbasto," when he published his "Dramatic Works of Robert Greene," in 1831, we subjoin the imprint—"Printed by I. B. for Roger Jackson, and are to be sold at his shop, neere Fleet Conduit. 1617." All the rest of the title-page of the edition of 1617 is the same as that of 1626, with the exception of a single letter.

When speaking, of his early life, in the preliminary matter to his "*Mirror of Mutability*,"¹ 1579, Munday is silent as to any previous attempt he had made on the stage, whether successful or otherwise; but as he was then one of the theatrical servants of the Earl of Oxford, (to whom he dedicates the work) it might be generally known, and certainly within the cognizance of his patron. He speaks of himself in the character of an author, and mentions his translation of "*Galien of France*" as having been already presented to the Earl, a circumstance altogether new in the biography of Munday. He also there communicates some personal information, which is also quite new, for he tells us that, as his "wild oats required to be furrowed in a foreign ground," he had travelled with a friend to France, and had been robbed and stripped by soldiers between Boulogne and Abbeville. Munday and his companion, however,

¹ Among the various commendatory poems which introduce Munday's early work is one by E. K., as he is called at the commencement, and Ed. Knight, as he subscribes his name at the end. May not this be the E. K. who addresses Gabriel Harvey in an epistle before Spencer's "*Shepherd's Calendar*?" The date of E. K.'s postscript is 1579, the year of the publication of Munday's "*Mirror of Mutability*." The Editor may here mention that he is in possession of a copy of "*The Faerie Queene*," 4to., 1591, and 1596, with the autograph of John Marston on the front of the title-page; and of a copy of the whole of Spencer's Works, fo. 1611, with the autograph of "Mi. Drayton, 1613," at the back of the title-page. The latter he procured at an auction in the country, where it was sold in a lot with from ten to fifteen other books of no value. The former he obtained at a sale in London, where the circumstance escaped observation, perhaps from the faintness of the ink, and slight injury by friction. These, in consequence of the celebrity of the names, are interesting relics.

made their way to Paris, and by the aid of subscriptions from some Englishmen continued their journey to Venice, Padua, Naples, and Rome: at the latter he had been received into the English Seminary as "the Pope's scholar." All this must have occupied a comparatively brief period, for he returned to England in or before 1579, and superintended the printing of his "Mirror of Mutability." In the address to the reader of it, he asserts that this was "the third time he had presumed upon his clemency;" but if the Stationers' Registers, and other authorities, are to be relied upon, the "Mirror of Mutability" was Munday's fourth production: 1, his "Defence of Poverty; 2, his "Pain of Pleasure; 3, his translation called "Galien of France;" and 4, his "Mirror of Mutability." It is, therefore, just possible that "The Pain of Pleasure" was by Breton, and not by Munday, in spite of the assertion on the title-page.

Munday was unquestionably in Rome in or before 1578, because he informs us, in his "Breefe Aunswer," that he had seen Captain Stukeley there; and that adventurer perished in the battle of Alcazar, which was fought on 4th August in that year.¹ This brings the period of Munday's servitude with John Alde to a

¹ In Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1589, are "Verses written by A. M. to the courteous readers, who was present at Rome when John Fox received his letters of the Pope." Ritson also says ("Bibl. Poet.," 282) that lines by A. M. are prefixed to "News from the North," 1579, and conjectures that they were the initials of Anthony Munday: the question is set at rest by the edition of that work in 1585, which of course Ritson had not seen, for there the verses are subscribed at length. See the *Bridgewater Catalogue*, 4to., 1837, p. 217, where reasons are given for thinking that

narrow compass, for he must have "wandered towards Italy" soon after he entered into his articles, and came back before the printing of his "Mirror of Mutability." On his return, if we are to believe his enemies, (and there is, probably, no reason to discredit them on any other account than that they were his enemies) he again resorted to the quality of a stage-player, and made some attempts at extemporaneous performance, similar to those he must, in all probability, have witnessed south of the Alps.¹ The author of the "True Report" asserts that Munday was not successful, and was finally "hissed from his stage."

Three productions, either still extant, or which were so within the last century, bearing Munday's name or initials, appeared in 1580, besides the "Pain of Pleasure," already mentioned. As we have inserted the full titles, where it was possible to procure them, in due series at the end of the present memoir, it is not necessary here to go into any such details: we shall only quote so much of each as will enable our readers to identify them. A fourth was licensed at Stationers' Hall, and that merely a ballad, and for the same publisher who had entered the earliest production by our author of which we have

this very amusing work, "News from the North," was written by Francis Thynne. We may take this opportunity of stating that A. M. has a sonnet "to his loving and approved good Friend, M. John Bodenham," before "Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses," 1600.

¹ In what were called in Italy *Commedie al improvviso*; respecting which, and certain early English imitations of them, see "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii., 398.

any record: it is entitled in the Register (for the piece itself has not come down to us) "a ballad made by Anthony Monday of the encouragement of an English Soldier to his fellow mates;" and it was licensed on 8th March, 1580.¹ The object of it (independently of pecuniary advantage) was most likely to rouse the spirits of the troops about that time despatched, under Sir Walter Raleigh and others, into Ireland, to serve with Lord Grey.

Two other publications by Munday belonging to the year 1580 were "Zelauto: the Fountaine of Fame," (which Ritson strangely inserts twice over on the same page; once as "The fountayne of Fame, erected in an orcharde of amorous adventures," and secondly, as "Zelauto, the fountaine of Fame"²) and a tract, which we believe to be unique, and which we have reprinted near the end of our volume, entitled "A View of sundry Examples." As we have never had an opportunity of seeing "Zelauto," as there is no entry of it in the Stationers' Registers, and as the authorities in favour of its existence do not give the imprint, we know not by what Stationer it was published; but the "View of sundry Examples" was not put forth by Alde, nor by Charlwood, but by William Wright, who was also the publisher of another tract by Munday, relating to Campion and his unfortunate associates.

With the accusation and trial of these persons in 1581 Munday became intimately, and not very

¹ "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii., 109.

² "Bibliographia Poetica," p. 282.

enviably, connected, and we have already seen that he was an important witness against them: he was afterwards brought forward by the Sheriffs in a remarkable manner, to confront and contradict some other Roman Catholics (the accomplices of Campion) at the foot of the gallows; and of this circumstance curious and authentic evidence is contained in the second tract which we have re-printed, relating to executions of seven other adherents to Popery, on 28th and 30th March, 1582.¹

Munday's "View of Sundry Examples" is not mentioned by any of his biographers. We never met with, nor heard of, more than one exemplar of it; yet, from its very nature, it must have been highly popular, and no doubt the copies originally issued were numerous. It relates to the murders, strange incidents, and prodigies, that had occurred between about 1570 and 1580, when the pamphlet came out, including a

¹ In order to render the series of publications on this event more complete, we have subjoined to the above a tract, of only a few leaves, which exists in the library at Lambeth, and possibly was never published. It should seem, that pamphlets of a questionable character were sometimes forwarded to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and if his Grace did not approve of their publication, they were, as a matter of course, suppressed, the original copy, however, being retained in the archeopiscopal library. Such was possibly the fact with the "Advertisement and Defence for Truth against her Backbiters," in connexion with the case of Campion, which we have placed at the end of our volume. It a singular specimen of authorship, consisting of only two long, rambling, incoherent, and, in some places, almost unintelligible sentences. The object of the writer was to vindicate the execution of justice upon Campion and his associates, and it is very possible that Archbishop Grindal thought the case stronger without, than with, this uncouth species of advocacy, and therefore directed that the tract should not be published.

brief notice of the great earthquake on 6th April, 1580, which produced such terror and dismay in London. The inquiry before the Coroner into one of the cases of murder included by Munday, that of Abel Bourne, was actually not finished at the time of publication: there also we find, in considerable detail, the circumstances attending the murder of George Sanders, a merchant of London, (which soon afterwards formed the subject of one of our best early dramas,¹) and for committing which no fewer than six persons lost

¹ We cannot refrain from quoting, in a note, a small part of an admirable scene in this tragedy, (not printed till 1599) in which Munday may have had a hand, (as the earliest narrator of the story) although what follows seems to be in some respects above the reach of his muse. The dialogue is between Browne, the murderer, Anne Sanders, the repentant wife of the murdered man, and Mrs. Drewry, an accomplice.

"*Mrs. Drewry.* See where Master Browne is: in him take comfort,
And learn to temper your excessive grief.

"*Anne.* Ah! bid me feed on poison and be fat,
Or look upon the basilisk and live,
Or surfeit daily and be still in health,
Or leap into the sea and not be drowned.
All those are even as possible as this,
That I should be re-comforted by him
That is the author of my whole lament.

"*Browne.* Why, mistress Anne, I love you [very] dearly,
And but for your incomparable beauty,
My soul had never dream'd of Sanders' death.
Then, give me that which now I do deserve,
Yourself, your love; and I will be to you
A husband so devote, as none more just,
Or more affectionate, shall tread the earth.

"*Anne.* If you can crave it of me with a tongue
That hath not been profan'd with wicked vows;
Or think it in a heart did never harbour
Pretence of murder; or put forth a hand

their lives, including the wife and her paramour. As we have adverted more particularly to these matters in the notes appended to the tract, it is not necessary now to dwell upon them.

A fact connected with Munday's personal history is established by the preliminary portion of the "View of Sundry Examples," namely, that at the time it was written the author was still one of the players of the Earl of Oxford, for he subscribes an address to his readers—"servant to the right honourable the Earl of Oxenford."¹ Such was what we may call the technical designation constantly given to actors who performed under the sanction and protection of noblemen; and there is no doubt, therefore, that in 1580 Munday had reverted to the profession to which he had belonged before he became apprentice to John Alde, in 1576.

However, not long after 1580, by the favour of

As not contaminate with shedding blood,
Then will I willingly grant your request.
But oh! your hand, your heart, your tongue and eye,
Are all presenters of my misery."

We do not pretend that the whole is as good as this specimen, and several inferior dramatists may have had a share in preparing a play on a temporary subject, and clearly composed in haste. See also "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii., 52 and 53, for passages which will, at least, remind the reader of Shakespeare.

¹ His Lordship's company of players, we learn from the Registers of the Privy Council, was acting publicly in 1575. The Earl himself was a dramatic poet, and Puttenham, in 1589, ("Art of English Poesie," p. 51) and Meres, in 1598, (*Palladis Tamia*, fo. 283 b) speak of him as meriting high commendation for "comedy and interlude." As a general poet he also obtained considerable praise from Webbe, in his "Discourse of English Poetrie," 1586.

the Court, and perhaps in consequence of his instrumentality in exposing the Seminary at Rome, and in arresting and convicting Campion and his associates, Munday was enabled to add to his name, on his title-pages, the words, "one of the Messengers of her Majesty's Chamber;" and we may infer that he quitted the stage in consequence.¹ We certainly find no trace of him after 1582 in connexion with theatres, excepting as an author; and he appears, subsequently to that date, to have applied his ready and various pen to the increase of such means of subsistence as he derived from his not very lucrative or important office about the Queen.

We have necessarily adverted to several, but the present may not be an unfit opportunity for briefly noticing, in succession, all the tracts by Munday which relate to the capture, trial, and hanging of Campion, and of those who suffered with him. The earliest is his "Brief Discourse of the taking of Edm. Campion and divers other Papists in Berkshire," 1581: in this Munday seems to have claimed the credit of more instrumentality than really belonged to him; for immediately after its appearance, a person of the name of George Elliot published what he called "A very true Report" of the capture, adding, that it contained "a controlment of a most untrue former book set out by one A. M.,

¹ He called himself, in 1588, "Servant to the Queen's most excellent Majesty," but in the same year he reverted to his more particular designation as "one of the messengers of her Majesty's chamber." See the list of his works at the close of the present memoir.

alias Anthony Munday, concerning the same." Munday made no direct answer to this imputation, but early in 1582¹ he printed his "Discoverie of Edmund Campion and his Confederates," on the title-page of which, as we have seen, he styled himself "some time the Popes Scholler, allowed in the Seminary at Rome:" it was followed by his "Brief answer to two seditious Pamphlets, &c., containing a Defence of Edmund Campion;"² and that by his "Brief and true Report of the Execution" of Ford, Shert, Johnson, Filbie, Kirbie, Richardson, and Cottom, which comes third in our present volume, and which we have placed there, both on account of its rarity and the singularity of its contents. It was entered to William Wright on 31st May, 1582, the very day after the four last of the parties suffered.³

This tract was evidently written at speed, not merely to gratify public curiosity, but to induce a popular belief that the unhappy criminals were guilty of treason, and had, besides, died obstinate Roman Catholics. Munday's "English Roman Life, discovering the Lives of Englishmen at Rome, the orders of the English Seminary," &c., was a work of greater bulk and of more pretension, but it was entered as early as 19th June, 1582, by Nicholas

¹ It was entered on 12th March, 1582. See "Extracts from Stat. Registers," ii., 162.

² It was licensed on the same day and to the same stationer, Edward White: see "Extracts from Stationers' Registers," ii., 161. Some copies have Charlwood's imprint: see Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 202.

³ "Extracts from the Stationers' Registers," ii., 164.

Lyng, no doubt for himself and John Charlwood, who printed it. This seems to have been the last of Munday's pieces which had special reference to such designs as were entertained by Campion and his friends; for the "Watchword to England," which appeared in 1584, was of a more general character, and offered a wider warning against the designs of the religious enemies of the public peace.

After the subsidence of the excitement occasioned by the prosecution and punishment of the Jesuits and priests, our author appears to have turned the current of his thoughts into an entirely different direction; and on 19th August, 1584, we meet in the Registers of the Stationers' Company with an entry by Charlwood of a work by Munday, the title of which we are compelled to take from those very valuable records, because no copy of it exists. It is there called "The sweet Sobs and amorous Complaints of Shepherds and Nymphs, in a Fancy."¹ It was evidently of a pastoral and lyrical character; and, as it obtained for the author a considerable reputation for poetry of that description, the entire loss of it is much to be lamented. That it was published, as well as entered, there is no doubt, for Webbe introduces its author's name, in consequence of it, with great applause in his "Discourse of English Poetrie," 1586: his words are—"With him I will joyne Anthony Munday, an earnest traveller in this arte, and in whose name I have seene very excellent workes, among which,

¹ "Extracts from Stat. Registers," ii., 182. After the title of the work comes the statement that it was "composed by An. Munday."

surely, the most exquisite vaine of a witty, poetically head, is shewed in *the sweete sobs of Sheepehardes and Nymphes*, a worke well worthy to be viewed, and to be esteemed as very rare poetrie."

Munday's next production was of a dramatic kind—"Fidele and Fortunio." We have before spoken of it briefly, (p. x.) and it does not possess sufficient merit to entitle it to any lengthened notice, although it would be easy to enlarge upon its plot, characters, and poetry, because two copies have of late years been recovered. Both of these are without title-page, and one of them also wants the dedication, from which the authorship is ascertained, the letters A. M. being at the end of it: the Registers of the Stationers' Company do not state, in this instance, by whom the translation (for it has no higher pretensions) was made; but there is no doubt that the initials are those of our author.

We have said perhaps as much as is necessary respecting his "Watchword to England," 1584; and two years having elapsed before Munday next appeared in print, he seems then to have made another new experiment. The writer of "The True Report" of the death of Campion asserts that Munday, at one time repenting his theatrical propensities, wrote "a ballad against plays:" this has not survived, but of course it must have been anterior to 1582; and in 1586 (according to Maunsell's Catalogue, which was published in 1595) came out a very devout work, called "Anthony Munday's Godly Exercise for Christian families," containing

morning, evening, and occasional prayers, &c.¹ His "Banquet of Dainty Conceits" followed, after another interval of two years: it consists of songs and ditties to tunes then well known; and when we meet, among the latter, with "Munday's Toy" and "Munday's galliard," we are not to understand that they were composed by Anthony Munday, but probably by a person of the name of John Munday, who some years afterwards was a Bachelor of Music and one of the organists of the Queen's Chapel at Windsor, probably related to our author.² Anthony Munday avows that he was not acquainted with a note of music, although he was the writer of words to airs then popular. On the title-page of his "Banquet of Dainty Conceits" he calls himself "Servant to the Queen's most excellent Majesty," instead of "one of the Messengers of her Chamber;" and we might suppose that he had changed and improved his situation, if we did not perceive that in another of his works,

¹ We find no entry of any such work in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, and we have never heard of its existence. Andrew Mannsell was a bookseller who printed a list, in folio, of works for sale in the trade: it consists of two parts, the first part, printed by John Windet, relating to works of divinity, original or translated; and the second part, printed by James Roberts, consisting of the titles of works of science. The third part, which would have included general literature, poetry, plays, &c., it seems, never appeared.

² Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1019, contains a notice of John Munday's works in this form:

"Contratenor. Songs and Psalmes composed into 3, 4, and 5 parts, for the use and delight of all such as either love or learne Musicke: By John Mundy, Gent., bachiler of Musicke, and one of the Organest of hir Majesties free Chappell of Windsor. Dedicated 'To — Robert Devorax — Earle of Essex,' &c. W. H.

"Also several books of musick by him, Bird, Morley, and Watson."

of the same date, he was still designated by his old addition.

We allude to his translation, from the French of Claude Colet, of the "History of Paladine of England," which was printed in 1588 by Edward Allde, the son of his old master, John Allde, who about this time, or soon afterwards, retired from business.¹ It seems that, before Munday translated "Paladine of England," he had rendered into English two parts of "Palmerin d'Oliva," also printed in 1588. His "History of Palmendos," son to Palmerin d'Oliva, was published in the next year, having been promised in a postscript to his "Paladine of England."

A political production called "The Masque of the League," a translation from the French, dated 1592, has been imputed to Anthony Munday.² We have

¹ Herbert ("Ames," ii., 892) mentions three books, with dates, printed after 1588, by or for John Allde; but we may doubt whether they were not in fact issued by his son. There is an interval between 1580 and 1591, during which John Allde's name is not found appended to any book. Edward Allde had a license from Stationers' Hall, in 1587, to print "Histoire Palladine, &c., per Claude Collet," translated into English, but it is not stated by whom the translation was made.

² See Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual, ii., 1309, where the work is entered as follows:

"The Masque of the League and the Spanyard discovered. Faythfully translated out of the French Copie: Printed at Toures by Iamet Mettayer. London for Richard Smyth, 1592." 4to., twenty-two leaves. At the end L. M. It was published with a new title in 1605.

It was entered at Stationers' Hall on 5th June, 1591, in this form:

"Quinto Junij.

"John Wolf. Entred for his copie The Masque of the league and of the Spanyarde discovered, &c., to be printed in English."

Here we find no translator's initials, but those above given by Lowndes are clearly erroneous, and ought to be A. M.

never seen it; but we have little doubt that it was his, because one of his mottoes, *Patere aut abstinere*, is on the title-page, and his initials at the end.¹ Herbert assigns to Munday another work, which he probably possessed, but which has never fallen in our way, (although we have sought for it in many public and private libraries) under the title of "The Defence of Contraries," in the form of "declamations."² The date given to it is 1593; and we strongly suspect that it is an earlier impression of a work called, when it was re-issued and perhaps enlarged, in 1596, "The Orator:" it was written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and purports to have been translated into English by Lazarus Piot, a name assumed by Munday, probably because his own had been so often before the public, especially in connexion with "The Defence of Contraries." It is in "The Orator" that we find the two "Declamations" of "a Jew who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian," and of "the Christian's Answer."

Munday put the same *nom de plume* to his version of "Amadis de Gaule," the first and second books of which came out in 1595:³ both are stated to have been translated by Lazarus Piot; but that Lazarus

¹ See Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1102, where the full title is given, from a copy belonging to the compiler of that work.

² Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1222. It professes to be "translated out of French by A. M.;" and it was printed by J. Windet for S. Waterson.

³ "The first 4 books of Amadis de Gaule, to be translated," were entered at Stationers' Hall to Edward Allde as early as 1588, and it is very likely that they were then published, although no edition of that date seems now to be known. See also "Notes and Queries," vol. iv., p. 85.

Piot was Anthony Munday we have this proof, among others, that when he republished "*Amadis de Gaule*," in 1619, he inserted his name at length upon the title-page. Malone printed Piot *Pilot*,¹ and was corrected by Ritson, who added, that it meant Anthony Munday, a fact of which Malone does not seem to have been aware.

"*Fidele and Fortunio*," 1584, if it were ever acted, was ill adapted to representation. Whether Munday attempted anything dramatic in the long interval between that year and 1595, when he wrote "*John a Kent and John a Cumber*," we have no means of knowing; but in 1597, and afterwards, we meet with his name in Henslowe's "*Diary*" not unfrequently. He was commonly associated with other dramatists, and between 22nd December, 1597, and the 2nd December, 1602, he appears to have been concerned, more or less, in at least thirteen plays. We have enumerated them all hereafter, and out of the list there are only two or three which he wrote alone, and it is doubtful if he had not coadjutors even in those, although the old Manager does not state who they were. The drama in which Munday had a hand which has attracted most attention of late years, is "*The Life of Sir John Oldcastle*," 1600: it was long imputed to Shakespeare, but we now know that it was the joint work of Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathway.² The two parts of

¹ Shakespeare by Boswell, v., 163.

² Some of the old printed copies have the name of our great dramatist on the title-page, while others are anonymous. It was only "the first part" that was printed; but from Henslowe's "*Diary*" we learn that a

“Robin Hood,” (otherwise called the “Downfal” and “Death” of Robert Earl of Huntington) the first by Munday, and the last by him and Chettle, were printed in 1601.

It was in 1598, as already shown, that Munday obtained from Meres the character of the “best plotter” of all those (including our great dramatist) who were at that time writers for the different theatres of London. This preference seems to have excited the ire, if not the envy, of Ben Jonson, supposing “The Case is altered” to be, as we believe it is, mainly his composition.¹ Our Author is introduced into it as Antonio Balladino, a name given to him in derision, from the number of ballads and slight temporary productions that had come from his pen in the course of the twenty years preceding.

In the first scene of the first act is a dialogue between Peter Onion and Antonio Balladino, in which the latter censures those that introduce “nothing but humours” into their plays:—“True, sir,” (adds Antonio) “they would have me make such plays; but, as I tell them, an they’ll give me twenty pounds a play, I’ll not raise my vein.”—“No;” (observes Onion) “it were a vain thing if you should, sir;”

second part was written by the same authors, which has never come to light. See pp. 158, 162, 166, 236, 237, 239. Thomas Dekker made “additions” to the second part.

¹ The chief reason for doubting it is the fact, that Ben Jonson’s name is not upon the title-page of a copy of the edition of 1609, in which year it first came from the press. It was written, perhaps, eight or ten years earlier. The Duke of Devonshire has the copy, the title-page of which does not assign it to any author. It is most probable that Ben Jonson had coadjutors in the undertaking.

to which Antonio replies, "Tut, give me the penny, give me the penny: I care not for the gentlemen, I; let me have a good ground, no matter for the pen, the plot shall carry it."—"Indeed, that's right;" (says Onion) "you are in print already for *the best plotter*;"¹ which are precisely the words Meres had employed in his *Palladis Tamia*. There is no room for doubt, therefore, that by Antonio Balladino Anthony Munday was intended.

Whether this ridicule had any effect upon our author is uncertain, but his next printed work was a mere prose performance, upon the fate, and supposed re-appearance, of Don Sebastian after the battle of Alcazar in 1578, under the title of "The strangest Adventure that ever happened:" it came out in 1601.

A version of "Palmerin of England" was registered at Stationers' Hall as early as 1581, but we have no evidence there that it was by Munday, beyond the fact that it was entered by John Charlwood.² An edition (possibly only a reprint) under Munday's name was issued in 1602.

In 1605 we arrive at his Pageant on the inauguration of the Lord Mayor of that year: it is the earliest known production of the kind from his pen; but, as Ben Jonson had some years before termed him "Antonio Balladino, *pageant poet*," and had laughed at him, on account of his employment in that capacity by

¹ Gifford's "Ben Jonson's Works," vi., 327. He was most decisively of opinion that "The Case is altered" was the production of Ben Jonson; and, indeed, the internal evidence alone is sufficient proof that he wrote the greater, and the better, part of it.

² See "Extracts from Stat. Registers," ii., 138.

the corporation of London, we may, perhaps, conclude that Munday had previously written some descriptive ceremonials of the same sort, which (like many others) have not been recovered.¹ That of 1605 was called "The Triumphs of re-united Britania," on the election of Sir Leonard Holiday; and upon the title-page the author is described as "A. Munday, Citizen and *Draper*." The fact is that, as he did not nearly serve out his time with John Alde, he was not entitled to be free of the Stationers' Company; and his father, Christopher Munday, having belonged to the Drapers' Company, the son must have obtained his privileges as a member of it by patrimony. This circumstance will account for what we find stated near the close of Thomas Middleton's "Triumphs of Truth," which was a Pageant written to celebrate the Mayoralty of

¹ The Rev. Alexander Dyce supposes that Munday was struck at by Kemp, in his "Nine-days' Wonder," 1600, in the following words: "I was let to wit that another Lord of litle wit, one whose imployment for the Pageant was utterly spent, he being knowne to be Elderton's immediate heyre, was vehemently suspected; but after due inquisition was made, he was at that time knowne to live like a man in a mist, having quite given over the mistery." (Repr. by the Camden Society, p. 21.) This description, however, is general, and might be applied to other writers of the time with equal appropriateness. Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, vi., 328) was of opinion that Munday wrote all the Lord Mayors' Pageants from 1591 to the end of the reign of Elizabeth; but of course it was only a conjecture. As to Munday being "Elderton's immediate heir," as a *ballad* writer, none of his productions of this kind, as far as we know, have come down to our day; and the only one distinctly imputed to him (excepting by some entries in the Stationers' Registers) is the "ballad of Untruss" mentioned by Thomas Nash in his letter to Sir Robert Cotton, written about 1597, and printed in "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," i., 305.

1613.¹ We are there told that "Anthony Munday, gentleman," furnished "the apparel and porters" for it; and we take it, that his being free of the Drapers' Company gave him advantages or facilities for the purpose: the "apparel" speaks for itself, and the "porters" were, no doubt, men who carried some of the cumbrous ornaments of the procession.

It has been supposed that Middleton, in the introduction to his "Triumphs of Truth," intended our author by the words, "looking like the picture of Black Monday;" but we apprehend that this was a mere phrase, and that neither it, nor other terms, such as "impudent common writer," can allude to an individual who was associated with Middleton in the production. It is true, that Munday penned the Pageants of 1605 and 1611, (those of the intervening years are missing) but Thomas Dekker was the writer of that of 1612,² immediately preceding the "Triumphs of Truth;" and it is certain that Middleton did not drive Munday out of the field, for he was employed

¹ Middleton's Works, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, v., 215.

² As the title of this rare Pageant is not given at length by Mr. J. G. Nichols, in his "London Pageants," 8vo., 1831, nor in the "Biographia Dramatica," nor in any other authority, it may be added here, from a copy in the library of the Duke of Devonshire:—

"Troja-Nova Triumphans. London Triumphant, or the Solemne, Magnificent, and memorable Receiving of that worthy gentleman, Sir John Swinerton, Knight, into the Citty of London after his Returne from taking the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster on the morrow next after Simon and Judes day, being the 29 of October, 1612. All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots of Triumph, with other Devices, (both on the Water and Land) here fully expressed. By Thomas Dekker.—London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, &c. 1612." 4to.

by the corporation in the very next year, (1614) as well as in the years 1615 and 1616. It seems, therefore, more likely that Middleton's allusion, if any were intended, should have been to Dekker than to Munday. Munday's Pageants for 1611, 1614, 1615, and 1616, were "Chryso-thriambos, the Triumphs of Gold"—"The Triumphs of Old Drapery"—"Metropolis Coronata"—and "Chrysanaleia, the Golden Fishing." The full titles of these pieces are appended to the present memoir.

Munday's "Brief Chronicle of the Success of Times," the name of which sufficiently explains the nature of the production, came out in 1611. It possesses no original feature.

He must have been acquainted with Stow, who several times in his *Annales* refers to him as his authority for particular facts; and who, before his death, in 1605, seems to have put some of his papers and collections into Munday's hands, especially such as related to the city and liberties of London. To what extent Stow entrusted them to him, and for what precise purpose, we have no means of deciding, but the latter appears to have made considerable use of them in an edition of Stow's "Survey" which he published in 1618. The original compiler had then been dead about thirteen years, and during twelve of them Munday professes to have employed himself in accumulating materials, and making additions and corrections. The result is not remarkable for industry or accuracy, points which Stow always justly considered of paramount importance in a work of the

kind; and as the two earlier impressions of 1598¹ and 1603 were out of print in 1618, the undertaking of that year may have been somewhat of a bookseller's speculation. Munday continued the list of the Mayors and Sheriffs, and inserted various additional epitaphs and inscriptions, so as to add much to the bulk of the volume.

His initials (in conjunction with those of another unnamed individual) were continued upon the title-page, when the "Survey" was again printed in 1633; but this was the year of Munday's death; and it is remarkable that he had reached the same age as Stow. He was buried on the 10th August, in the Church of St. Stephen, Coleman Street, and the following inscription was placed upon his monument, which, together with that edifice, was destroyed by the great fire of 1666:—

"To the memory
Of that ancient Servant to the City,
with his Pen, in divers employments,
especially the *Survey of London*,
Master *Anthony Munday*,
Citizen and Draper
of *London*.

He that hath many an ancient Tombstone read,
(Ith labour seeming, more among the *dead*
To live, than with the *living*) that survaid
Obstruse Antiquities, and ore them laid
Such vive and beauteous colours with his Pen,
(That spite of time) those old are new agen,
Vnder this Marble lies inter'd: His Tombe,
Clayming (as worthily it may) this roome,

¹ This seems to be the year of its earliest publication, but some copies of the first edition have 1599 on the title-page.

Among those many Monuments his Quill
 Has so reviv'd, helping now to fill
 A place (with those) in his *Survey* : in which
 He has a Monument, more faire, more rich,
 Than polisht Stones could make him, where he lies
 Though dead, still living, and in That, nere dyes.

Obiit Anno Ætatis suæ 80. Domini 1633.

Augusti 10."

We derive the preceding from "The Survey of London, by Stow, A. M., H. D., &c." 1633, folio, p. 869;¹ so that not only was the subject of it dead, but his monument had probably been put up, and inscribed, before that edition of the work was published.

Of Munday's private life, when he married, (if indeed, he married at all) or how many children he left behind him, we know nothing; and it is remarkable, considering his celebrity, and the number of works he published, how rarely he is mentioned by his contemporaries.

¹ The Editor is indebted for it to his accurate and learned friend, Mr. Bolton Corney, who has also enabled him to append to the present Introduction some important and well-digested information respecting the impressions of Stow's "Survey" in 1618 and 1633.

LIST OF ANTHONY MUNDAY'S WORKS.

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO DATES.

I. The Defence of Povertie against the Desire of worldly Riches, dialogue-wise: collected by Anthonie Mundaye.

[Only known from the Registers of the Company of Stationers, where it was licensed, precisely in this form, to John Charlwood on 18th November, 1577. See "Extracts," ii., 49.]

II. Galien of France.

[Mentioned in the preliminary matter to the "Mirror of Mutability," 1579, as having been already printed, and dedicated by Munday to the Earl of Oxford. Not entered at Stationers' Hall, but probably printed by John Alde, or John Charlwood.]

III. The Mirrour of Mutabilitie, or principall part of the Mirrour for Magistrates. Describing the fall of divers famous Princes, and other memorable Personages. Selected out of the Sacred Scriptures by Antony Munday, and dedicated to the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford. Imprinted at London by J. Alde, and are to be solde by Richard Ballard, at Saint Magnus Corner. 1579. 4to.

[Licensed 10th October, 1579: see "Extracts Stat. Reg.," ii., 100. Only two copies seem to have been preserved.]

IV. The pain of Pleasure. In Verse. By Ant. Munday. The Rev. Dr. Farmer, Master of Emanuel Coll., Camb. 1580. 4to.

[This title is from Herbert's "Ames," iii., 1337, as the first work printed by Henry Car, or Carre. Entered in the Stationers' Registers

on 9th September, 1578, as "compiled by N. Britten:" see "Extracts," ii., 67. Herbert must have seen Dr. Farmer's copy.]

V. Zelauto. The Fountaine of Fame erected in an orcharde of amorous adventures, by Ant. Munday. 1580. 4to.

[From Ritson, ("Bibl. Poet.," p. 282) where it is again inserted, under the title of "Zelauto. The fountaine of Fame. 1580." It was not entered in the Stationers' Registers; but no doubt Ritson had good authority for his statement.]

VI. A ballat made by Anthony Munday, of then-couragement of an English soldior to his fellow mates. 1580.

[Thus licensed in the Stationers' Registers to John Charlwood, on 8th March, 1579-80: "Extracts," ii., 109. No copy, in print or in MS., is known, but it was doubtless a broadside.]

VII. A view of sundry Examples. Reporting many straunge murthers, sundry persons perjured, Signes and tokens of Gods anger towards us. What straunge and monstrous Children have of late beene borne:—And all memorable murthers since the murder of maister Saunders by George Browne, to this present and bloody murder of Abell Bourne, Hosyer, who dwelled in Newgate Market. 1580. Also a short discourse of the late Earthquake, the sixt of Aprill. Gathered by A. M.—Imprinted at London for William Wright, and are to be sold at the long shop, adjoyning vnto S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie. 4to.

[Not hitherto known, nor inserted in any list of Anthony Munday's productions. It was not entered in the Stationers' Registers. The murder of Abel Bourne occurred in 1580.]

VIII. A breefe discourse of the taking of Edm. Campion and divers other Papists in Barkeshire. Gathered by A. M. Imprinted at London for William Wright, and are to be solde at his shoppe in the Poultrie: the middle shoppe in the rowe, adjoyning to Saint Mildreds Church. 1581. 8vo.

[Not entered in the Stationers' Registers; but several copies of it are extant. Its statements were disputed by George Elliot.]

IX. A Discoverie of Edmund Campion and his Confederates, their most horrible and traitorous practises, against her Majesties most royall person, and the Realme. Wherein may be seene, how thorowe the whole course of their Araignment: they were notably convicted in every cause. Whereto is added, the Execution of Edmund Campion, Raphe Sherwin, and Alexander Brian, executed at Tiborne the 1 of December. Published by A. M., sometime the Popes Scholler, allowed in the Seminarie at Roome amongst them, &c. Seene and allowed. Imprinted at London for Edward White, dwelling at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gunne, the 29 of Janua., 1582. 8vo.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers to Edward White, on 12th March, 1582, although dated on the title-page six weeks earlier. "Extracts," ii, 162.]

X. A breefe and true reporte of the Execution of certaine Traytours at Tiborne, the xxviii and xxx dayes of Maye. 1582. Gathered by A. M., who was there present. *Honos alit Artes*, &c. Imprinted at London, for William Wright, and are to be solde at

his shop, adjoyning unto S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie, the middle shop in the rowe. 1582. 4to.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers on 31st May, 1582, where Anthony Munday's name is inserted at length, as the author of it. "Extracts," ii., 164.]

XI. The English Romaine Lyfe: Discovering the Lives of the Englishmen at Roome, the orders of the English Seminarie, the dissention betweene the Englishmen and the Welshmen, the banishing of the Englishmen out of Roome, the Popes sending for them againe: a reporte of many of the paltrie Reliques in Roome, their Vautes under the grounde, their holy Pilgrimages, &c. Written by A. M., sometime the Popes Scholler in the Seminarie among them. *Honos alit Artes.*—Seene and allowed. Imprinted at London by John Charlwood for Nicholas Ling, &c. 1582. 4to.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers to J. Charlewoode and N. Lynge, on 19th June, 1582: "Extracts," ii., 168. One of the least rare of Munday's productions.]

XII. A breefe Aunswer made unto two seditious Pamphlets, the one printed in French, and the other in English. Contayning a defence of Edmund Campion and his complices, their most horrible and unnaturall Treasons against her Majestie and the Realme. By A. M. *Honos alit artes.* Imprinted at London for Edward White, dwelling at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gunne. 1582. 8vo.

[Some copies purport to have been "Imprinted at London by John Charlwood:" see Bridgewater Catalogue, 4to., 1837, p. 202. Entered in

the Stationers' Registers to Edward White on 12th March, 1582; but Charlwood no doubt had an interest in it. "Extracts," ii., 161.]

XIII. The sweete Sobbes and amorous Complaints of Sheppardes and Nymphes, in a fancye composed by An. Munday. 1583.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers to John Charlwood, on 19th August, 1583, but not known to exist. "Extracts," ii., 182.]

XIV. Fidele and Fortun[io]. The deceipts in love discoursed in a Comedie of two Italian gent[lemen], translated into English. 4to.

[Two copies only known, one with a dedication subscribed A. M., but the title-pages wanting in both. Entered in the Stationers' Registers to Thomas Hackett, on 12th November, 1584: "Extracts," ii., 193. The heroes of this drama have sometimes, by mistake, been called Fidele and Fortunatus.]

XV. A Watch-woord to Englande to beware of traytors and tretcherous practises, which have beene the overthrowe of many famous kingdomes and common weales. Written by a faithfull affected freend to his country, who desireth God to blesse it from Traytours and their secret conspiracyes. Seene and allowed, &c.—London, Printed for Tho. Hacket, and are to be solde at his shop in Lumbard streete, under the signe of the Popes head. 1584. 4to.

[Dedicated by A. M. to Queen Elizabeth; but not entered at Stationers' Hall. This work is well known.]

XVI. Ant. Monday, his godly Exercise for Christian Families, containing an order of Praiers for Morning and Evening, with a little Catechism betweene the Man and his Wife. London. 1586. 8vo.

[This title is derived from Andrew Maunsell's Catalogue, 1595; the

work is not now extant, nor does it appear to have been entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company.]

XVII. A Banquet of Daintie Conceits. Furnished with verie delicate and choyse inventions, to delight their mindes who take pleasure in Musique, and therewithall to sing sweete Ditties, either to the Lute, Bandora, Virginalles, or anie other instrument, &c. Written by A. M., Servaunt to the Queenes most excellent Majestie. *Honos alit artes.* At London. Printed by I. C. for Edwarde White, and are to be sold at the signe of the Gunne, at the little North doore of Paules. Anno 1588. 4to.

[The dedication is signed, Anthony Monday. Entered in the Stationers' Registers to Thomas Hacket, on 6th July, 1584, and perhaps there was an earlier edition than any now known. See "Extracts," ii., 187; and "British Bibliographer," ii., 137.]

XVIII. Palmerin d'Oliva. Translated by A. M. John Charlwood. 1588. 4to.

[Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 204. On the 10th March, 1595, William Leake entered "The third book of Palmerin of England, to be printed in English:" see the Stationers' Registers. Two parts of "Palmerin of England" were entered by Tho. Creede, assigned to him by W. Wright, on 9th August, 1597.]

XIX. The famous, pleasant, and variable Historie of Palladine of England. Discoursing of honorable Adventures of Knightly deedes of Armes and Chivalrie: enterlaced likewise with the love of sundrie noble personages, &c. Translated out of French by A. M., one of the messengers of her Majesties Chamber. *Patere aut abstine.* At London, Printed by Edward Allde for John Perin, &c. 1588. 4to.

[See the Bridgewater Catalogue, 4to., 1837, p. 203, for a notice of a

copy of this edition. An intended reprint was entered at Stationers' Hall on 12th November, 1596, by Valentine Syms, as "The history of Palladine of England," provided that no other Stationer had a right to it "by former entrance."]

XX. The famous History of Palmendos, son to the most Renowned Palmerin d'Oliva, Emperour of Constantinople, and the Heroick Queen of Tharsus, &c. John Charlwood. 1589. 4to.

[This work is promised in a postscript to Munday's "Palladine of England," 1588: see Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 204. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on 9th January, 1588-9, in the following manner:—

"John Charlwood. Entred for his copie The honorable histories of Palmendos and primaleon of Grece, sonnes to the famous emperor Palmerin d'Olive of Constantinople, devided into vij several bookes or partes."]

XXI. The defence of Contraries. Paradoxes against common opinion, debated in forme of declamations, in place of public censure: only to exercise yong wittes in difficult matters. Wherein is no offence to Gods honour, the estate of Princes, or private mens honest actions: but pleasant recreation to beguile the iniquity of time. Translated out of French by A. M., one of the messengers of her Majesties chamber. *Patere aut abstinere*. Imprinted—by John Windet for him. 1593. 4to.

[From Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1222. See No. xxv. in this list.]

XXII. Amadis de Gaule, the first booke translated by Anthony Munday. 1595. 4to.

[The late Mr. Rodd had an imperfect copy of this impression. It was entered at Stationers' Hall as follows, under date of 15th January, 1588-9, and probably then printed, though no edition so early seems to be known:—

"Edw. Aldee. Entred unto him, the first foure bookes of Amadis de Gaule. To be translated into English."

The second, third, fourth, and fifth books, were entered by John Wolf, on 10th April, 1592; but nothing is said of the first book. The twelve books were entered by Adam Islip and William Morynge, on the 26th October, 1594.]

XXIII. The Second Booke of Amadis de Gaule, containing the description, wonders, and conquest of the Firme-Island. The triumphs and troubles of Amadis, his manifold victories obtained, and sundry services done for King Lisuart: the Kinges ingratitude, and first occasion of those broiles and mortall wars that no small time continued between him and Amadis. Englished by L. P. London, Printed for C. Burbie, and are to be sold at his shop at the Royal Exchange. 1595. 4to.

[L. P. is Lazarus Piot, a name assumed by Anthony Munday, who in 1619 reprinted the translation in his own name. Mr. Rodd had an imperfect copy of this book: see also "Notes and Queries," iv., p. 85, where the preceding title is given, though not with literal accuracy, and a question put, which we have endeavoured to answer.]

XXIV. The Book of John a Kent and John a Cumber. A Comedy.

[Now first printed from the original MS., dated December, 1595.]

XXV. The Orator: Handling a hundred severall Discourses, in forme of Declamations: Some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Authors owne invention: Part of which are of matters happened in our Age. Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P. London Printed by Adam Islip. 1596. 4to.

[The dedication is signed, Lazarus Piot. Possibly this is only a reprint, or, more probably, an enlargement of a former work by Anthony

Munday: see No. **xxi**. The following is an entry in the Stationers' Registers of what appears to be another, and an earlier, translation of the same work, by E. A., (*i.e.*, Edward Aggas) one of the booksellers who sent it for license: the date is 25th August, 1590:—

"Edward Aggas.

"John Wolf. Allowed for their copie, &c., certen Tragicall cases, conteyninge LV histories, with their severall declamations, both accusative and defensive, written by Alexander Vandebush, alias Sylven, translated into Englishe by E. A."

Edward Aggas translated other books from the French. The preceding may possibly be the entry of No. **xxi**.; and Munday's version, in 1596, consists of a hundred Declamations and Answers.]

XXVI. Mother Redcap, a play, by Anthony Munday and Michael Drayton. .

[Philip Henslowe, in his "Diary," p. 106, mentions this drama under the dates of 22nd December, 1597, and 3rd January, 1598. On 10th March, 1595, Tho. Creede entered at Stationers' Hall "a book intituled Mother Redd Capp, her last will and Testament." Perhaps the play was founded upon this "book," or it might be the play itself.]

XXVII. The first part of Robin Hood, a play, by Anthony Munday.

[So called by Henslowe, in his "Diary," p. 118, under date 15th February, 1598. It was printed in 1601, under the title of "The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington," &c.: see the Supplementary Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays." "A pastorall plesant Comedie of Robin Hood and Little John" was licensed at Stationers' Hall to Edward White, on 14th May, 1594; but it may have been merely a re-publication of "The playe of Robyn Hode," printed by Copland.]

XXVIII. The second part of Robin Hood, by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle.

[See Henslowe's "Diary," p. 119, where it is inserted under date 28th February, 1598, and imputed to Chettle as well as Munday. It is reprinted from the edition of 1601, in the Supplementary Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays."]

XXIX. The Funeral of Richard Cordelion, a play

by Anthony Munday, Henry Chettle, Robert Wilson, and Michael Drayton.

[In Henslowe's "Diary," p. 124, this play is mentioned under date of 13th June, 1598.]

XXX. Valentine and Orson, a play, by Anthony Munday and Richard Hathway.

[See Henslowe's "Diary," p. 128, where this drama is introduced under date of 19th July, 1598. A play (called in the entry "an enterlude") with this title was licensed at Stationers' Hall on 23rd May, 1596, as having been performed "by her Majesty's players." It may have been produced on the stage while the company under Henslowe was acting in conjunction with the Queen's actors.]

XXXI. Chance Medley, a play, by Anthony Munday, Robert Wilson, and Thomas Dekker.

[Mentioned in Henslowe's "Diary," p. 132, under date of 19th August, 1598.]

XXXII. The first part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, a play, by Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson, and Richard Hathway.

[Printed in 1600, some copies being with, and some without, the name of Shakespeare on the title-page, without the mention of any other authors. It is assigned to the true writers in Henslowe's "Diary," pp. 158 and 235, under date of 16th October, 1599.]

XXXIII. Owen Tudor, a play, by Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Richard Hathway, and Robert Wilson.

[Henslowe, in his "Diary," p. 163, attributes it to the above authors, under date of 10th January, 1599.]

XXXIV. Fair Constance of Rome, a play, by Anthony Munday, Richard Hathway, Robert Wilson, and Michael Drayton.

[Assigned to them by Henslowe's "Diary," p. 171, under date of 14th June, 1600.]

XXXV. The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey, a play, by Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Henry Chettle, and Wentworth Smith.

[See Henslowe's "Diary," p. 202, under date of 10th October, 1601.]

XXXVI. The strangest Adventure that ever happened: either in the ages passed or present. Containing a discourse concerning the successe of the King of Portugall, Dom Sebastian, from the time of his voyage into Affricke, when he was lost in the battell against the infidels in the yeare 1578, unto the sixt of January this present 1601. All first done in Spanish, then in French, and now lastly translated into English, &c.—London, Printed for Frances Henson, dwelling in the Black-Friers. 1601.

[Anthony Munday puts his initials at the end of the dedication to the Lord Mayor, (Rider) &c., of London. On 3rd February, 1598, John Wolf had a license at Stationers' Hall for "a booke called Straunge Newes of the Retourne of Don Sebastian, Kinge of Portugall, &c., together with a terrible deluge in Rome at their Christmas last." It was doubtless a different work on the same supposed event.]

XXXVII. Palmerin of England. Translated by Anthony Munday. 1602.

[This translation was entered as early as 13th February, 1581, (see "Extr. from Stat. Registers," ii., 138) and perhaps then printed, but no edition earlier than 1602 appears to be now known. The history was in three parts, and the full title of "the third and last part" may be seen in the Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 205.]

XXXVIII. The two Harpes, [Harpies?] a play, by Anthony Munday, Thomas Dekker, Thomas Middleton, John Webster, and Michael Drayton.

[Henslowe's "Diary," p. 222, assigns this play to the above authors, under date of 29th May, 1602.]

XXXIX. The Widow's Charm, a play, by "Anthony the poet."

[Henslowe gives no surname to the author; and another Anthony, viz., Anthony Wadeson, was a dramatist in his employment: see "Diary," p. 224. Malone (Shakespeare by Boswell, iii., 327) supposed that "The Widow's Charm" might be the same play as "The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street," which was printed in 1607, with the initials W. S. (Wentworth Smith) on the title-page.]

XL. The Set at Tennis, a play, by Anthony Munday.

[Mentioned by Henslowe as Munday's work, under date of 2nd December, 1602. See "Diary," p. 228.]

XLI. The Triumphs of reunited Britania. Performed at the Cost and Charges of the Rt. Worshipfull Company of the Merchant Taylors, in Honour of Sir Leonard Holiday, Knt, to solemnise his Entrance as Lorde Mayor of the Citty of London, on Tuesday the 29th of October, 1605. Devised and written by A. Mundy, Cittizen and Draper of London. Printed at London by W. Jaggard.

[The title-page of this Pageant, the first extant composed by Anthony Munday, is no where given with accuracy. We transcribe it from a copy belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. In the prefatory matter to his edition of Stow's "Survey," printed in 1618, Munday states that he had been "six and twenty years in sundry employements for the City's service".]

XLII. A briefe Chronicle of the successe of Times, from the Creation of the World to this instant. London, W. Jaggard, 1611.

[A mere compilation, of sufficiently common occurrence. Munday alludes to it in his edition of Stow's "Survey," 1618.]

XLIII. Chryso-thriambos: the Triumphes of Golde. At the inauguration of Sir James Pemberton, Knight, in the dignity of Lord Maior of London, on Tuesday the 29 of October, 1611. Performed in the harty Love, and at the Charges of the Right Worshipfull, worthy, and ancient Company of Goldesmithes. Devised and written by A. M., Cittizen and Draper of London. Printed by William Jaggard, Printer to the City.

[The note that William Jaggard was "printer to the City," seems new. A copy of the above Pageant is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.]

XLIV. The Triumphs of Old Drapery, or the Rich Cloathing of England. At the charge of the Right Worshipfull Company of Drapers, at the Installation of Thomas Hayes. By A. Munday. 1614. 4to.

[We have not been able to meet with a copy of this Pageant, and the title, as given by Mr. J. G. Nichols, in his "London Pageants," p. 102, and in other authorities, reads as if it might possibly be the same piece as that next mentioned.]

XLV. Metropolis Coronata, the Triumphes of Ancient Drapery; or Rich Cloathing in England: in a Second Yeeres Performance. In honour of the advancement of Sir John Jolles, Knight, to the high office of Lord Maior of London, and taking his Oath for the same Authoritie on Monday, being the 30 day of October, 1615. Performed in heartie affection to him, and at the bountifull Charges of his worthie Brethren, the truely honourable Society of Drapers; the first that received such dignitie in this Cittie. Devised and written by A. M., Citizen and Draper of

London. — Printed at London by George Pursloe. 1615.

[This title is from the Duke of Devonshire's copy: it is one of the least common of Munday's Pageants. The words, "in a second years performance," may have reference to No. XLIV., which we have never had an opportunity of inspecting.]

XLVI. Chrysanaleia, the Golden Fishing; or the Honour of Fishmongers: applauding the Advancement of Mr. John Leman, Alderman, to the dignity of Lord Maior of London; taking his Oath in the same authority at Westminster on Tuesday, being the 29 day of October, 1616. Performed in hearty love to him, and at the charges of his worthy Brethren, the ancient and right worshippfull Company of Fishmongers. Devised and written by A. M., Citizen and Draper of London. Printed at London by George Pursloe. 1616.

[Four copies of this Pageant are known, and it is the last that came from the pen of Munday, as far as we are at present informed, although he was living seventeen years afterwards.]

[Mr. Bolton Corney has kindly furnished the following particulars respecting the editions of Stow's "Survey" in 1618 and 1633.]

XLVII. "The svrvay of London . . . Written in the yeere 1598 by Iohn Stow, Citizen of London. Since then, continued, corrected and much enlarged, with many rare and worthy Notes, both of Venerable Antiquity, and later memorie; such as were neuer published before this present yeere 1618. London, printed by George Purslowe, 1618." 4to. pp. 12 + 980 + 4 = 996.

This volume was edited by Anthony Munday, under his initials only. It is inscribed as follows: "To the right honorable, George Bolles, Lord Maior of the Citie of London, Sir Anthony Benn, Knight, Recorder of London: and to all the Knights and Aldermen, Brethren-Senatours in the State of so Famous a Citie: all of them being my honorable and worthy Masters: A. M. wisheth the fruition of all temporall felicities in this life; and the neuer-failing fulnesse of blessednesse in the life to come."—The editor received the command of the corporation of London to proceed with this work as early as 1606. In the dedication, he calls Stow "the first painefull searcher into the reuerend antiquities concerning this famous citie," and gives various particulars of his own career, which his biographers have omitted to notice. He was assisted by Mr. Humphrey Dyson, a notary public, and by others. As to the additions made to "The Survey" at this time, it may be sufficient to state that the volume exceeds that of 1603 to the extent of four hundred pages.

"The survey of London . . . Begunne first by the paines and industry of Iohn Stow, in the yeere 1598. Afterwards enlarged by the care and diligence of A. M. in the yeere 1618. And now completely finished by the study and labour of A. M. H. D. and others, this present yeere 1633. London, printed by Elizabeth Pvrslow—sold by Nicholas Bourn, 1633." Folio. pp. 16 + 944 + 28 = 988.

A. M. denotes Anthony Munday, as before; H. D. denotes Humphrey Dyson, whose name appears in

the catalogue of authors consulted. The *Epistle dedicatorie*, which is in substance the same as that of the former edition, is addressed to the Right Honourable Ralph Freeman, Lord Mayor, and the other members of the corporation. Munday died about four months before the volume was published, and the advertisement *To the Reader* is signed C. I.

This volume, independently of the labours of Stow, contains the only history of London for the thirty years preceding its publication. It was not reprinted till 1720. The additions made by Munday and his coadjutors to the edition of 1603, consist of two chapters on the Thames and its conservancy; accounts of the rebellion of Wat Tyler, the riots of the apprentices, and the fatal vesper; of the observances of the lord mayor and aldermen, and of the laws and customs of the city; of the charitable bequests of citizens; of the twelve livery companies; of the companies of merchants, and of the minor trade-companies; of the boundaries of parishes; of the repair of churches, with a *vast number of important monumental inscriptions*; of the Charter-House, Chelsea College, and Dulwich College; of the manors of Finsbury, Stepney, and Hackney; with a perambulation, or circuit-walk, four miles round London, and *rich in epitaphs*. The volume is embellished with more than three hundred and sixty woodcuts of the armorial bearings of the mayors, and of the livery and mercantile companies. It was almost three years in the press.

An epitaph on Sir James Pemberton, in the church

of St. John Zachary, Aldersgate, is signed A. M. We may safely consider it as the composition of Munday. It describes the various charitable deeds of the worthy knight, and concludes with fifty-six lines of encomiastic verse. Ob. 1613.

Of the identity of A. M., the dramatist, and A. M., the topographer, there can be no doubt. It is a remarkable circumstance, therefore, that our author should give no information on theatrical affairs, even when describing the *sports and pastimes* of the citizens—the *Bankside*—and the *Blackfriars*! Had he been more communicative on those subjects, he might have received the honours of quotation as often as Philip Henslowe.

THE BOOK

OF

J O H N A K E N T

AND

JOHN A CUMBER.

JOHN A KENT AND JOHN A CUMBER.

ACTUS I. SCENA I

*Enter Sir GRIFFIN MERIDDOCK, of South Wales, and
JEFFREY POWESSE.*

S. Griffin. Powesse, in vayne perswadste thou
patience;

In vayne thou dreamste of lykely remedies;

In vayne thou telst of this or that conceit;

Winde breathed woordes are vayner than the winde:

Only our weapons must effect our weale.

Powesse. As hitherto, my lord, I have entreated,
So for a whyle, I pray ye, be advise.

S. Griffin. Advise? Why, what advise can Powesse
yeeld?

Is not Sidanen, with the Earle's consent

And Prince Llwellen's graunt, affyed to Moorton?

Powesse. Yea; so Pembroke hath their graunt for
Marian. But——

S. Griffin. But what? Even while we thus stand
wasting idle woordes,

Pembroke and Moorton shall possesse our looves.

Our looves exclaime against our cowardise;

Our cowardise, to our eternall shame,

In England, Wales, and Scotland, shall be sung
By every jygging mate our foes among.

Powesse. Nor English, Welshe, nor Scottish, shall
reproove

Lord Jeffrey Powesse with base cowardise.
As much, Prince Griffin, as the proudest dare,
Dares Powesse for his Marian's libertie;
Yet not with rashnes, or unbrideled heat.
Discretion must be usde; the cause is great.

S. Griffin. Great cause, indeed, when fayre Sidanen's
eyes

Dimde with the sourse of her continuall teares,
Mixing those teares amongst the mournefull ynck
That writ the cause of her lament and mine,
Seemes in this paper weeping to intreat;
And then no mervayle, though the cause be great.

[*He shewes a letter.*

Powesse. But greater cause, our countreyes cause
I meane,

If we should manage armes, as you still urge,
And so by force from noble Chester's Courte,
Agaynst his will, fetche our well-willing looves,
We may be held as traytours to the King,
That durst invade his townes in time of peace.

S. Griffin. To see how Powesse casts beyond the
moone!

As if the King would deale in these affayres;
Or if he did, is 't like his majestie
Would suffer fathers by compelling awe
To force their children from their soules affect!

Powesse. But if his highnesse subjects should be
slayne,

As in rough rescue it must needes fall out,
He will not have the meanest guiltlesse dye,
But blood for blood shall duely be repayde.

S. Griffin. Then, Powesse, least such daunger should
betyde,

You are content the Ladyes shall be lost?

Powesse. Not so, Prince Griffin: then, I would haue
stayd,

And not have come so neere to Chester's Courte.

S. Griffin. Bir lady, sir, and we are much the neere.
We two, belyke, by your complotting wit
Shall front the Earle of Chester in his Court,
And, spight of Chester's strong inhabitants,
Thorow West Chester mekely in our handes
Lead my Sidanen and your Marian,
While bothe our rivalles, and their following traynes,
Sheeplyke stand shivering at our wrathfull lookes.
Beshrewe me, but you have a passing head!
All natrall are your reasons, full of sence.

Powesse. If we obtayne them, youle leave jesting
then.

S. Griffin. Yea, that I will; but can ye tell me when?

*Enter Sr GOSSELEN DENVYLE, Sr EVAN GRIFFIN, and
JOHN.*

Gosselen. What! * * * * *
* * * * * shall have company
* * * * * trust will purge your melancholly.

John. Welcome, gentlemen; you seeme no lesse:
Be not offended at my salutations,
That bid ye stand before I say God speed;
For in playne tearmes, speed what your speed may be,
Such coyne you have bothe must and shall with me.

S. Griffin. How now, Lord Jeffrey! what companion
have we heere?
He seemes some theefe.

John. No theefe, sir, but an honest bon companion.
Nere drawe your weapons; rather trust your feete.

And yet ye cannot hence, but at my pleasure.
What needes all this? Yeeld, if I bid ye yeeld.

Powesse. Thou shouldst be John a Kent, thou art so
peremptorie;

For John a Kent is a bolde, merry knave.

John. 'Tis happie, then, he is no very knave.

I am the man: what say ye to John a Kent?

Powesse. I am Jeffrey Lord Powesse, thy maister's
freend,

And this S^r Griffin Merriddock, Prince of South Wales.

John. Why, then, I knowe ye bothe and welcome
bothe.

Mr., these are the guests you looke for, whom, had I
not well gest,

They had for welcome got a cudgelling.

Gosselen. Welcome, my Lord; and welcome, noble
Prince.

Powesse. Thankes, good S^r Gosselen Denvyle, and
S^r Evan Griffin.

I trust the men you promiske me are readie.

Gosselen. For my parte, seven score bowemen, wight
and tall,

Have I lodgde in the wood nere to the river Dee.

Evan. And I three score as strong, with hookes and
billes,

That to three hundred will not turn their backs.

Powesse. But can ye tell us any newes from Chester?

John. Colde newes for you, my Lordes. There is at
Chester

The Earle of Pembroke and the Scottish Moorton:

The one shall have Llwellen's fayre Sidanen,

The other Marian, good olde Chester's daughter,

And bothe these weddinges finished to morrowe.

S. Griffin. No more of that, my freend; thou sleyst
me with these newes.—

Hear'st thou this, Powesse? This did I foredoome:
Now all your wise devises come too late.

Gosselen. Content ye, good my Lord; no whit too late.

Heere is a lad on whom we doo relye
For slye conveyance of the Ladyes hither.
Full of conceit he is, and deepely seene
In secret artes to worke for your awayle.

S. Griffin. Canst thou, my freend, from foorth the
vaultes beneath

Call up the ghostes of those long since deceast,
Or from the upper region of the ayre
Fetch swift wingde spirits to effect thy will?

John. Can you, my Lord, and you, and you, and you,
Goe to the venson for your suppers drest,
And afterward goe lay ye downe to rest?

Powesse. How then, sweet John? All this thou
knowest we can,

And what thou canst we haue no doubt at all;
But what thou wilt, that gladly would we learne.

John. I will to morrow bring you Marian;
And you, Prince Griffin, your beloovde Sidanen.
Will this content ye?

S. Griffin. As all the world cannot content me more.

John. Why then, I pray ye, be content to goe
And frolick cheereely, for it shall be so.

Gosselen. I warrant ye, my Lords. Come, let us in.
[*Exeunt.*]

John. So, they must banquet; I unto my busines.
But let me muse a little on this loove,
Full of [so] many feares, so sundry joyes;
Now peace, now plagued, diversly distract.

* * * * *

But John a Kent won't leese them: * *
Rather minde thou the pleasing joyes of loove,

And since so good a subject they present,
 Uppon these loovers practise thou thy wit.
 Help, hinder, give, take back, turne, overturne,
 Deceive, bestowe, breed pleasure, discontent,
 Yet comickly conclude, like John a Kent. [Exit.]

Enter at one doore RANULPHE, Earle of CHESTER,
 OSWEN, his sonne, young AMERY, Lord MORTAIGUE;
with them the Countesse, her daughter MARIAN, and
fayre SIDANEN. At another doore enter the Earles of
 PEMBROOKE, MOORTON, *and their trayne.*

Moorton. All health be to the noble Earle of Chester,
 His Countesse, and these honorable Ladyes,
 Whom one by one I humbly gratulate,
 Wishing to them their happy hartes content.

Pemb. The lyke dooth Pembrook to this goodly
 trayne.

Chester. Earle Moorton, and my noble Lord of Pem-
 brooke,

Whose presence brings contentment to my soule,
 And adds true honor to your noble names,
 For having kept your vowes inviolate,
 How you are welcome, woordes shall not explaine,
 But such as best beseemes your entertaine.—
 Your father, madame, will be heere this night,
 Or early in the morning, well I woot,
 For such provision hath he sent before,
 As shewes him selfe will not be farre behind.¹—
 And sith it is our auncient Englishe guyse,
 The bridegroomes should uppon the wedding day
 Come from some distant place to fetche their brydes,
 My house at Plessye is for you preparte.

¹ This and the three preceding lines, addressed to Sidanen, are inserted in the margin, with an asterisk.

Thence to the Castell shall you walke along,
 And at St. John's shall be solemnized
 The nuptialles of your honors and these virgens;
 For to that Church Edgar, once England's king,
 Was by eight kinges, conquerd by him in warres,
 Rowed royally on St. John Baptist day.
 In memory of which pompe, the earles our auncestours
 Have to that Church beene noble benefactours.

Moorton. Eight kings rowe one? That was great
 pompe, indeed!

Pemb. One of them was of Scotland, as I read;
 The Irishe and the Dane two more besyde,
 And five of Brittain, all subdued by him.
 To see that Church will greatly joy my minde,
 Because I there a greater joy shall fynde.

Moorton. Why lookes Sidanen sad? Why sighes
 she so?

Sidanen. Pardon, my lord; such thinges you may
 not knowe.

Moorton. She not mislykes her choyse, I hope, of me?

Sidanen. No, God forbid. Although you are not he.
[*Asyde.*

Moorton. Why, then, looke cheerly, as Sidanen should.

Sidanen. I doo, my Lord. And better if I could.

[*Asyde.*

Pemb. Madame, the Scottish Lord hath got a gracious
 looke;

But Pembroke is not halfe so happy yet.

Oswen. Sister, you wrong the noble Earle with frownes.

Amery. My Lord, content ye: women fayne dislyke,
 Where their affections beare the highest regard.

Marian. You are too young, my Lord, to judge so
 soundly.

Amery. I finde it writ by them that judgde pro-
 foundly.

Marian. Bookes may beguyle ye.

Oswen. My Lord, that cut came roundly.

Pemb. Your sadnes tell, if I may knowe the cause.

Marian. Me thinkes, my Lord, the custom is too hard,

When loovers meet so suddenly to parte.

Pemb. To morrowes joy will end that bitter smart.

Marian. To see ye no more, how would it ease my hart!

[*Asyde.*

Chester. Well, noble Lordes, for this time break we off. Sonne, and Lord Amery, you will be their guyde.

Oswen. Yea, my good Lord. Then, goe we, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt. Manent SIDANEN, &c.*

Countesse. [My gentle] Cossen, now we are alone, Let me entreat to know the secret cause That mooves these passions more then over pensive, Which were not wont in you to woorke such chaunge? If in my power to counsell or prevent There rest a meane, let me but knowe your mindes, And what I may shall surely be effected, To either of your longing harts content.

Sydanen. Madame, your tender care and kinde affect Assures Sidanen of your honor's faith.

In breefe, my noble Aunte, this is the cause

Why poore Sydanen is disconsolate ;

That she must leave her countrey and her kinne,

And passe to Scotland with the Earle of Moorton.

Countesse. Cossen, his kindnesse soone will calme this greefe,

And, therefore, cast these cares behinde thy back.

But what olde man is this comes toward us?

Enter JOHN A KENT, like an aged Hermit.

John. Ladyes, if crooked age and homely weedes Breed not contempte, vouchsafe, I humbly pray,

Your charitable comfort, to sustayne
 A little longer these spent, withred limbes,
 That, numbde through chilnesse of my frost-bit blood,
 Which six score winters hath resisted stormes,
 And just so many times the summer's heate,
 Now quaking lyke the winde-blown bough for strength,
 Witnesse that all thinges yeeld to time at length.

Countesse. How much I greeve, that these thy silver
 hayres

Should in extreamest age feele taste of want,
 And this thy furrowed face with tears distaynd,
 Shall well appeare, for thou shalt in with us.
 These feeble limbes, with age so overworne,
 Shall fynde repose, and not be left forlorne.

Marian. Father, receive this little gyft of me.

Sydanen. And heere, olde man, take this to comfort
 thee. [Give him some mony.]

John. As many blessings light upon you three,
 As cares and crosses have befallne to me.
 But much I feare, if arte may judge aright,
 Some ill is toward these twayne this present night.

Sydanen. What sayst thou, father? art thou a man
 of skill?

John. Lady, in youth I studyed hidden artes,
 And proffited in Chiromancie much.
 If sight be not obscurde, through nature's weaknesse,
 I can, for once I could discourse, by favour
 And rules of palmestrie, ensuing chaunces.

Marian. Good father, tell my fortune, if thou canst.

Sydanen. Nay, mine, I pray thee, first: I askte thee
 first.

John. Strive not, fayre ladyes; shewe me bothe your
 handes,

For your complexions seeme to be alyke.

[He sees their handes.]

Nay, let me see: bothe your affections are alyke.
Blush not, but tell me, are ye not bothe betrothde
To two great Lordes, without your parents knowledge?

Countesse. They are betrothde, indeed; but with their
parents knowledge,

And bothe to morrow must be maryed.

John. Now, God forbid! Woes me to thinke theron.

Countesse. Why, father? I pray thee, speake.

John. Good madame, pardon me: let me be gon,
And leave the God of heaven to woorke his will.

[*He offers to depart.*]

Sydanen. Nay, stay, good father. I pray thee, tell
the wourst.

Marian. My hart dooth throb.—Sweet father, then
resolve us.

John. Sith you compell me, Ladyes, I will speak;
And what I say, beleeeve it on your lives.
If ere thou * * sorrowe cheere the harts

* * * * *

You washe not at Saint Winifredes fayre spring
Your lilly handes, and list the holy voyce,
Which will resolve ye of your loove's sweet choyse,
I may not say what shall ye bothe betyde;
But harder fortune nere befell fayre Bryde.

Countesse. Alas! the spring is three myles hence, at
least,

And now thou seest the night approacheth on.

John. Let not the distaunce hinder them to goe,
Least they and you wishe that ye had doone so.

Countesse. Father, I have some reason to beleeeve thee,
By what I must keep secret to my selfe;
And but my Lord condemnes these auncient rules,
Religiously observed in these partes,
I would crave leave for them to travell thither;
For many have misdoone that did it not.

Sydanen. Rather then hard mishap should us befall,
Twere good we were acquainted therewithall.

Marian. Good mother, this fayre evening let us
goe:

Weele come agayne before my father knowe.

Countesse. Well, goe ye shall, and I along with ye,
Had we some trusty freend to be our guyde.

John. Ladyes, although my limbes be not so strong,
My bones neere marrowlesse, bloodlesse my veynes,
Yet use hath made me perfect in the way,
And if your honors deigne so olde a guyde,
So speed my soule as shall to you betyde.

Countesse. None better. But what houre of night is
best?

John. When twise two houres the daughters of the
night

Have driven their ebon chariot thorow the ayre,
And with their duskie winges breathde calmie rest
Upon the eye liddes of eche living thing,
The silver shyning horned lamp dooth rise,
By whose cleere light we may discern the pathe,
Wherin, though lamely now I seeme to plod,
Yet will I guyde ye safely to the spring,
And for your comming at the back gate wayte.
Till when God's benison protect ye all.

Countesse. Well, father, we will come, upon mine
honor.

Sydanen. The houre is one, at midnight. Fayle us
not. [*Exeunt.*]

John. Fayle ye? In faith, that were a sillie jest:
Our sporte would fayle, if I should fayle mine houre.
[*He pulles [off] his beard.*]

But husht! Heere comes my hotspurre, and Lord
Powesse.

Enter S^r GRIFFIN and Lord POWESSE.

S. Griffin. Lord Powesse, heer's John a Kent, dect in a Pilgrimes weede.

Powesse. Why, how now, John! Turnd greene to Fryer's gray?

John. What madnes makes ye come so farre this way?

The town's beset, our purpose is descride,
And now I see your comming made all spyde.

S. Griffin. Help us to scape unto thy maister's cave.
Yet, ere we goe, tell me, sawest thou Sydanen?

John. I sawe her; but you shall never see her more.

S. Griffin. Why so, sweet John? What! is Sydanen dead?

John. No.

S. Griffin. Is she fled?

John. No.

S. Griffin. Is Moorton and Sydanen maryed?

John. Neither.

S. Griffin. Wherefore, then, shall not I agayne be-
holde her?

John. Because your honor is too full of heate,
And by your rashnes will discover all.
Wherefore, shift as ye can, for I will leave ye.

Powesse. Nay, I pray thee, John, tell us the trueth
of all.

John. The troth is, if ye meane to have the ladyes,
Be bolde, and goe along where I shall leade ye;
And as I shall appoynt, so followe my directions.

S. Griffin. But will they come?

John. They will, if you will goe.

S. Griffin. But how?

John. Why, on their feet: I know no other way.

S. Griffin. But when?

John. Nay, then, we shall be troubled. When, how, where?

Powesse. I pray thee tell us, John, without delay.

John. Content ye, Lordes; Ile tell ye on the way.

Come, let us goe.

S. Griffin. John, Ile renowne thee, if it fall out so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter TURNOP, with his crewe of Clownes, and a Minstrell.

Turnop. Nay, never talke of it. Hugh the Sexten stutters: let him read the first lyne, or see if he can say the speeche that Dawes, our Churchwarden, made in prayse of his mill horsse.

Hugh. It makes no matter. I think my selfe the wisest because I am Sexten, and being Sexten, I will say the speeche I made my selfe.

Tom Tabrer. Heare ye, Hugh. Be not so forward: take a little vise of your minstrell.

Omnes. And well sayd, Thomas Tabrer: you haue scression; speak on.

Tom. One of the wisest of us must speak, and either he must be Hugh, or Turnop. Now, Hugh is Sexten, an office of retoritie, I tell ye.

Turnop. Yea; that's when he is in the belfrie, not else.

Omnes. Hugh! Hugh! Hugh shall speak the speache to the Lordes.

Tom. But Turnop being my Lordes man, his hogheard, his familiaritie servaunt, he in my minde is not only fit, but also accessary for the ration making. Then, Turnop say I.

Omnes. Turnop! Turnop! Wele have none but Turnop!

Turnop. Well, for your wisdomes in chusing me, I rest quoniam dygnitatis vestrum primarion, as the Poet

Pediculus sayth; and the next vestrie bound to deferre ye to severall locall places.

Spurling. How now, Hugh? are ye put downe, in faith?

Hugh. That's because he has a little more learning, and has borrowed the ushers olde coat to grace him selfe withall.

Tom. O! take heed of learning while ye live: it is a goodly matter.

Turnop. Frater meum amantissime, Hugo the Bel-ringer; the hebrew epitheton Barra cans, as much as to say, no man can barre him. Chaunce perswadeth you to remit, or submit, or admit your selfe to the crye of your bretheren. How say ye, then, fellow men in armes, in this our showe who shalbe the speaker?

Omnes. Turnop! Turnop! Weele have none but Turnop!

Turnop. Then, let us set forward, for now it is uppon the Lordes comming. Thomas, firk it with your fiddle. Spurling, you play the Moore, vaunce up your Tun; and Robert, holde your porrenger right, least you spill the conceit, for heere they come.

Enter PEMBROOK, MOORTON, OSWEN, AMERY: to them this crewe marching; one drest like a Moore, with a Tun painted with yellow oker; another with a porrenger full of water, and a pen in it. TURNOP speaketh the oration.

Lyke to the Cedar in the loftie sea,
Or milke white mast uppon the humble mount,
So, hearing that your honors came this way,
Of our rare wittes we came to give account.
For when as princes passe through pettie townes,
They must be welcomd, least they tearme us clownes.
Our presentes precious; first the golden Tunne,

Borne by that monstrous murrian black-a-moore,
 Mortonus Earlus, in thy prayse is doone.
 This flowing brook, hemd in with this tierce shoare,
 That hath * * * * *

Is peerelesse Pembroke, that I have not * *
 As for the two last rymes, right woorshipfull and not
 other-wise, by the error of the Authour ouerslipped, is
 thus by Timothie Turnop, the oratour, newly corrected,
 to wit,

This princely pen up prauncing by the sydes,
 And so we wishe ye bothe two blessed brydes.

Oswen. My Lordes, my father's tennants, after their
 homely guyse,

Welcome ye with their countrey merriment:
 How bad so ere, yet must ye needes accept it.

Pemb. Else, Oswen, were we very much to blame.—
 Thankes, gentle freendes: here, drinke this for my
 sake.

Moorton. And this for me; commending your great
 paynes,
 Which in more liberall sorte we will requite.

Amery. May it please ye, Lordes, to walk into the
 Castell,

And there at full weele see their other sportes.

Pemb. With all my hart. Goe; we will followe ye.
[*Exeunt Lordes.*]

Turnop. Before you goe, in name of all this trayne,
 Turnop accepts your golde, and thanks you for your
 payne.—

Thomas, lead the vawward with your easement: you,
 with our hiperbolicall devises, marche in the midst.
 And if the Lordes will see us make them merry,
 Ere we will want devise, weele make them weary.

Marche on !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter at one doore JOHN A KENT, hermit-lyke, as before :
at another, enter the Countesse, SYDANEN, and MARIAN.*

John. Promise is kept: the ladyes are come foorth;
The ambush readie that shall soone surprise them.—
See, madame, I am readie to attend ye.

Countesse. Gramercyes, father. Lead thou on the
way,

And give good counsell to my sweet young Cossen.

John. Madame, I warrant ye, sheele take none bad.

[*SYDANEN and he conferre.*

Marian. Or good or bad, she taketh all from me.
Madame, would you vouchsafe me so much favour
As she, so I would gladly talke with him.

Countesse. Let them alone: ye shall have time enough.

Sydanen. Nay, forward, father; let me heare the rest.

John. Then, Madame, to omit all ambages,
I knowe it, for mine Arte assureth me,
You are contracted to the Southwales Prince,
And wronging him, you wrong your selfe much more.

Sydanen. For God's sake, softly, least the Countesse
heare.

True hast thou sayd; but by my father's graunt
The Earle of Moorton must Sydanen wed.

John. That's as Sydanen will, as I suppose.

Sydanen. Will I, or nill I, all is one to him:
He is a Prince, and he hath promisd it.

John. You are a Princesse, and have promisd no.

Sydanen. Earle Moorton with my father is in favour,
And hath his woord that I shalbe his wife.

John. But hath he yours?

Sydanen. Never, in all my life.

John. I knowe not, lady, how the world is chaungde:

When I was young, they wooed the daughter first,
 And then the father, when they had her graunt;
 Which could they get, why so; if not, why, then
 Her woord was woorth the meeting, where and when.

Countesse. Why, how now, daughter! why drawe
 you so neere?

Marian. She talkes too long, and somewhat would I
 heare.

Countesse. Byde you with me, till she have made an
 end.

Marian. Pray God, this talke to our desyre may tend.

John. But would you goe with him, if he were heere?

Sydanen. Would I desyre to be accompted chaste?

Reverenst for vertue, as for naturall giftes?

Would I aske strength for these my feeble limbes,

If some fierce tiger had me in pursuite?

Would I shun feare? would I require content,

Or wishe the endlesse happines of heaven?

If these I would, then, that as much I would.

For what is fame, health, joy, or ought to me,

Except with him that gives them all to me.

John. Madame, enough. Is Marian of your minde?

Sydanen. Yea, father. She to Powesse, I to Prince
 Griffin writ;

But when no answer either could receive,

Resolvedly thus we set downe our rest.

To morrow, when the nuptiall feast is past,

And that the Bridegroomes doo expect their Brydes,

A strong confection bothe we have preparte,

Of deadly Aconite with them to drinke;

Besydes a letter drawen, to shewe the cause

Why so revendgefully we sought their deathes,

And so despairingly lost our owne lives.

This made us both holde thee in such regarde,

When thou foretoldste of daungers to ensue.

John. This resolution dooth renowne ye bothe;
But your fayre starres affoordes ye better fortune.
And for my woordes may yield but dallying hope,
See what is doone in twinckling of an eye.

[*Windeth horn.*]

Enter DENVYLE, GRIFF., POWESSE, EVAN and trayne.

Those Lordes, for whom you twayne would loose your
lives,

Come boldly heere to challendge their faire wives.—

Madame, dismay not; heere no harme is meant:

Bothe they and you welcome to John a Kent.

[*He puts of his disguise.*]

Countesse. Vilde sorcerer! hast thou betrayde us
thus,

Hyding thy treason with so good pretence?—

Prince Griffin and Lord Powesse, be assurde

If otherwise then nobly you intreate

My princely cossen and my noble childe,

It will be wreakte on your presuming heades.

John. You wrong them, madame, if you misconceite
That you or they shall be unnobly usde.

You are brought hither to no other end

But that their haviour you might all commend.

Aske but the ladyes if they will departe,

Ile bring ye where I had ye; yea, with all my hart.

Countesse. Then goe, sweete cossen: daughter, let us
hence,

For feare wursse happen on this foule offence.

S. Griffin. The wurst is past: let happen now what
shall,

Ile keep Sydanen, or loose life and all.

Sydanen. And if Sydanen willingly departe
From her Prince Griffin, joy nere have her hart.

Powesse. I hope my Marian is of selfe-same minde.

Marian. Else were thy loove requited too unkinde.—
Now, mother, would you were at home agayne!
We both are where we wisht our selves full fayne.

Countesse. Then, questionlesse, this hapt by your consent;
And well I wot these noble gentlemen
Are honor'd in your hartes before the other.
Sith your endeavours, then, so happy proove,
Never let me be hinderer of true loove.

John. Madame, now speake ye lyke a looving mother,
And lyke Sydanen's honorable Aunte.
Oppose this question, and be judge your selfe:
Say you were troth plight where you lyke best,
Could you, infaith, so great a wrong digest,
As, but for me, had happened to these ladyes?
In to the Castell, then, and frollique there;
And what should have beene doone to these sweetes
sorrowe
Shall to their joy be finishte heere to morrowe.

Gosselen. Come, madame, favour me to be your
guyde:
You shall finde all thinges heere to your content;
And though my Lord, the Earle, holde off aloofe,
And may dislyke what we doo for his honor,
Be you but pleasse, wee le never seek no other.
For though we want [the sire,] we have the mother.

Sydanen. Let it be so, good aunte, and I shall praye
For this good walke you may live many a day.

John. These speeches are in vayne: I pray ye be
gon,
And entertaine them as their kindnes merits.
Leave me awhyle, to gratulate your feast
With some rare merriment or pleasing jest.
Will you be gon? Ye doo the ladyes wrong,
Heere in the ayre to chat with them so long.

S. Griffin. Come, sweet Sydanen, I will be thy guyde.
Moorton shall looke him now an other bryde.

Powesse. And so shall Pembroke, now I am possest
Of Marian, whom I ever looved best.

[*Exeunt. Manet JOHN.*]

John. Heers loove and loove: Good Lord! was
nere the lyke!

But must these joyes so quickly be concluded?
Must the first Scene make absolute a Play?
No crosse, no chaunge? What! no varietie?
One brunt is past. Alas! what's that, in loove?
Where firme affection is most truely knit,
The loove is sweetest that moste tryes the wit.
And, by my troth, to sport my selfe awhyle,
The disappoynted brydegroomes, these possest,
The fathers, freendes, and other more besyde,
That may be usde to furnishe up conceite,
He set on woorke in such an amorous warre,
As they shall wunder whence ensues this jarre.
O! that I had some other lyke my selfe,
To drive me to sound pollicyes indeed.
There's one in Scotland, tearmed John a Cumber,
That overwatchte the Devill by his skill,
And Moorton brought him to haue sped his loove:
I would have tryde which should the maister proove.
But since my selfe must pastime with my selfe,
He anger them, bee't but to please my selfe.—
Sirra! Shrimpe!

Enter SHRIMP, a boy.

Shrimp. Anon, sir. What is your will with me?

John. Thus, sirra. To Chester get you gon.

[*Round in his eare.*]

They are yet asleep that shall be wakte anon.

Shrimp. I goe, sir.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter TURNOP, HUGH, TOM TABRER, WILL *the boy*,
and SPURLING, *with their consort.*

Tom. Nay, either let it be as Mr. Turnop will have, or, by my troth, faire and softly, I will goe no further. Either let us haue credit, or no credit.

Hugh. You haue sayd as much as [can] be sayd, neighbour Thomas, and that not learnedly, but loovingly, withall. Maister Turnop, the Lordes were so pontiffically pleased with your roration, that the ladyes p[ersons] to morrow remayneth altogether at your disposition.

Turnop. Why, then, thus my muse hath magestically, or minstricallically, written in prayse of fayre Sydanen; and shee beeing appointed to be maryed this [day], she ought to have the maydenhead of my muse before she loose the benefit abselutidico; as much [as] to say, in Welsh or English, as her rosemary braunche.

Spurling. But has Will learned it perfectly? I tell you, she is a lady of some scression, and lookes that the song of Sydanen should be well performed.

Turnop. Goodman Spurling, though you be purblinde, and thereby are favoured for the grosse errors committed in your vocation, yet, I pray ye, commit your selfe to your musique: as for the song, let it passe uppon my prerogastride, with this addition, He mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.

Tom. When then, tune all; for it drawes toward day, and if we wake not the bryde, why, then it is woorth nothing. [*They play: the boy sings the Welsh song.*]

Turnop. To add one good morrowe to your bed sydes, Timothie Turnop bids good morrow [to] bothe the brydes.

Now to the brydegroomes, and then, my harts, looke for a largesse.

Enter SHRIMPE, the Boy.

Shrimpe. Why, now is Shrimpe in the height of his bravery,

That he may execute some parte of his maister's knavery.
Sound foorth your musique to the brydegroomes sor-
rowe,

For I will sing them but a sower good morrowe.

[Song of the Brydes loss.

*[They play, and the boy singes, whearat the
Bridegroomes come foorth in their night-
gownes, and breeches on their heades. To
them OSWEN [and] AMERY, making them
selves ready.*

Moorton. What song is this, to flout me to my face?
Is fayre Sydanen gon, and left me in disgrace?

Pemb. Peasants, what mean ye, to delude us so?
Is Marian and Sydanen gon? Say yea, or no.

Shrimpe. Are ye so hot? chafe ye so suddenly?
Nay, pause awhyle; Ile fetch ye company. *[Exit.*

Turnop. Why, my Lordes, do ye aske if the Ladyes
be gon or no?
If they be not in their beddes, it is more then we
knowe.

* * * theyr rest, thou sungst a song of sorrowe.

Turnop. My Lord, you lye: we playd ye but a good
morrowe;
And seeing for our good willes ye do us this wrong,
Let's to the Brydes, to have mony for our song.

Heere enter AMERY and OSWEN rubbing.

Oswen. How now, my Lords! what sudden noyse is
this?
Is fayre Sydanen and my sister fled?

Pemb. These wretches, that so sung, doo now deny it.

Turnop. Let's talke a woord or two: awhyle I pray
ye be quiet.

Did ye not yesternight disturb your head
With winum vinum, ere ye went to bed?
That makes ye in your sleep to rise and walke,
Or at the least thus idiot-lyke to talke.

*Enter the Earle of CHESTER, in his night-gowne, and
SHRIMPE following aloofe of: some serraunts with him.*

Chester. Can their departure be to all unknowne?
Villaines, why speake ye not? Did no one see them?

1 Serraunt. Not any one, my Lord, that we can
heere of.

Belyke they went foorth at the garden gate:
We found it open; therefore, we suspect it.

Oswen. My Lord and father, are you up so soone?
Where is my sister? where is fayre Sydanen?

Chester. Nay, where's thy mother, boy? aske that
withall,

For she, thy sister, and my loovely niece,
This night are gon, and no one can tell whether.
As I lay slumbring, well neere halfe awake,
Under my window did I heare a voyce,
Saying, rise, Chester, for this wedding day
Is disappointed now another way.

Moorton. And in a song the lyke was tolde to us
By these base slaves, that now deny the same.
But yet, my Lord, I hope it is not so.

Chester. That they are gone, my Lordes, tis true, I
knowe.—

But came these newes from you? Why speake ye not?

Hugh. Thomas, you are the auncient'st man: I pray
ye, make answer for us.

Thomas. My Lord, I hope it is not unknowen to your
woorshipps, that I have liv'd a poore professor of musique

in this parish this forty year, and no man could ever burden me with the valewe of two pence: that ye should now lay three wenches at once to my charge, I will not say howe much it greeves me, but betweene God and your conscience be it.

Turnop. Nay, but heare ye, my Lord. Doo ye, as it were, seeme, in good sober sadnesse, to tell us for a certaintie that the brydes are gon, and that we, as it were, should have some occasion to knowe thereof?

Chester. So say these Lordes: they lay it to your charge.

Turnop. Why, then, my Lordes, both great and small, Knowe that ye wrong, not one, but all.

Which way so ere they haue betooke them,

If they be gon, you may goe looke them;

And if they be not to be found,

You have lost your wives, Ile holde ye a pound.

Chester. Away, then, villaynes! rayse up all my men; Bid them take horsse and post forth every way.

By some foule treason are they led from hence;

My wife else would not with this faulte dispenche.

Away, I say, and trouble me no longer.

[*Exeunt clownes and seruaunts.*]

Shrimp. Why, now this geere doth cotton in righte kinde.

These newes, I wot, will please my maister's mynde.

[*Exit boy.*]

Enter LLWELLEN, his trayne, and JOHN A CUMBER a loofe of.

Moorton. But heere comes one whom this concernes so neere,

That he will searche the depth of this bolde wrong.

Princely Llwellen and my noble freend,

Hither thou comdest, by loyall promise bound

To sollemnize thy daughter's nuptiall rightes ;
 But fayre Sydanen and Earle Chester's daughter
 Are, with the aged Countesse, parted hence,
 Whether or how as yet we cannot learne.

Llwellen. Why, then, my freend, thy tydings are too
 true.— [To JOHN A CUMBER.

Unhappy man ! is this thy welcome hither ?

Pemb. My Lord, can he say any thinge of their
 departure ?

Speak, gentle freend, and ease our doubtfull mindes.

Cumber. Ease them I cannot, but disease them
 more :

They are where you shall never see them more.

Moorton. How meanste thou, freend ? Dally not, I
 beseeche thee.

Cumber. Prince Griffin of Southewales hath got
 Sydanen ;

Lord Powesse hath your daughter Marian ;
 And at Sr. Gosselen Denvyle's Castell, not farre hence,
 Before your Countesse, who went with them thither,
 This day their mariage must be consumate.

Chester. What say'st thou ? Hath my Countesse
 wrong'd me so ?

And is this trecherie by her consent ?

Cumber. No, my good Lord. Knowe ye one John a
 Kent,

A man whom all this Brittishe Isle admires
 For his rare knowledge in the deepest artes ?
 By pollicye he traynd them from this place,
 They simply thinking no such hidden guyle :
 But at Saint Winifrides fayre hallowed spring,
 To pay last tribute of their mayden vowes,
 Went with the Countesse and that subtyll guyde.
 So each of you may now goe looke his bryde.

Llwellen. Let us to horsse, and gather able troopes,

That may engirt the Castell round about.
 Proud Griffin, Powesse, and the rest, shall knowe
 I will not pocket this injurious wrong,
 Which I will rate at price of their best blood,
 And his that hath so overreachte us all.

Cumber. Fye, my good Lord! nay, now ye growe
 too hot.

Talke ye of horsse, of men, and multitudes,
 When rayse the very powerfulst strength ye can,
 Yet all's too weak to deale with that one man.
 Had ye a freend could equall him in Arte,
 Controll his cunning, which he boasts so on,
 Then were there hope of their recoverie :
 What else ye doo will help but slenderly.

Moorton. Ile poste to Scotland for brave John a
 Cumber,

The only man renownde for magick skill.
 Oft have I heard he once beguylde the Devill,
 And in his Arte could never finde his matche.
 Come he with me, I dare say John a Kent,
 And all the rest shall this foule fact repent.

Cumber. Were he heere now, my Lord, it would doo
 well ;

But if he come when every thing is doone,
 No credit by the matter can be wun.

Chester. My Lord, goe you and fetch that famous
 man.

The Prince and I will foorthwith to the Castell,
 Where, calling them to parle on the walles,
 Wee'le promise that they shall enjoy the Ladyes,
 With our consent, if but a sennight space .
 They will adorne the day of mariage.
 Sound reasons wee'le alleadge, to urge them to it ;
 Then, you returnd with him that never faylde,
 You have your wishe, and John in cunning graylde.

Pemb. Be it so, my Lord. Ile beare ye company,
Not doubting but to speed successsefully.

Cumber. Ile save my Lord that labour. Heer's John
a Cumber,

Entiste to England by the wondrous fame
That every where is spread of John a Kent.
And seeing occasion falleth out so well,
I may doo service to my Lord heerby,
I make him my protectour in this case.
What he hath doone for many dayes together
By Arte I knowe, as you have seene some prooffe.
Ile make no braggess, but we two Johns together
Will tug for maistrie: therfore came I hither.

Moorton. The welcomste man that ever came to me;
[*All embrace him.*

And this kinde loove will Moorton well requite.
For God's sake, let us loose no time in vayne:
Tis broad day light. Sweet John, bestirre thee now,
For nere thy help could come in greater need.

Cumber. All you to horsse: Ile meet ye on the way.
My Lord, some of those merry lads gave you good
morrowe

Comaund to followe ye: I must imploy them.
So, get ye gon, and leave me to my selfe.

Chester. We goe, John.—Come, gentlemen, away!
[*Exeunt: manet CUMBER.*

Cumber. Now, John a Kent, much have I heard of
thee:

Auncient thy fame * * * *

What art thou doinge? Very seriously

[*Look in his glasse.*

Plotting downe pastimes to delight the Ladyes.
Then, have amongst ye: you, sir, have begun,
My turne is next before your spoortes be doone.

[*Exit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Sr GRIFFIN, POWESSE, GOSSELEN, and EVAN.

Gosselen. I cannot blame ye, Lordes, to stirre so early,
Considering what occasions are in hand :
Love's long pursuit at length to be requited
With the due guerdon to continued hope.
And such, by meanes of freendly John a Kent,
Shall yeeld you bothe your severall harts content.

Evan. Yea, but the Countesse and the other Ladyes,
I doubt, were wearied with so late a walke,
For, as it seemes, they are not stirring yet,
And little kindnesse were it to disease them
Before them selves think best to leave their chamber.
But say, Prince Griffin, wheron doo ye muse ?
You not mislyke Sydanen is so neere ;
Nor you that Marian beares her company ?

S. Griffin. Sir Evan, Ile be playne, and tell ye what
I thought.

I deeply did conceit within my selfe
Lord Moorton's passions he will act this morning,
When newes is brought him that his bryde is gon.
Think ye he will not curse the fatall houre
Began so sweete, and now falles out so sower ?

Powesse. Nay, let my rivall beare him company,
And good olde Chester, for his forwardnes
In seeking to deceive me of my wife.
But what will he imagine of his Countesse ?
Shee's gon from Courte, and no man can tell whether,
And colde their sute, should they pursue them hether.

Powesse. Therof you may be bolde. But much I
muse

Where John a Kent bestowes him, all this whyle.
He is so carefull of his coy conceites,

To sute this sollemne day, as it should be,
 That for your sakes I knowe it shall excell.
 At least, he labours all thinges may be well.

Enter JOHN A CUMBER, *lyke* JOHN A KENT.

S. Griffin. See where he comes, deep pondering with
 him selfe

Important matters. We must not disturb him,
 But give him leave till his owne leysure [serve] him.

[*Musique.*

Silence ! me thinkes I heare sweet melodie ;
 And see, he sets the Castell gate wide ope.

[*Musique whyle he opens the door.*

Stand we aloofe, and note what followeth.

From one end of the Stage enter an antique, queintly disguised, and coming dauncing before them, singes.

1 *Antique.* When wanton loove had walkte astray,
 Then good regard began to chide,
 And meeting her uppon the way,
 Says, wanton lasse, thou must abide.
 For I have seene in many yeares
 That sudden loove breedes sullen feares.

Shall I never, while I live, keep my girle at
 schoole.

She hath wandred to and fro,

Furder then a mayde should goe.

Shall she never, while she lives, make me
 more a foole.

[*Into the Castell: a ducking curtesy. Exit.*

Cumber. You litle thinke who it is that sung this
 song.

S. Griffin. No, John. I pray thee, tell us who it is.

Cumber. Why, Prince Llwellen, come to his daughter's wedding.

Is he her father, and not woorth the bidding?

S. Griffin. Thou doost but jest, John. I hope it is not so.

Cumber. I say it is. Heere comes another: let's see if him I knowe.

From the other end of the Stage enter another antique as the first.

2 *Antique.* In a silent shade, as I sate a sunning,
There I heard a mayd greevously complayne.

May mones she sayde, amongst her sithes still
comming,

All was * * * * *

Then her aged father counceled her the rather
To consent where he had plaste his mynde;
But her peevisch mother brought her to another,
Though it was agaynste bothe course and kynde.

Then like a father will I come to check my filly,
For her gadding foorth without my leave;
And if she repent it, I am well contented
Home agayne my darling to receive.

[Exit into the Castell.]

Cumber. Lord Powesse, you may guesse by the song
who this is.

Powesse. If thother was Llwellen, as thou saydst,
I doubt, then, this [was] Ranulphe Earle of Chester,
Or some devise figurd by thee for them,
To fright us when we are in surest safetie.

Cumber. Content ye, Lordes, the fathers beeing by,
You may be sure nothing shall goe awry.
Heere comes another: listen what he is.

From under the Stage, the third antique.

3 *Antique.* You that seek to sunder loove,
 Learne a lesson ere you goe;
 And as others paynes doo proove,
 So abyde your selves lyke woe.
 For I fynde, and you shall feele
 Selfe same turne of Fortunes wheele:
 Then if wrong be repayde,
 Say deserved mends it made.

[Exit into the Castell.

Cumber. What say ye to Earle Moorton, Prince Griffin? lyke ye his company or no?

S. Griffin. Come, John, thou loov'st to jest. I perswade me it is not so.

Gosselen. Tush! no such matter: this antique disguise
 Is but to give the Brydes a good morrow so soone as
 they rise.

Evan. And to make you despaire in the course of his
 arte,
 He gives these names to every severall parte.

Cumber. What! another yet? Who should this be?

The fourth out of a tree, if possible it may be.

4 *Antique.* You stole my loove; fye uppon ye, fye.
 You stole my love, fye, fye a.
 Guest you but what a paine it is to proove,
 You for your loove would dye a;
 And hencefoorth never longer
 Be such a craftie wronger:
 But when deceit takes such a fall,
 Then farewell sly devise and all.
 You stole my loove; fye uppon ye, fye.
 You stole my loove, fye, fye a.

[Exit into the Castell.

Cumber. My Lord of Pembroke! may it be possible?
By my faith, we lookte for no such guests. Nay,
then, Ile in to make up the messe.

[Exit into the Castell, and makes fast the dore.

Evan. What meaneth John by this mad merrie
humour?

He namde the Prince Llwellen and the Earle of
Chester,
The Earles of Moorton and of Pembroke, bothe your
rivalles.

It seemes he would entise us to beleewe
That in these antique shewes of quaint devise
They severally are entred in the Castell.
Tis hard for us to judge of his intent.

Enter JOHN A KENT, talking with his boy.

S. Griffin. Heere now he comes agayne; but not from
foorth the Castell!

Ile be so bolde as break his serious talke,
For these devises make me much misdoubt
Further then I as yet will seeme to speak on.—
Now, gentle John, shall we intreat to knowe
The meaning of your merrie antique showe?

John. What showe, my Lord? what meaning should
I tell?

Powesse. Why, John, those antiques went into the
Castell.

Foure was there of them, and eche severally
Bothe dauneste and sung heere very pleasantly.
The first thou toldst us was the Prince Llwellen;
The second, noble Ranulphe Earle of Chester,
Whom thou hadst brought to grace this day withall.
Moorton and Pembroke were the other twayne;
In all which, John, I knowe thou didst but fayne.
Then now at large * * * *

* * * * * my Lordes, I pray ye say,
[Un]till this instant sawe ye me to day?

Gosselen. Sawe thee, sweet John! I pray thee leave
this jesting.

Thy feyned straungenes makes these Lordes amazde.
Didst thou not first set ope the Castell gate,
And then from sundry places issued foorth
The skipping antiques, singing severall songs,
As loovers use that have endurde some wrongs?
And when they all were entred at the gate,
Thou followedst, seeming then to barre it fast.
Whence now thou comste, to make us more admyre,
I cannot guesse: tell us, I thee desyre.

John. Maister, Ile credit ye, because you speak it;
But, on my faith, all this is straunge to me.
My boy and I have for these two houres space
Beene greatly busyed in another place,
To tell you trueth, against the Brydes should rise,
To sporte them with some pleasing vanities.

S. Griffin. Then, John, let's in, for feare of tretcherie.
My hart misgives there is some villainie.

John. The gate is fast, my Lordes, bound with such
charmes, [He tryes the dore.

As very easily will not be undoone.
I hope the learned Owen Glenderwellin
Is not come hither, as in the Lordes behalfe
That are your rivalles, and at this advauntage
Hath overreachte me when I least misdoubted.
Is it not he, I cannot guesse the man.

*Enter JOHN A CUMBER on the walles, lyke JOHN A
KENT.*

Powesse. My Lordes, see one appeareth on the
walles.
Tis John a Kent! How? John a Kent is heere.

Some sly magitian hath usurpte thy shape,
And this day made us all unfortunate.

John. What ere thou be, I charge thee tell thy name.

Cumber. My name is John: what sayst thou to the same?

John. I would thou wert the John that I could wishe!

Cumber. If John a Cumber, then, the same it is.

In thy proud thoughtes, John, did I heare thee say
Thou wantedst one to thwart thy deep desseignes,
Layd cunningly to countercheck this loove,
Because it should not take successe so soone;
And me thou namdste, freendly or how, I care not:
Heere am I now; and what those Lordes have tolde
thee

Is very true: thine eyes shall witness it.—

Sound musique, while I shewe to John a Kent

[*Musique.*

Those hither come, for whom he never sent.

Whyle the musique playes, enters on the walles LLWELLEN,
CHESTER *with his Countesse,* MOORTON *with* SYDANEN,
PEMB. *with* MARIAN; OSWEN, AMERYE.

S. Griffin. Ah, John! if these be not illusions,
But the same partyes, all our hope is dashte.
Llwellen, Ranulphe, and our hatefull foes!
Help, John, or now afreshe beginnes our woes.

Llwellen. And are ye taken tardy in your shames,
Proude Southwales Prince and overdaring Powesse?
See, now, the issue of your enterprise
Requites ye with your well deserving merits;
And my Sydanen, thus restord agayne,
Shall with Earle Moorton safely now remayne.

Chester. Madame, I judgde you guiltie in this wrong,
Till John a Cumber heere resolvde the doubt.
Now, Powesse, brag of thy late gotten conquest:

Let John a Kent, with all the witte he hath,
 Restore thee Marian, if he can, from me.—
 Heere, Earle of Pembrook; take her, she is thine,
 And thank kinde John, whose cunning is divine.

Pemb. Thankes unto him, and you, most noble Lord,
 And shame to them such as their deedes deserve,
 That would have severd me from my sweet choyse.
 I hope heeres one hath met with John a Kent,
 To teache him how true love he dooth prevent.

Moorton. Was there no way to yeeld your love suc-
 cesse,
 But by that fellowes sillie practises?
 Let him heerafter meddle with his mates:
 Heeres one hath given me Marian back agayne;
 Let him attempt to fetch her, if he dare.

Sydamen. Was never lady wronged thus before!
 Marian, thou knowest my minde; I say no more.

Marian. Sweet Cossen, what we may not now impart,
 Heere let us bury it, closely in our hart.

Countesse. This sudden chaunge hath altred quite your
 hope.

What was at first concluded now must be:
 Cossen and daughter, help none else ye see.

Cumber. Now, John without, listen to John within.
 The mariage thou appoynted for those Lordes
 Shall be effected now with these two Lordes;
 And for they would not let us be their guests,
 They nor thy selfe gets any of our feastes.¹
 In mockerie wishe for me another day.
 So, fare ye well: we have no more to say.

John. Good John within, heare John without a little.
 Winners may bragge, losers have leave to speak.
 Under my shaddowe have you doone all this:
 Much greater cunning had it beene thine owne.

¹ This and the preceding line are struck out in the MS.

As yet thou doost but rob me of my selfe.
 Good, honest Jhon, let me beholde thy selfe:
 Perhaps my shape makes thee thus boldly vaunte,
 And armes thee with this ablenes of skill,
 Wheras thine owne, beeing insufficient,
 May make thee feare to deale with John a Kent.

Cumber. Lordes and fayre Ladyes, goe, disporte your
 selves

About the walkes and gardens of this Castell.
 And for thou ween'st so gayly of thy selfe,
 Within this hower, John, Ile meete with thee,
 In mine owne shape, uppon this Castell greene,
 Where I will dare thee, and out dare thee too,
 In what soever John a Kent can doo.

John. I take thy woord.—Ladyes, to you alone
 Wish I all good, but to the others none. [*They descend.*]

S. Griffin. Why, say, sweet John, what shall betyde
 us now?

Now are we wursse than ere we were before.

John. Sirra, get ye to the back gate of the Castell,
 And through the key hole nimbly wring thee in.
 Marke well, and bring me woord what stratageme
 This cumbring John meanes next to enterprise,
 For I am sure he will not leave me so,
 At least, I meane not him. Away then! goe.

Shrimp. I fly, sir; and am there alreadie. [*Exit boy.*]

Powesse. No comfort, John? What! standst thou
 all amort?

Tis only we that have the greatest cause.
 Thou canst, I knowe, cope with this John a Cumber,
 And maister him, maugre his utmoste skill,
 If thou wilt searche into thy deepe conceites.

Gosselen. John, I myselfe have oft times heard thee
 wishe

That thou mightst buckle with this John a Cumber.

Come is he now, to all our deep disgrace,
Except thou help it ere he scape this place.

John. Maister, what ! he that went beyond the Devill,
And made him serve him seaven yeares prentiship ?
Ist possible for me to conquer him ?
Tis better take this foyle, and so to end.

S. Griffin. Why, then, our Ladyes this day shall be wed,
If or thou canst, or wilt not, stand us now in sted.

John. Nay, there's no wedding toward, that I can see,
And when tis doone, yet heere it must not be.
Content your selves, and walke the woodes about :
Heere is no getting in, we are fayre lockt out.
I cannot tell, but if I hit aright,
For walking heere all day, I make some walke all night.
Be gon, I pray ye ; youre but * *

[*Exeunt, præter JOHN.*]

Enter SHRIMPE, skipping.

Come on, sirra ; tell me, now, what newes ?

Shrimpe. Sir, yonders great preparation for a play,
Which by the shaddowes of the Lordes and Ladyes
Heere, on the greene, shall foorthwith be enacted ;
And John a Cumbers whole intent heerein
Is that your selfe shall see before your face
His arte made currant, to your deep disgrace.

John. But where's the Countesse, Marian, and Sy-
danen ?

They are not in the Castell ; that I knowe.

Shrimpe. Earle Chesters sonne and young Lord
Amerye

Are merily conducting them to Chester ;
And thither will the Lordes them selves this night,
When they have seene this play in your dispyght.

John. Be gon, and bring the Ladyes back agayne,
With them, likewise, are sent to be their guydes.

Stay with them at the Chesenut tree hard by,
Till I come for them.—Now bestirre thee, John,

[*Exit boy.*

For in thy play I purpose to make one.

[*Exit.*

*Enter JOHN A CUMBER in his owne habit; with him
TURNOP, HUGH, and THOMAS the Tabrer.*

Turnop. Doo ye heare, sir? We can be content, as it were, to furnish ye with our facilitie in your play or enterlude. Marie, where ye would us to flout, scoff, and scorne at John a Kent, for my part, let Hugh Sexten and Thomas Tabrer doo as they see occasion, I am not to mock him, that is able to make a man a munkey in lesse then halfe a minute of an houre.

Hugh. Ile tell ye what, sir. If it be true that is spoken, marie, I will not stand to it: a man were better deale with the best man in the countrey then with maister John a Kent. He never goes abroad without a bushell of devilles about him, that if one speak but an ill woord of him, he knowes it by and by, and it is no more but send out one of these devilles, and wheres the man then? Nay, God blesse me from him.

Thomas. Harkeye, sir: you are a gentleman, and wee doo as much for my Lord the Earle, as poore men may doo, if it be to doo or say any thing agaynst him selfe or any other, wee doo it. Marie, Thomas Tabrer will never meddle with Mr. John; no, not I.

Cumber. Why, sillie soules, Ile be your warrantise: John shall not touch ye, doo the best he can. Ile make ye scorne him to his very face, And let him venge it how he will or dare.

Turnop. By my troth, sir, ye seeme an honest man, and so, faith, could ye be as good as your woord, there be that, perhaps, would come somewhat roundly to ye. Indeed, sir, maister John hath dealt but even so so with

me in times past. Harke ye, sir, I never besorted or played the good fellowe, as sometimes ye knowe fleshe and blood will be frayle, but my wife hath knowen on it, ere I came home, and it could not be but by some of his flying devilles.

Cumber. Nay, I could tell ye other thinges besyde, What dayly wronges he dooth unto ye all; Which, for they aske some leysure to reporte, Ile urge no more but that ye joyne with me In such an action as I have in hand, When you shall see him so disabled, Not daring to offend the wurst of you, As hencefoorth will he hyde his head for shame, Weele make him such a scoffing, jesting game.¹

Hugh. But shall he neither send his devilles to pinche us, nor doo any more harme, if wee doo as you bid us?

Cumber. Harke me. Ile make him fret him selfe to death

With very anger that he cannot touche ye.
Bob, buffet him, doo him what wrong ye will,
And feare not, Ile defend ye by my skill.

Thomas. Well, sir, Ile stand by and give aime; and if I see them speed well, Ile bring ye such a crewe of wenches, on whom his devilles have told lyes and tales, that your hart would burst to heare how they will use him.

Cumber. Why, this is excellent! you fit me now.
Come in with me, Ile give you apt instructions,
According to the purpose I entend,
That John a Kent was nere so courst before.
Our time is short; come, lette us in about it.

* * * * *

[*Exeunt.*]

John. Poore John a Kent! Heeres making roddes
[for] you :

¹ This speech is struck out with a pen, in the MS.

Be made by Poet for Sydanen sake.

Her fine trim day is turn[d] to black cole night,

And she hath lost her sweetest loove[s] delight.

Shrimp. But let Sydanen cast away this care;
Comfort is neerer her then shee's aware.

[*To her, asyde.*

Sydanen. What say you, Cossen? did you speak
to me?

Marian. Not I, Sydanen: I with you complayne
On fortunes spight and over deep disdayne.

Shrimp. But Marian with Sydanen may rejoyse,
For time will let them have their owne harts choyse.

[*They look about.*

Sydanen. Pray God, amen. O, cossen! did you heare?
A voyce still buzzeth comfort in mine eare.

Marian. And so in mine; but I no shape can see.
Tis John a Cumber mocks bothe you and me.

Sydanen. Cursse on his heart, for cumber[ing] true
loove so,
Which else had made full end of all our woe.

Enter Sr GOSSELEN, GRIFFIN, POWESSE, and EVAN.

Gosselen. How say ye, Lordes? now credit John a
Kent.

See where they are, and at the selfe same tree
Where he assurde us all of them would be.

S. Griffin. Sweetest Sydanen, how thy happie syght
Makes me forget all former sorrowe quyte!

Powesse. The lyke dooth Marians presence yeeld
to me:

For all greefes past assurde felicitie! [*Musique chimes.*

Evan. Listen, my Lordes! me thinkes I heare the
chyme, [*A dayn[ty fit] of musique.*

Which John did promise ere you should presume
To venture for recoverie of the Ladyes.

Gosselen. The very same. Stay till the power therof
Have layd the sleepe charge on bothe their eyes,
That should have guyded them from hence to Chester. *

[*The boy trips round about OSWEN and AMERY,
sing[ing in] chyme, and they, the one after the
other, lay them [down] using very sluggish ges-
tures: the Ladyes amazedly [looke] about them.*

[*Sing to the musique within.*

Sleep, sweetly, sleep sweetly, sweetly take rest,
Till eche goe with her choyse, where she likes best.
Ladyes, cheere up your despayring mindes,

For your freendes are neere,

That will answer true loove in due kinde,

Then never more feare.

Shrimp. Lordes, take advauntage, for they bothe are
fast.

Bid John a Cumber mend this cunning cast.

Gosselen. Feare not, good madame, for you must
with me,

To one that joyes these loovers love to see.

[*The chyme playes, and GOSSELEN with the
Countesse goes turning out.*

S. Griffin. And fayre Sydanen, I dare boldly say,
Rather with me will goe, then heere to stay.

[*The chyme agayne, and they turne out in lyke
manner.*

Powesse. I not misdoubt but Marian beares lyke
mynde.

This is the way our sweet content to fynde.

[*The chyme agayne, and so they.*

[*Exeunt.*

Shrimp. Sir Evan, follow you the way they take,
For now I must these sleepe Lordes awake.

[*Exit EVAN.*

Fye, gentlemen! what means this slothfulness?

You sleep securely, while the subtill foe

[*They start up.*

Hath got your charge, and bred a greater woe.

Oswen. Lord Amerye, how fell we thus asleep?

My mother, sister, and Sydanen's gon!

Amery. Canst thou, my boy, tell which way they
have tane,

Or by what meanes they are thus gon from hence?

Shrimp. When as my maister, John a Cumber, sawe
How carelessly you did respect your charge,
And lay asleep, while as Sr Gosselen Denvyle,
Prince Griffin, Powesse, and another Knight,
Bare hence the Ladyes toward proud John a Kent,
He sent me posting thorow the duskye ayre,
To wake ye, and to cause ye followe me,
To fetch them back ere they have got too farre.
If then, youle speed, follow me presently.

Oswen. Thankes to thy maister: we will followe
thee,

To make amends for our fond negligence.

Shrimp. And I will lead ye such a merrie walke,
As you therof shall at more leysure talke.
Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter JOHN A KENT, lyke JOHN A CUMBER: with him
LLWELLEN, CHESTER, MOORTON, and PEMBROOK,
foorth of the Castell.*

John. Lordes, take your places as you are appoynted.
Though once I minded but to use your shaddowes,
Pardon me, now I may imploy your persons,
Because that your delight shall be the greater,
And his disgrace the more to you apparant,
That durst attempt so bolde an enterprise.
Now shall ye see, if famous John a Kent
Be able to avoyde disparagement.

Llwellen. But shall Sydanen and Earle Chester's daughter

Be here in person lykewise, as we are?

John. No, my good Lord; their figures shall suffice,
Because you see they are disconsolate,
And, to speak trueth, beare more affection
To Griffin of Southwales and the Lord Powesse,
Then to Earle Moorton and the Earle of Pembroke;
Whose shaddowes when those other Lordes shall see
So farre estraunged from their former course,
How it will quayle their hope your selves shall judge,
And make poor John a Kent mad to beholde it.

Chester. But long ere this I hope they are at Chester,
And bothe their gyudes in safetie at my house.

John. I warrant ye, my Lord, they'r safe enough
From John, and all the utmoste he can doo.—

See, my good Lord, what I doo for your sake,

[To MOORETON.

Who only may dispose of me and mine.

Moorton. I knowe it, John; and should I not confesse
Thy kyndnes to exceed in my behalfe,
And guerdon it, I greatly were to blame.

Pemb. The lyke say I, wherof * * care * *
My thankfulnes shall more at large assure thee.

John. Needlesse, my Lordes, are all these ceremonyes;
For as I further you in looves affayres,
So I expect some credit by mine Arte.
Now, silence, Lordes, for all the sportes begin:
And see where John a Kent is first come in.

Enter JOHN A CUMBER, lyke JOHN A KENT.

Cumber. As he that with unsatiate thirst of fame
Pursues an action of some high applause,
To conquer his usurping enemye,
And add renowne for ever to his deedes,

So John a Cumber followes his intent
To conquer. Sit, and laugh at John a Kent.

Llwellen. What sayes he? Will he laugh him selfe
to scorne?

John. My Lord, you little thinke the scope of his
intent.

He dooth imagine he hath tane my shape,
And you shall heare him speak as he were John a
Cumber.

Note all his actions, and let it suffice,
Heele proove him selfe a foole before your eyes.

Chester. And yet imagine that he scorneth thee?

John. Why, that is all. For God's sake, sit and
see.

Cumber. Alreadie are my shaddowes set in order,
For Prince Llwellen, Chester, Pembroke, Moorton.

[*He poyntes to them.*]

And see, poore John a Kent is walking by
As one, that cannot yeeld a reason why.

Moorton. He poyntes to thee, and tearmes thee John
a Kent.

Let him heerafter brag with John a Cumber.

Pemb. When men of Arte thus strive in merriment,
It needes must rayse in meaner wittes some wunder.

John. Begin your scene; and if he be not vext,
I doubt not but he shalbe with the next.

Llwellen. Fye, John a Kent! what injurie is this
[*He riseth and goeth to JOHN A CUMBER.*]

That thou hast offered to this noble man?
Sydanen, my fayre daughter, whom I loove,
Wouldst thou have wedded to the Southwales Prince,
And broughtst her hither to thy maisters Castell,
From whence she was recovered, to thy shame.
Fye, John a Kent! for this most sillie parte,
Heerafter tearme thy selfe no man of Arte.

Chester. Thy subtill wandring in an Hermit's weede,

[*Suddenly starting to him, after the other hath done.*

Wherby thou didst seduce my aged wife
To let her daughter, and my loovely niece,
Walke with her to Saint Winifrydes fayre spring,
To offer up theyr latest mayden vowes,
And thou, like to an hippocrite, their guyde,
Say, foollish man, what hast thou wun heerby,
But such dishonor as will never dye?

Moorton. John, John, call thou to minde the antiques
That in thy absence got into the Castell, [*He suddenly.*
And ore the walles returnd unto thy face,
The only argument of thy disgrace.
Alas! good John, account it then no wunder,
Such is thy luck to deale with John a Cumber.

Pemb. Well, John a Kent, wilt thou be rulde by me?

[*He suddenly.*

Leave Wales, leave England, and be seene no more.
This monstrous blemish, graven uppon thy browe,
Will be but greefe to us, thy countrey men.
Then, seeing that so tardy thou art catcht,
Yield him the bucklers that thee overmatcht.

Cumber. How now! What's this? My shaddowes
taught to speak

That to my face they should unto my foe?

Llucellen. Shaddowes proove substaunce. John, thou
art too weak;

Then, like a sillie fellowe, pack and goe.

Cumber. Speak heere to John a Kent. Speak ye to me?

Chester. We speak to John the foole, and thou art he.

Cumber. Spirits, Ile to [punish] ye for this abuse.

Moorton. Fret not thy selfe * * * * *

* * * * * appoynted ye?

Pemb. Alas! poore sillie soule, thou mayst appoynt,
And all thy poynting is not woorth a poynt.

Cumber. Whence am I crost? may it be John a Kent

Hath overwatchte me in myne owne devise?

The more I strive to knowe, the further off

I am from compassing what fayne I would.

He sit awhyle and meditate heeron. [*He sits downe.*]

John. What! in a study? Nay, I must awake him;
With other thinges more angry yet must make him.

*Enter Sr GOSSELEN DENVYLE, GRIFFIN, POWESSE,
the Countesse, SYDANEN, and MARIAN.*

Gosselen. Alas, alas! why droupeth John a Kent?

[*To CUMBER.*]

Looke cheerely, man; for see, Earle Chester's wife,

Through power of thine incomparable skill,

Is back returnd from devillish John a Cumber,

And no man hath the shame but he alone.

[*JOHN A CUMBER stamps about.*]

S. Griffin. I knowe this sadnes is but thy conceite,

Because he crost thee ere thou wast aware;

But may not this cheere up thy minde agayne,

That thou hast brought me sweet Sydanen backe?

Powesse. And heere is Marian, too, my soules delight,
Who, but for thee, had beene Earle Pembrookes bryde.

Let John a Cumber's foyle, then, be of force,

Sithe we enjoy what we can moste desyre,

To make thee leave this discontented humour.

Cumber. Sleep I, or wake I? dreame I, or doo I
dote?

Looke, what I poynted all these shapes to doo

Agaynst the man that I doo envye moste,

They doo it to me; and he sits laughing by,

As if there were no John a Kent but I.

Countesse. Why, frollique, John: thy arte prooves
excellent.

Let not one simple foyle make thee dismay ;
 Thou art revendge unto thine none content :
 Let John a Cumber doo the wurst he may.

Sydanen. And will sweet John a Kent not look so sad,
 Sydanen will intreat all Brittain's Poets
 To write large volume of thy learned skill
 For bringing her where she desyre[s] to be,
 And from that John a Cumber set her free.

Marian. Look, what my cossen sayth, the lyke doo I,
 And will extoll thy fame continually.

Evan. Into the Castell, then, and frollique there.
 I knowe that John will not stay long behinde,
 Since your successe dooth answere thus his mynde.

[*Exeunt into the Castell.*]

John. How say ye now, my Lord? Did not these
 shaddowes
 Make him halfe thinke they were the same indecd ?

Llwellen. What ere they did in him, beleeve me,
 freend,
 But that I more relye uppon thine arte
 Then the opinion this hath raysde in me,
 I should have sworne that that was my Sydanen.

Moorton. In sooth, my Lord, I jump with your conceite.
 And trust me, I was not a little moovde,
 Prince Griffin's shape so led her by the hand,
 But that I credit arte more then mine eye.

Powesse. Will ye beleeve me, but that John is by,
 And dooth all this to plague yon John a Kent,
 These semblaunces would make me much misdeeme.—
 Pardon me, John, for loove is full of feare,
 And such illnsions neither please eye nor eare.¹

Chester. Then well fare me, that differ from you all.
 Should I have tooke that shaddowe for my Countesse,

¹ This speech is struck out in the MS.

Or else the other for my daughter Marian?
 Nay, what he did already so resolves me,
 That I am dreadlesse now of John a Kent.

John. I thanke ye, good my Lord: so holde ye still,
 For John's no John, I see, without good skill.
 There's one fit more of merriment behinde,
 That if't hit right will serve him in his kinde.

Enter TURNOP and his trayne.

Turnop. A pause, maisters, a pause. We are not
 come only * * * * to doo somewhat else besyde, for
 we are of the Qu * * * * nick nock John a Kent, if
 the honest gentleman [be as good as his] woord.

Thomas. As good as his woord? Why, looke ye
 yonder, where he standes * * * honors woorship, even
 as he sayd he would, he noddess his head * * * as one
 would say, maisters, fall to your busines, or doo that ye
 come for.

Hugh. Good Lord! looke you how John a Kent sits
 in a browne study, as it were. Who shall begin now?
 Come, lets knowe that.

Turnop. Who shall begin? what a question is that!
 Let mayde Marian have the first flurt at him, to set an
 edge on our stomacks, and let me alone, in faith, to
 jerke it after her.

Spurling. Now, by my troth, well advisde, good
 neighbour Turnop. Ile turne her to him, if he were a
 farre better man then is.—Too him, too him, touch him
 roundly.

Boy. What! think ye I am afrayde of him? In
 faith, sir, no.—Precise, John, or rather peevish, peeld,
 paltrie John; doost thou remember how many in-
 juries from time to time thou hast doone me? First in
 sending thy devilles to tell lyes and tales of me; then,
 making my dame to cudgell me; and after to pinche me

black and blewe, when I never offended thee: for which I defye thee to thy face, and dare thee to meete me in any place.

Turnop. Heare, ye sir. You, sir, as one would say, good man; you sir, because brevitie is best in such a queazie action, it is concluded or conditioned among us that have some authoritie in this case, that because our Morris lackes a foole, and we knowe none fitter for it then you, Mr. John, heeres a coat, spick and span new: it never came on any man's back since it was made. Therefore, for your further credit, we will give you haunsell of it; and where we took you for a wise man before, we are contented to account of ye as our foole for ever heerafter.

Hugh. In wittnesse wherof, we, the youthes of the parishe, put it on ye with our owne handes.

[*Put it on him.*]

Nay, never strive or wunder, for thus we are appoynted by great John a Cumber.

Turnop. At it now, Thomas, lustily; and let us jerk it over the greene, seeing we have got such a goodly foole as Mr. John a Kent.

Chester. Why, this will make poore John a Kent stark mad;

And, questionlesse, heele nere more shewe his face
To be reprooved with this deep disgrace.

John. Lordes, sit ye still: Ile come agayne anon.—
I am prettely revengde on Cumbring John. [*Exit.*]

Enter SHRIMPE, leading OSWEN and AMERY about the tree.

Oswen. Were never men thus led about a tree;
Still circling it, and never getting thence!
My braynes doo ake, and I am growen so faynt,
That I must needes lye downe, on meere constraynt.

[*He lyes downe.*]

Amery. This villayne boy is, out of doubt, some spirit.
Still he cryes follow, but we get no further
Then in a ring to daunce about this tree.
In all my life I never was so wearie:
Follow that list, for I can goe no longer.

[*He lyes downe.*

Shrimp. There lye and rest ye, for I think your walke
Hath not beene altogether to your ease.—
Now I must hence: I heare my maister's call.
It standes uppon the push of opening all. [*Exit boy.*

Oswen. Lord Amery, is not yon my father,
The Prince Llwellen, Moorton, and Earle Pembrook?

Amery. 'Tis they, indeed. O! let us call to them,
To trye if they can get us from this tree.—
Help, Prince of Wales! ah! help us, Earle of Chester,
Or else thy sonne and I are lyke to perishe!

Chester. Oswen, my sonne? and young Lord Amery?—
Shaddowes they be not, for tis they, indeed.

[*They [go to] them.*

Tell me, ah! tell me, wherfore lye ye heere?
Where are the Ladyes that you had in charge?

Llwellen. Ah, speak, young Lordes! my hart dooth
dread some ill,

Ye looke so gastly, and so full of feare.

Oswen. Lend us your ayde, to rayse us on our feete
That we may get from this accursed tree.

[*They help them.*

* * * * * the unhappy newes.

No ill to my Sydanen, then I can not.

[*Powesse.*] Be Marian well, be what it may besy

Oswen. Where is the villayne boy that thus misle
Boy was he not, but questionlesse some fiend,
That hath tormented us as nere was lyke.

Llwellen. Aske for no boyes, aske for no fi
furyes,

But tell me quickly where is my Sydanen?
Living or dead, or how is she bereft ye?

Oswen. Breefely to answere all of ye together,
Nor of my mother, Marian, or Sydanen,
Lyes it in us to tell ye what's become;
Other than this, as it was tolde to us,
That Griffin, Powesse, and Sr Gosselen Denvyle
Reskewed them from us: how or when we knowe not.
So sayd a devill, or boy, sent to us from John a Cumber.

*Enter JOHN A CUMBER, pulling of his foole[s] coat, lyke
KENT still.*

Cumber. From me, young Lordes? alas! you were
deceiv'd,

As you, likewise, and all have beene together.—
Looke not so straunge, Lordes; deeme not me John a
Kent,

That in his sted have beene so much misusde:
Scorned by you, then flouted by the Ladyes;
Last made a foole heere in a morris daunce,
And all, preparede gaynst him, turnd on my selfe.
In breefe, then, to abridge all further wonder,
Yonder is John a Kent, heere John a Cumber.

[*Enter*] JOHN A KENT *in his owne habit*, DENVYLE,
GRIFFIN, POWESSE, *Countesse*, SYDANEN, MARIAN,
and SHRIMP, *on the walles.*

John. Now John within may speak to John without,
And, Lordes, to you that frumped him so finely.
Once you were heere, and shut us out of doore;
You had these Ladyes, but ye could not keep them.
Where are those twayne that daunc't about the tree?
Look on your minstrell heere, sirs: this was he.—

[*To SHRIMP.*

But as for you, John, that usurpte my shape,

And promise you would meet me on the greene,
 O! you were busyed too much with your play;
 But you knowe best who went the foole away.
 That I am quit with thee thou wilt confesse.

Cumber. I doo, John, for twere shame to yeeld thee

But I may live to meet with thee heerafter.
 I pray thee, John, shall we have one cast more?

John. So thoult deale wyser then thou didst before.
 Promise me one thing, Lordes, and you shall see
 Ile offer him more oddes then he dare me.

Llwellen. Lets heare it, John; and as we like weelee
 answeere.

John. It is so reasonable, you cannot deny me.
 Fayne would ye that your daughters were combinde
 In sacred wedlock with those noble Lordes:
 Promise me that it shall be doone this day,
 Without more dallying, Ile deliver them [*The Ladyes.*
 To John a Cumber, so he will bestowe
 His very deepest skill to make it sure.
 But if he fayle, and be my luck to speed,
 To ceasse contention, and confesse him foyld,
 As I will doo the lyke if he prevayle.

Llwellen. I am agreed: what sayes my Lord of
 Chester?

Chester. The motion is so good that I consent.

Cumber. Lordes and fayre Ladyes, you likewise agree
 To take your fortune, how so ere it be?

Omnes. We doo.

John. Then, not so churle-like as when you were
 Lordes

Of this our Castell, to allow no favour,
 But even to hunger starve us at the doore,
 Enter all freely, and take parte with us
 [In our] good cheere, for some of you have need.

The * * * * *

And afterward are right welcome to try
Who shall have conquest, either he or I.

Cumber. Bravely resolvde, John; I must needes
commend thee.

Thoult have the wurst, if fortune but befriend me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter the Abbot of Chester, reading a letter, and one of
[the Earl of Chester's Servants.]*

Abbot. My honest freend, this letter from thy Lord
Shewes that the mariages, so long deferd,
Betweene the Ladyes and their severall suters,
Must now at length be finished this day;
And at this Abbey is the place appoynted.
Further he sayth, that all the Abbey gates
Not only must be fast, but strongly mand
With his owne guard, appoynted for the purpose,
That none may issue foorth, or enter in,
But such as first must by him selfe be seene.
What! is there daunger of prevention,
Or that resistaunce will be offered?

Servant. Daunger there is, but what, in sooth, I
knowe not.

Lord Abbot, I have performde my charge to you;
I must goe warne his guarde in readines,
And then returne to certefye my Lord.

Abbot. Assure his honor what he hath referd
Unto my trustie care and secrecie
In every poynt shall answere his content.
Our Lord forbid, but he should heere commaund,
That is our patrone, and so good an Earle.

Servant. His honor will be thankfull for this kindnes,
Which Ile not fayle at full to let him knowe.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Abbot. Farewell, my freend.—Ile bout my busines
strayte,
And gaynst his comming give my due attendaunce.

[*Exit Abbot.*]

Enter JOHN A KENT, DENVYLE, GRIFFIN, and
POWESSE.

S. Griffin. Would any man but you have beene so
fond,
To yeeld the Ladyes, when we might have kept them?
Poore soules, with what unwillingnes they went!
Pray God this rashnes all we not repent.

Powesse. What though that once you proovde too
harde for him,
Still are ye certaine of the like successe?
Remember how he crost us at [the] first;
Once warnde dooth make a man to dread the wurst.

Denvyle. I will suspend my judgement in this case,
And rather hope then feare what may befall.
Once this I knowe, it will goe wondrous hard
Ere John a Kent be in his purpose bard.

John. Feare you; hope you: for my parte, Ile doo
neither,
But track his steppes that treades the way before,
To doo the thing he can undoo no more.
These weddings, then, must be at Chester Abbey,
The gates wherof moste strongly will be mand:
Entraunce there is allowed at none but one,
And John a Cumber there must be the porter.
Tis very lyke, then, none of you get in;
And yet, in faith, it would be very prettie
To proove his eye sight, whether he doo knowe
The men that should be let in, yea or no.
Would not you laugh to see him let you in,
And keep them out that should his wager winne?

S. Griffin. Oh! that were excellent, might it be so;
And if thou list, doubtlesse it shall be so.

John. Lord Powesse, what think you?

Powesse. Even as Prince Griffin, so, sweet John,
say I.

Thou art the man mayst make us live or dye.

Denvyle. If it should fall out so successfully,
Besyde the endless [fame] that thou shalt wynne,
Proud John a Cumbers foyle will be therin.

* * * * * it shall be so,

Though John a Cumber, even him selfe, say no.

[*Griffin.*] But how can we disguyse our selves so
soone,

In every poynt lyke Moorton and Earl Pembroke?
For otherwise we must, of force, be knowen.

[*John.*] Tush! wele no shapes, nor none of these
disguysings:

They heertofore servde bothe his turne and myne.
As now ye are so shall ye passe the gate;
And for the blame shall not relye alone
On poore John Cumber, when the faulte is spyed,
Albeit his skill will be the lesse therby,
The Prince Llwellen and the Earle of Chester
Shall bothe be by, and graunt as much he:
Nay, more, them selves shall bring ye to the Chappell,
And at their handes shall you receive your Brydes.
If this I doo not, ere two houres be spent,
Never let me be called more John a Kent.

Powesse. Ah, peerelesse John! with loove, with life,
and landes,

Will we requyte this kindnes at thy handes.

S. Griffin. And sing sweet Sonnets in thy endlesse
prayse,

While our fayre looves and we enjoy our dayes.

John. Let us away: it is uppon their comming,

For they think long untill the deed be doone,
 Werby John hopes his credit will be wun.¹

[*Exeunt.*

Enter LLWELLEN, CHESTER, *Countesse*, SYDANEN,
 MARIAN, OSWEN, AMERY, JOHN A CUMBER, and
 Abbot.

Chester. Feare not, my Lordes: my selfe have beene
 about,

And seene the gates mand as they ought to be,
 With spyes besyde that shall regard the walles;
 And with the Abbot have I tane this order,
 Only this gate shall serve for enteraunce.

Llwellen. But, by your leave, my Lord, we will
 entreat

That John a Cumber, till it be dispatchte,
 Will sit as porter: then we may be sure,
 That practise John a Kent what ere he dare,
 While he is there the lesse need be our care.

Cumber. Alas! my Lordes, I see what he intends:
 To come in person like this reverend Abbot,
 Therby to get in Griffin and Lord Powesse;
 But therin Ile prevent him, feare ye not.—
 Father, take you the Ladyes to your charge,
 And with the Countesse lead them to the Chappell.—
 You twayne will stay untill the Brydegroomes come,
 Then, afterward, let all the charge be mine.

Countesse. Come, loovely niece, and Marian, wend
 with me.

This day will end the greefes wherin you be.

Sydanen. But may it proove as poore Sidanen wish,
 Else her hart cares will farre surmount her blisse.

¹ The three last speeches are struck out in the MS.

Marian. Now, John a Kent, if ever thou shewedst skill,

Doo it this instant, and our joyes fulfill.¹

[*Exeunt Count., SYDANEN, &c.*

Llwellen. I wunder that these Lordes doo stay so long.

So soone as we they sayd they would be heere.

Enter JOHN A KENT a loof off; GRIFFIN and Lord POWESSE.

John. Goe on, and feare not. Now, John, we shall see If ye can help your eyes infirmitie.

Chester. O! heere they be.—Fye, Lordes! why stay ye so?

The others would have made more haste, I knowe.

Cumber. Be you their guyde.—Goe, quickly make an end,

And then let John a Kent my skill commend.

[*Exeunt.*

[*John.*] O, rare magitian! that hast not the power
To beat asyde a sillie dazeling mist,
Which a meere abce scholler in the arte
Can doo it with the least facilitie.
But I will ease them when the other come,
To see how then he will bestirre him selfe!

Enter MOORTON and PEMBROOKE.

* * * doe my Lord that there * * *
* * * me * * * they * be * * *
I had not parted with them but * * *
By thy leave, John, say are the * * *

Cumber. Alas, alas! hath cunning John * *

¹ The three last speeches are struck out in the MS.

No wiser way than this to find * * *

Goe aske of him whether the * * *

And he will say they are wed. * * *

Moorton. Wedded? to whom? I hope * * *

Cumber. To them whose counterfeite * * *

To noble Earle of Pembroke * * *

Pemb. Are not we they? what! a * * *

Cumber. How ere I am, no passage w * * *

For you or him, although he d * * *

John. Why, gentlemen, can ye thus * * *

Is this the man whose know * * *

To face ye downe ye be not * * *

Enter CHESTER, LLW. * * *

Cumber. Why, how now, Lordes! joy * * *

Llwellen. At that which now is to * * *

Prince Griffin and * * *

Unto our daughter * * *

We tooke them * * *

Chester. Heere you my Lord * * *

While you ha * * *

You come to * * *

Moorton. Oswen sp * * *

Oswen. Jest th * * *

Earle * * *

You w * * *

for * * *

E.

Amery. * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * me or you * * *

* * * had beene to haue wrongde them.

* * * doo the lyke confesse,

* * * nd Sydanen nere the lesse.
* * * ld as toward me you mean.
* * * thanke thee, John a Kent
* * * must yeelde her towards the
* * * you had so much to doo.
* * * make ye waste the time in vayne,
* * * as this day requires
* * * ter be not thou displeasde,
* * * feast these amorous cares hath easde.
* * * so disgraste by thee,
* * * bothe of mine and me.
* * * des and ever more heerafter
* * * vow continuall loove.
* * * fortune was not evill
* * * overmatchde the Devill.

[Exeunt.]

[FIN]IS

ANTHONY MUNDY.

* * Decembris, 1595.

NOTES
TO
JOHN A KENT AND JOHN A CUMBER.

Page 5, line 11, Thorow *West* Chester.] Chester was formerly commonly called West Chester. See various instances in a note to Dyce's *Webster's Works*, iii., 140.

Page 6, line 21, *Wight* and *tall*.] *Active* (sometimes *strong*) and *able*, words of frequent occurrence in these senses. "Hooks and bills," in the next line but one, are the weapons with which Sir Evan Griffin has armed his three hundred men.

Page 7, line 34, But John a Kent won't *leese* them.] Will not *lose* them. In many parts of England, gleaning is called *leesing*; perhaps collecting what the men employed in cutting the corn *lose*.

Page 9, line 21, No, God forbid; although you are not he.] This is marked in the MS. as spoken by Sydanen "*asyde*," a direction seldom found in other manuscript, or printed, copies of old plays.

Page 10, line 13, *Exeunt. Manent Sidanen, &c.*] The Lords go out, and leave Sydanen, Marian, and the Countess, on the stage. The names of the two last may have been originally inserted, but have been obliterated in the MS.

Page 10, line 31, But what olde man is this comes toward us?] The MS. shows by a line with the pen and the word "Enter," in the margin, that John a Kent was, in fact, to make his appearance to the ladies just as the Countess had said, "And, therefore, cast these cares behind thy back." The regular direction, "Enter John a Kent, like an aged Hermit," is inserted exactly where we have placed it.

Page 13, line 33, But husht! Heere comes my hotspurre, and Lord Powesse.] Meaning Sir Griffin, who had counselled such precipitate measures of open hostility to the Earl of Chester.

Page 14, line 5, Turnd greene to Fryers gray.] Showing that John

a Kent had worn a green dress before he assumed the disguise of a grey Hermit, or, as he is here called, in the text, a Pilgrim.

Page 17, line 1, Borne by that monstrous *murrian* black-a-moore.] *i.e.*, monstrous *morian*, or *moorish* black-a-moor.] The Moors are often called Morians by Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso.

Page 21, line 12, *Oppose* this question.] So the MS., for *Appose*, or put this question.

Page 22, line 32, *Round* in his eare.] *Whisper* in his ear.

Page 23, line 17, As her rosemary braunche.] It is not easy, nor perhaps was it intended, to make much sense out of this nonsense. Rosemary was used at weddings.

Page 23, line 27, *When* then, tune all.] So the MS.; but perhaps "when" was miswritten for *Well*.

Page 24, line 8, Song of the Brydes loss.] This and "the Welsh song" are both wanting in the MS. Perhaps they had been written and composed separately for the singers, and it was considered not necessary to insert them here.

Page 24, line 12, Making them selves ready.] *i.e.*, *dressing* themselves. Oswen and Amery, though here mentioned, do not, in fact, come in until afterwards.

Page 24, line 29, Heere enter Amery and Oswen rubing.] *Rubbing* their eyes, we may suppose, as just awake; but the MS. leaves the stage-direction imperfect.

Page 25, line 11, 1 Servaunt.] This speech is struck through with a pen in the MS., perhaps as unnecessary.

Page 26, line 24, Why, now *this geere doth cotton* in righte kinde.] A very common proverbial expression, indicating agreement and success.

Page 28, line 35, And John in cunning *graylde*.] *Gravelled*, from *graille*, which is used by old writers for gravel.

Page 29, line 31, *Look in his glasse*.] His perspective glass, common to magicians, by which they saw whatever was passing, at any distance.

Page 30, line 1, Actus Tertius.] This division (without any note of the Scene) is only marked in the margin of the MS.

Page 33, line 22, The fourth out of a tree, if possible it may be.] *i.e.*, if the properties belonging to the theatre would allow the use of such a contrivance. We are not told what was to be done, if it were not possible for the fourth Antique to come out of a tree.

Page 38, line 27, What! standst thou *all amort*.] An expression—meaning dispirited, or dead and heavy—found in Shakespeare, and in nearly all our old dramatists.

Page 39, line 15, *Exeunt.*] A stage-direction, wanting, and probably once existing, in the MS., but worn away at the bottom of the page. "Enter Shrimpe" is in the margin, three lines anterior to where his formal entrance is noted: he, no doubt, was intended to be seen "skipping" about, before John a Kent had finished his speech.

Page 39, line 33, With them, likewise, are sent to be their guydes.] *i.e.*, with them, likewise, *who* are sent to be their guides; viz., Oswen and Amery.

Page 41, line 22, Ile stand by and *give aime.*] To *give aim* generally means to direct, and to *cry aim* to encourage: both phrases occur in Shakespeare: see vol. i., 167, 224; iv., 24; and vi., 361, Edit. Collier. The expression was very frequently employed by writers of that period.

Page 41, line 33, *John.* Poore John a Kent.] Perhaps John a Kent here re-entered, but the MS. is so worn away, that no such stage-direction can be read. When he made his *exit*, on the preceding page, possibly he only withdrew to listen.

Page 42, line 13, One of us Johns must play besyde the booke.] "The book" refers to the prompter's book;" and to "play beside the book" must mean to play some part, or passage not found in the prompter's book.

Page 43, line 18, For *cumber* true loove so.] Sic in MS.; but, probably, we ought to read *cumbering*, or *cumb'ring*.

Page 43, line 32, A dayn[ty fit] of musique.] We presume that what we have placed between brackets is what has been here worn away from the margin of the MS. The same circumstance has rendered the next stage-direction and part of the text imperfect, though it is still intelligible.

Page 44, line 20, To one *that* joyes.] "To one *the* joyes," in the MS.; a mere clerical error.

Page 44, line 22, goes turning out.] *i.e.*, turning or dancing to the music, as Sir Gosselen and the Countess leave the stage.

Page 48, line 22, *Yeeld him the bucklers* that thee overmatcht.] An expression signifying the abandonment of a contest, in consequence of defeat. So Benedick, in "Much Ado about Nothing," act v., sc. 2, says to Margaret—"I give thee the bucklers."

Page 51, line 8, Enter Turnop and his trayne.] Perhaps in the MS., as it originally stood, the names of Hugh, Thomas Tabrer, &c., were given; but, owing partly to the corner of the leaf having rotted away, they are not now legible: what they say is also imperfect, as our asterisks denote. It is very clear that they are dressed like morris-dancers, and that a boy played Maid Marian in the performance.

Page 53, line 19, They [go to] them.] "They * * them" is all that can be read in the MS.

Page 53, line 28, * * * the unhappy newes.] This imperfect speech evidently belongs to Prince Griffin, but his name has disappeared from the MS. The next speech has been assigned to Powesse, and the sense informs us that it can only be his.

Page 56, line 10, [the Earl of Chester's servants.] These are clearly the words wanting, and we have ventured to supply them between brackets.

Page 58, line 8, Besyde the endless [fame] that thou shalt wyne.] In the MS., by a clerical error, *fame*, or some equivalent word of one syllable, is omitted.

Page 58, line 15, We must, *of force*, be knowen.] "Of force" was often used by our old writers for *of necessity*, or *of course*. Instances are needless.

Page 60, line 19, [*John*.] O, rare magitian, &c.] The margin of the MS. having been torn away, the name of "John" has been supplied conjecturally. There can be no doubt that the speech belongs to him.

Page 60, line 21, Which a meere *abce* scholler in the arte.] *i.e.*, a mere A B C scholar, or beginner, in the art.

Page 61, line 28, *Amery*.] What he says, and all that follows, down to the bottom of the page in the MS., is unfortunately wanting, the paper having been torn away. The letter E is visible just above Amery, and, no doubt, was part of the stage-direction for his entrance. It will be observed that the ends of many preceding lines are deficient, and hereafter, on turning over the leaf of the MS., we are without the commencements of any of the speeches.

A VIEW OF SUNDRY EXAMPLES.

BY

ANTONY MUNDAY.

A VIEWV

of sundry Examples.

Reporting many straunge
murthers, sundry persons periur-
red, Signes and tokens of Gods anger to-
wards vs. What straunge and mon-
strous Children haue of late
beene borne.

And all memorable murthers
since the murther of Maister *Saunders* by
George Browne, to this present and bloody
murther of *Abell Bourne*, Hosyer,
who dwelled in Newgate
Market. 1580.

Also a short discourse of the late Earthquake,
the sixt of Aprill. Gathered by A. M.

Honos alit Artes.



Imprinted at London for William Wright, and are
to be sold at the long shop, adioyning
vnto S. Mildreds Church in
the Poultrie.

To the worshipfull Maister William Waters, and
 Maister George Baker, Gentlemen, attendaunt
 on the Right Honourable, his singuler good Lord
 and Maister, the Earle of Oxenford, A.M.,
 wisheth what happines in this life is
 to be gained, and in the life to come,
 an immortall Crowne of glorie.

The Souldier having once ventured and tryed the favour
 of Fortune in bloody fight among his enemies, (speeding
 well) hazardeth his hap the bolder the second time. The
 Merchaunt making one lucky voyage, presumeth on the next
 with greater affection. So I (worshipfull and my approved
 freendes) having once found freendly entertainment to my
 booke received, am the more encouraged to present this also,
 referring the good meaning and freendly affection of the
 Author to your discretions, construed at leysure. I know
 that in gathering these reports I shall offend the curious
 eares of some daintie devisers; and I consider againe that
 the wise will allowe my labours to good end; so that, pleasing
 your Woorships and the mindes of well disposed persons, I
 shall thinke my labours well bestowed, and my time not ill
 spent. Cicero, I remember, reporteth how there
 appeared unto Hercules two Maidens, the one
 attired base and simple, the other decked in sundry sutes of
 very gorgious and gallant apparell, promising, eche of them,
 such rewards as their habilitie might suffer
 them to bestowe, if according to their mindes he
 made his choyse. Fyrst quoth she so simply
 attired:—

A proper dis-
 course of the
 choyse of
 Hercules.

The simple
maiden,
named Ver-
tue.

If thou choose me, consider what may fall:
thou in this life shalt be of wretched state,
And of account thou shalt be very small,
But last of all thou shalt proove fortunate.
Eternall ioy so much shall vauntage thee,
That thy good fame then honoured shalbe.

The other gallant Girle, shining like the Sunne, glistering
in her golde, sweating in her silkes, brave in her beautye,
The brave comely in complexion, finely featured accord-
Maiden ing to fancy, every lim gallantly joynted, and
named, pounsed up in her perfuming and odiferous
Wayne Plea- smels, sayde—
sure.

Loe here the
golden pro-
mises that
Vaine Plea-
sure maketh
to such as are
easy to be in-
tised.

If thou like me, and wilt make me thy wife,
So long as life within me dooth remaine
All wordly pompe with thee shalbe so rife,
That none but thou the golden daies shall
gaine.

Thy riches shall aboundantlie exceede;
All thy desires shall graunted be with speede.

Thou in this world shalt be of rare renowne,
And Glorie shall attendaunt on thee stand:
No labour shal once seeme to pul thee downe,
But thou shalt live at ease upon the Land.
How saist thou now? consider what these be;
Then goe to her, or els come unto me.

Hercules hearing the fine forged eloquence of this delicate
Dame, and how her offers were so good that he
Hercules re- posed greater creadit in the simpler then
posed greater creadit in the simpler then in the braver,
and therefore knowe you are not ignorant: the simplenesse

he chose her; and therefore we may heereby see that all is not golde that glistereth, nor all are not freends that avouche freendship. of my capacitie, the meanesse of my learning, with the lack of eloquence, causeth my booke to sound nothing pleasaunt to the daintie eare. But as the newest Vessels holde not the sweetest wine, the tallest tree not the pleasantest fruite, nor the biggest Vine the best grapes, so perhaps the largest labour containes not so much methode of matter, as a small volume may sufficiently unfolde, nor the most learned Preacher edifie not so much as one that professeth lesse learning.

Even so, some tymes may bee couched more promptnesse of wit, and more cunning conveyances under a plaine countrey cap, then perhaps under a hat of velvet. I speake not this that your affection should bee ever the more mooved to this simple gift, or that you should refuse larger proffers to prefer so meane a trifle; but this I may (under correction) boldly say, and also sufficiently discharge, that the quantitie and quallitie of good wyll may aswell be manifested in a sheete of paper, as in a booke of greater estimation. For surely, if his affection be not to that man, or on whom so ever he bestoweth so small a present, hee will not (you may be sure) commend to him the greater.

Munera sunt
estimanda
non pretio
suo, sed ani-
mo donantis.

So that by this you will judge that I make as much account of my sheete of paper, as other do of a larger volume: I answer, that if I loove my freend a little, and little, and loove him long, it is better then loove him a love me long. great deale at the first, and never a whit after.

Thinke not hereby (woorshipfull) that I envye any way gainst writers of large and auncient volumes, for thereby I should condemne my selfe of meere folly, and displease a number that have delight therin. Only this is my meaning, that this small pamphlet I offer with as free good will, as if I could present you with a bigger booke, and that in this little

labour is contained as much affection, and as liberally bestowed, as any hee whatsoever that offreth a greater gift. The poore Widdowes mite pleased Christe better then the riches that the other offred; and the cup of water Luke, 2, 1. presented to Zerxes was as princely received as a greater present. Then am not I in doubt but that I shall like you with this little, and please you with this poore pamphlet: if so it may chaunce, I have my choise; and if it like you wel, I have my will. Thus hazarding on your courtesyes, and trusting to your clemencies, with the
Baso les manos, I bid you
farewell hartely.

Yours to commaund, in greater
affaires then he mindes to make
his boast,

ANTONY MUNDAY.

To the courteous company of Gentlemen,
whose good will and freendly affection
is my wished desire to
obteyne, Greeting.

But that my want of learning and eloquence, to beautifye my stile withall, is so great a blemish to my bolde attempt, I should (courteous Gentlemen) thinke that this my booke would be gratefully accepted. But finding my self nothing acquainted with the one, and farre unlike to gaine the other, I perswade my self that I were better to shrowde in silence my simplicitie, then to let it passe, beeing nothing woorthy. Yet finding my selfe so greatly bound in duty to your courtesyes so liberally bestowed, I thought (though I were unable to requite with the very uttermoste of my power) yet your courtesyes would accept of my good wil, sygnified any way; and that though I am the simplest (yet since mightie and puissant Emperours haue vouchsaved to heare the meane stile of unlearned Oratours) Gentillitie adorned with clemencye, (though they are usually frequented with the woorks of famous and worthy writers) they would (if it were but for pleasures sake) attend the homely note of a countrey Coridon, and among the rest be content to heare so rude a Chaos as I. Thus leaving at large your courtesyes to conster my good intent, and to rewarde as shall like you best, praying for your continuall prosperitie, to God

I commend ye.

Your affectioned freend,

A. Munday, servaunt to the
right Honorable the Earle
of Oxenford.

¶ *To the Reader.*

Good Reader, suffice thee
with this my good will,
Till I may devise thee
things woorthy of skill.

If thou doo content thee
with this my poore wish,
Ere long shalbe sent thee
a delicate dish:

Where thou shalt have plentye
fine toyes for thy pleasure:
Then, seeme not too daintie,
but judge this with measure.



A view of Examples, meete
to be perused of all faythfull
Christians.

IOB 14.

Man that is borne of a Woman hath but a short tyme to lyve, and is full of miserie: he commeth up, and is cut downe like a flower; he flyeth as it were a shadowe.

Whereas we see (by perfect experience) that man is sub-
jecte to many misfortunes, multitudes of my-
series, yea, many and sundrie mischaunces; so
that in this terrestriall vale of myserie, he beeing
so fiercely assaulted by the mischevous motions

Man subject
to many and
sundry mise-
ries.

and sharpe assaultes of his olde and auncient enimie, no suc-
cour is lefte him, nor no comfort to cure him, but onely in
hart and minde to flye to his sweete Saviour and redeemer,
Jesus Christe, to animate him with continuall constancie,

His only hope
in Christ Je-
sus, which
confoundeth
all his foes.

to uphold him by his grace and mercie, and
to arme him bodily with pure and sincere fayth,
which is able to confound al his usurping eni-
mies. For fayth is the victorie of this world,
as witnesseth John, saying, *And this is the vic-*

torie that overcommeth the world, even our fayth: who is it that

I. John. 5, 4,
5.

overcommeth the world, but he which beleeveth that
Jesus Christe is the sonne of God. Then, since

our fayth is the onelie weapon wherewith we may wholly
Faith the
onely weapon

vanquish and subdue all the enormities of this
lyfe, all the troubles, vexations, temptations,

to vanquishe al the cares and troubles of this world. illusions, and all enemies whatsoever, let us imbolden our selves uppon our Captaine Christe; let us cast all our care on him, and hee wyll goe to feelde with us; he wyll sheelde us from our enimies; his mightie arme shall so dyrect us, that all our fooes shall runne on theyr owne confusion. *It is God that gyrdeth us with strength of warre, and maketh our wayes perfect.*

Psa., 18, 32.

Then, mortall man, never boast so much of thy terrestriall strength, which is but a shadowe, *But cast up thine eyes to heaven, from whence commeth thy helpe:* the helpe that is alway forceable, and wyll strike all thy enimies downe to the ground.

Psa., 131, 1.

Beholde how the world is given to wickednesse; for one disdayneth that his neyghbour should thrive by him; another coveteth his neyghbours goodes unjustly; some one is bent to this vice, some to that. Some care not so they lyve in their jolitic and pleasure, who goeth to wracke, whome they murder, whome they spoyle; the prooffe whereof is evident.

The world bent to all kinde of wickednes.

Example of George Browne, who murthured maister George Saunders.

Not long since, one George Browne, a man of stature goodly and excellent, if lyfe and deedes thereto had beene equivalent; but as the auncient adage is, goodly is he that goodly dooth, and comely is he that behaveth him selfe comely, so may it be witnessed in this man, who more respected a vaine pride and prodigall pleasure, which remayned in his person, then commendation and good report that followeth a godlie and vertuous life.

But nowe a dayes everie courageous cutter, euerie Sim Swashbuckler, and everie desperatè Dick, that can stand to his tackling lustely, and behave him selfe so quarrelously that he is ashamed of all

A view to vaine vaunters.

good and honest company, he is a gallant fellowe, a goodly man of his handes, and one, I promise you, that as soone comes to Tyburne as ever a one of them all. This is a fellowe worthy of commendation. vaine-glorious vertue, (which some tearme it) but it can be called no vertue, because it dependeth not uppon any goodnesse.

This George Browne, (before named) addicted to the voluptuousnesse of this vaine world, to unlawfull lyking, to runne at his libertie in all kinde of lewde behaviour, murdred cruelly maister George Saunders, an honest, vertuous, and godly Cittizen, well knowne, of good name and fame; among his neighbours well thought of; abroad and every where well esteemed; of wealth well stored; of credit well allowed; of lyving Christianly disposed; and of those that knewe him well beloved.

This man being met by this George Browne, (who by the consent of maister Saunders wife was appoynted to kyll him) after he perceived what was his intent, and howe he sought to bathe his handes in his guyltles blood, fell to entreatance, that pittie might take place in his bloody brest.

But he, a wretch, more desirous of his death then wylling his welfare, more mindfull of murther then his deuelish intent and perverse practises. savegard of his soule, so bent to blindnesse, that he expected not the light, strooke the stroke that returned his shame, dyd the deede that drove him to destiny, and fulfilled the fact, that in the end he found folly.

O, minde most monstrous! O, heart most hard! O, intent so yrksome! whome neyther preferment might perswade, rythes move to regard, affection cause to respect, former freendship force to fancie, nor no vertue of the minde seeme to satisfie. Where was the bonds of loyaltie? where was the regard of honestie? where was the feare of the Almighty?

All feare of God cleane layde aside. where was the care of Christianitie? or where was the hope of eternall felicitie? and last, where was thy duty to God, thy Prince, and countrey? Alas! each of these seemed cleane vanquished in thee: they were smallly regarded; yea, little or none accompt made of. It is yet evidently seene in that common crew that give them selves to boasting and bravery, to swearing, fighting, quarrelling, and all such divelish practises. But what sayth Esai? *Shall the axe boast it self against him that heweth therewith, or shall the sawe make any bragging against him that ruleth it? That were even lyke as if the rod did exalt it self against him that beareth it, or as though the staffe should magnify it self, (as who should say) it were no wood.*

And Solomon sayth: *Make not thy boast of to morrowe, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.*

The Prophet David lykewise sayth: *How long shall all the wicked dooers speake so disdaynfully and make such proude boasting? They smite downe thy people, O Lord, and trouble thine heritage. They murder the widdow and the straunger, and put the fatherlesse to death.*

With many places more that I might alleadge of the Scripture, of such as brag in their braverie, and boast in their owne strength. But this example passed may seeme somewhat to terrifie our stony hearts to consider through the misbehauour of one man six lost theyr lyves, as is evidently knowen to all men; for in Smithfeeld they payed the price of their lyves for consenting to that odious fact.

It shall not be amisse in this place to call to minde the wylfull perjurie of certayne persons, whose wycked lyves at their death were perfectly wytnessed.

Examples of perjury.

Through the lewde life of one man six lost theyr lyves.

Psa., xc., 4, 5, 6.

Example of widdowe Barnes, in Cornhyll, in London. 1574.

Let us remember the widdow Barnes, beeing an auncient woman, and dwelling in Cornhyll, in London, who frequented much swearing, and neither freendly rebuking, good instructions, nor divine perswasions, could turne her heart from this wicked and detestable exercise, but thereby laboured to defeat

She threw	an Orphant of her right: the Divell, who urged
her self into	her to such cruell abuse, caused her to cast her
the streete	selfe out at her window into the streete, and
and brake her	there brake her neck.
neck.	

Example of Arthur Myller, at Hackney, in 1573.

One Arthur Miller lykewise, dwelling at Hackney, a very lewde talker, a common blasphemer and swearer, in the tyme of his sicknesse, casting all Christianlike care from him and all feare of God and his lawes, vehemently cryed out, the Divell! the Divell! yet felt he the omnipotency of Gods power, as he himself confessed; but for grace he could not pray, the cause whereof was known to him self, but he would not utter it to any. And so kissing oftentymes his hand, wherein he sayd he held the Divell, and calling only for helpe to the Divell, this wretched lyfe he ended most miserably.

Example of one Berry, who cut his owne throate in the Counter, in the Poultry. 1575.

In the Counter, in the Poultry in London, also, there was one Berry, who in some one cause had wilfully perjured him selfe, and beeing brought therefore to the prison to sustayne what punishment thereto was due, he, despayring of Gods mercie, and giving him selfe to the Divells temptations, cruellie cut his owne throate.

*Example of Anne Averages, that bought the Towe. 1575.**Febru. 11.*

Anne Averages, likewise a widdowe who dwelled in Ducke Lane, without Aldersgate, comming to the house of one Richard Williamson in Woodstreete, whose wife used to dresse flax and towe, she tooke up there six pound of towe, and departed without paying therefore, when she was required eyther to send the towe agayne, or to pay money therfore: by and by she rapt out two or three terrible oathes, that she had payd for it, and beeing come back to the shoppe, she desired vengeance at Gods handes, that she might presently sinck where she stode, if she payde not the money before she went out of the shoppe. Gods judgement so just, seeing her unjust dealing, presently accorded thereunto, and before the face of all the standers by, she was immediately stroke to

Gods iust
judgement
fell on this
wicked per-
son.

the earth, not able to rise without help, nor yet to blaspheme the name of God as she had done, but holding out her hand, wherein she held thirteene pence, which she should before have payed for the towe withall; and her mouth beeing put to such a vyle office, that from thence issued that which should have discended at the lower partes. So was she carried from thence, where she was fayne to lye in a styng stable, and few dayes after yeelded her life.

A notable and
straunge ex-
ample to ter-
rify all wick-
ed and cruell
blasphemers.

Example of Father Lea. 1577.

Father Lea, a man almost of foure score yeares, in Foster Lane, in London, meeting with the party against whome he had perjured him selfe, held up his hands, desiring him to forgive him, for that he had falsly forsworn himself against him. The man replied that the offence against him might be easily forgiven; but the offence against God was ten

tymes more. So after a whyle this Father Lea, with a rusty
 He ripped his knife, rypped his owne belly, and griped his
 owne belly. guts with his owne handes, and so ended his
 life the xxi of January, 1577.

Loe! deere Christians, what examples we can fetch of our
 selves, what neede we to looke after other cuntryes? these
 we know to be true, and we cannot deny it: but alas! how
 long shall we remaine in this wickednes, when we heare God
 himself say

*If a soule sinne and trespasse against the Lord, and deny
 unto his neighbour that which was taken him to
 keepe, or that was put in his handes, or dooth vio-
 lent robbery or wrong unto his neighbour ;*

*Or if he have found that which was lost, and denieth it, and
 sweareth falsely upon whatsoever thing it be that
 a man dooth, and sinneth therein :*

*If he so sinned and trespassed, he shall restore againe that he
 tooke violently away, or the wrong which he did,
 or that which was delivered him to keep, or the lost
 thing which he found.*

*And all that about which he hath sworne falsely, he shall
 restore it again in the whole sum, and shall adde
 the fift part more therto, and give it unto him to
 whom it appertayneth, the same day that he offreth for his
 trespasse.*

*Thou shalt not sweare by my name, neither shalt
 thou defile the name of thy God : I am the Lord.*

The wise and famous Solomon lykewyse sayth. *Let not
 thy mouth be accustomed with swearing, for in it
 are many falles : let not the naming of God be
 continually in thy mouth.*

*For like as a seruaunt that is much beaten cannot be without
 some sore, even so whatsoeuer he be that sweareth
 and nameth God, shall not be cleane purged from*

A man that useth much swearing, shalbe filled with wickednes, and the plague shal never go from his house: if
 11. *he beguyle his brother, his faulte shalbe upon him: if he knowledge not his sinne, he maketh a double offence; and if he sweare in vaine, he shall not be found righteous, for his house shalbe full of plagues.*

12. *The words of the swearer bringeth death, (God graunt that it be not found in the house of Jacob) but they that feare God will eschew all such, and lye not weltring in sin.*

13. *Use not thy mouth to dishonest and filthy talking, for in it is the word of sinne.*

15. *The man that is accustomed with the words of blasphemy wyl never be reformed all the dayes of his lyfe.*

Zacharias the Prophet also sayth. *Behold a flying book of*
 Zach., 5, 2. *twenty cubits long and ten cubits broad.*

3. *This is the curse that goeth forth over the whole earth, for al theeves shalbe judged according to this book.*

4. *And I will bring it forth; (sayth the Lord of hostes) so that it shall enter into the house of the theefe, and into the house of him that falsly sweareth by my name, and shal remayne in the middest of his house and consume it, with the timber and stones therof.*

And further list what God sayth. *And thou shalt speake*
 Levi., 24, 15. *unto thy children of Israel, saying, Whosoever curseth his God shall beare his sinne.*

16. *And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, let him be slayne, and all the multitude shall stone him to death; whether he be borne in the land of the straunger, when he blasphemeth the name of the Lord let him be slayne.*

Thus, deerely beloved, are we warned by the sacred Scripture to take heede and to be circumspect in our dealings, not for every tryfling thing to rappe out oathes; for therein we hyghlie offend the Majestie of God.

Example of Paule Green, that slew Maister Temple.

Now I will return to my former matter again, as touching murder, which is a hainous and abhominable offence in the sight of God and man. I must not forget the committed crime of Paule Green, who desperatly slew Maister Thomas Temple neer the Royal Exchaunge, in London, the which Maister Temple was a sober, wise, and discreet Gentleman, one of goodly living, and taking a house to save him self from the unsatiabie malice of this Paul Green, could not so appease his ire, for he thrust over the stall at him, and at length gave him that he long looked for. But what became therof? Hee Paul Green for his paines, condemned by law and justice, hanged at Tiburn. end[ed] his desperat dayes at Tiburn.

Example of the two Sheriffes that hung themselves at Gloucester. 1579.

It is commonly reported, and is in every mans mouth, how this last yeere at Gloucester two men, in yeers ancient, supposed to be very goodly livers, and were called to the bearing authoritie in the Citie, as to wit bothe of them hath been Sheriffes, yet, for want of firme and faithful trust in God, they bothe hanged them selves.

Example of John Morgan, who slew Maister Turbervile in Somersetshire. 1580.

Likewise in Somersetshire, one John Morgan, by common report a lewd and wicked liver, and given to swearing, roysting, and all wickednes abounding in him, slew his brother in law, Maister Turbervile, a gentleman of godly life, very sober, wise, and discreet, whose wife lying in childebed, yet arose and went to have law and justice pronounced on that

cruel malefactor. So, at Chard, before the Lord Chief Justice, hee was condemned and suffered death for his offence. 1580.

Example of Richard Tod, that murdered Mistresse Skinner at Saint Katherins. 1580.

Then, let us rehearse the bloody parte of Richard Tod, who murdered and cruelly massacred an auncient and honest woman dwelling at Saint Katherins, named Mistres Skinner, a woman of godly disposition, of life inferiour to few, for frendly neighbourhood beloved of all, in yeeres wel passed, of credit wel accounted, and of mony and riches sufficiently instored; to whome this bloody Butcher came with his entrenching knife, and for the minde hee bare to her money, more then good will to her welth, caused her to forsake this earthly life.

Hee beeing apprehended for the same, condemned by the Hee first led to the place, then brought back and executed at Tibourn.	law, and judged to dye, was led to the place where he committed this murderous offence, which beeing found not so convenient, was reducted back, and in the after noone was executed at Tibourn, the xxix of March.
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Example of Marmeduke Glover, who slew Sergeant Grace. 1580.

And should I seem to be oblivious of the great and greevous offence of Marmeduke Glover, who beeing arrested by Sergeant Grace, drew out his weapon, and there presently murdered him: nay, sure his crime is to be accounted a most vile and hainous offence, in that hee resisted where of duty he should have obeyed; and more better had it been for him, for then had he saved both his life and his owne. But following his owne will and cruel intent, made her become a

widowe, who might els have lived longer in joy with her
 Glouer exe- mate and husband. So likewise (as blood re-
 cuted in quireth blood) hee was executed in publike
 Cheapside. view in Cheapside on a Jibbit, the xxviij of
 March. 1580.

Example of a Maid that buried her Childe quick.

A maid, also, who had abused her body with unchaste
 living, and beeing delivered of a sweet and tender infant,
 casting all motherly and naturall affection from her, buried
 the same alive. What hardned hart had shee, to play so
 vile a parte to the frute of her owne body! Alas! it causeth
 to relent eche Christian hart that heareth therof, first to con-
 sider how wickedly shee violated the commaundements of our
 God, wheras by his owne mouth he hath pronounced, *Thou*
 Exod., 20. *shalt not commit Adultrie*: then, what wicked
 wretches are wee, which abuse our bodies with
 voluptuous pleasures, with carnall delights, with wicked
 inventions, and with sin out of measure, yet not contented
 therewith, but to dispoyle the frute of our owne bodyes,
 to hide our sin to the world, to run hedlong to the Devil;
 yet can wee not so hide our sinne but God seeth it, and no
 wilful murther will hee suffer unrevealed, though we collour
 it for a time, though wee think it cleane out of
 remembrance, and that the brunt is gon and
 past: yet wil hee cause the very fowles of the
 aire to bewray it; our owne consciences shall
 cause us to open it, our lookes wil bewray us, our deeds wil
 deceive us, so that wee shall need no more evidences then
 our owne selves.

Acts, 15, 20. *(Saint Paule saith) wee write unto them that they*
abstayne them selves from fornication; every sinne
that a man dooth is without his body, but hee that committeth
 I. Cor., 6, 18. *fornication sinneth against his owne body: Let*
every Christian be mindefull that his body is the

Temple of the Lord, and ought not to be defiled, but be kept pure and holy, even that our bodies may be a quick sacrifice to GOD.

An Example of the Gentlewoman that kild her maid at S. Giles in the feeld.

At Saint Giles in the feeld, also, dwelt a gentle woman named Mistres Amy Harrison, (alias) Midleton, who was a very wicked liver, an unjust dealer, a bewrayer of fortunes, and one who was wholly inclined to vice, abandoning vertue. This woman had a godchilde of hers in the house with her, whom shee kept to doo such necessary busines about the house as was commaunded her by her Mistres, or as her yeers might sufficiently reach unto, but sometime was constrained to more; so that often her inhabilitie caused her to be whipt, beaten, tyrannically tormented, and very Jewishly intreated, sometime with big cudgels, sometime with a girth; so that, from the crown of the hed to the soles of the feet, was left no member unmartired. At length the
 A woman void of all reason.
 Girle dyed by such excess of correction, and shee therfore suffered death against her owne house, for an example to all Mistresses and Dames, how they misuse their servants in such unmerciful manner.

These Examples, witnessed apparent in our eyes, may warne us how wee lead such careles lives, for feare of displeasing the Almightye, to hasten his anger upon us, and so utterly to reject us.

Examples of blasing Starres and other Accidents.

Wee have had manyfold motions, sundrye signes, yea, and exceeding examples of his wrath and displeasure, by commets and blasing stares, as lately hath been seen over this Citie of London, as also great flames and flashing of fire issuing out of the North parts in the Ellement.

Two great Tides.	Likewise two great tides in one houre, contrary to Nature. Besides this there hath been
Straunge Flyes.	seen straunge flyes, which on their wings bare the Example of Gods justice.

Example of the Childe in Gelderland.

And furthermore, what monstrous shapes! what straunge births! and what alteration of Nature have wee seen! In Gelderland a childe borne of proportion very ongly, with a long bil and the belly like a swan, feet with clawes, and as soone as it was borne ran under the bed.

Example of a Childe in Italy.	In Italy, also, of an ancient woman was borne a deformed creature, the which spake many words, as the book in print dooth witnes, which was printed by Thomas East.
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Example of the Childe in Dutchland at Lutsolof.	Likewise at Lutsolof, in Dutchland, was a straunge and monstrous childe borne, which in one hand had a rod, in the other a sword, which demaunded if the warres of men were not as yet fully finished, and cryed to make peace, and that the time should come that one should say to another, Oh, Brother! why art thou not dead? with other woords moste straunge, as the printed booke dooth witnes.
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The other childe with two heds.	Also with the same childe there was an other who had two heds, the one side of the body all black, and wept abundantly, bothe borne of one woman, the fathers name Baltus Maler, and the mother, Katherin Peeters.
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A childe borne at Manchester.	Then look heer into England, at Manchester, a childe borne without ever a hed, yet soone after was the mother delivered of a goodly and sweet infant.
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A childe borne at Aberwick, in North.	At Aberwick, also, in Northumberland, a child was borne having two heds in perfect proportion, and the eares like a horsse.
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A monstrous
childe now in
London. At this present in London is to be seen a
man childe very monstrous: all these are ex-
amples now of late dayes.

Example at Praga, in Bohemia.

Wee hear also of the fearfull tempest that was at Praga,
in Bohemia, wheras on the twenty five of January, 1579, at
two of the clock in the after noone, that the people durst not
shew themselves in the streets. Three steeples of churches
were blowen down, brusing about nineteen houses, and six
persons slain therby. At evening again there was a marvelous
thunder, wherin fel hail stones that weighed the quantity of
Example of 3 quarters of a pound, and thereafter fel such
an Earth- an earthquake, during for the space of half
quake. an hower, that the houses did shake very wun-
derfully.

Signes in the At twelve a clock at night was perfectly
Element. viewed a black cloude, wherin were plainly
escried a mans two armes and hands naturally, the right
hand holding a swoord, the other a bowle which poured
An other foorth blood: therby was perceived a peece of
signe. ground with corne standing thereon, and therby
lay a sickle, and a great voice was heard, but nothing seen,
A voice which said, *Wo, wo, to the earth and to the inha-*
heard, but *bitants therof! for hee commeth that is to come,*
nothing seen. *and all the people shall see him.* This voice
Great feare caused great terror through al the town, that the
through all infants shrieked sucking at their mothers brests,
the Citie. and women were then delivered of children.

A Woman of lix yeers delivered of three Children.

Aboove the rest, a woman of lix yeeres olde, named Mar-
garet, her husband called John Bobroth, the Clark of the

town. This woman for the space of xxv weeks was diseased, and no help could be had; but through this present accident she was delivered of three Children, their mouthes replenished with teeth, as children of three yeeres olde. The first borne spake, saying—

The day appointed which no man can shun.

The words of the first, The second said, *Where shall we finde thesecond, and the third. living to bury the dead?*

The third said, *Where shall we finde corne to satisfie the hungrie?*

Example of one in Worcestershire, who slew his Brother, and buried him under the hearth of his chimney.

He returneth I am sure that it is not yet out of remembrance, nor men are not so forgetful to let slip so soone the murder committed in Worcester, where as one unnaturally killed his owne Brother; and when he had doon, to cover his fact withall, buried the dead corps under the hearth of his chimney; a moste monsterous and bloody parte, far passing the committed offence of Cain, who slew his brother Abel.

Example of Thomas Hil, at Feversam, who kild his owne Mother.

At Feversam there dwelled one Thomas Hil, who in the house with him had his owne Mother, an olde woman, whom hee regarded but very small, and used her like an ungrateful childe, which made her to seeke meanes to departe thence, and to goe to her other sonne, who dwelled at Canterbury; which when hee perceived, thought to defeat her of her purpose, and one night in bed murdered her, sending woord to his brother that she was dead, and so buried her before he came. This man beeing one who looved her deerly, and

come to his brothers, his hart throbbed, and desired, for to satisfie his minde, that the dead corps might be taken up: when it was taken up, they saw nothing wherof shee dyed, neither her flesh abated with sicknes, nor any sore wherby they should say it was the plague.

The dead corps taken up and serched, and he brought before it, it presently bled. So this murderer was brought before her, and presently, in the sight of all the standers by, it presently bled both at the nose and at the mouth; wherupon hee was accused, and hee did presently confesse it.

Then was he presently sent to prison, wherin hee, despairing of Gods mercy, and giving him self wholly to the Devils temptations, with v points of his hose hung him self on an olde hedlesse naile in the prison.

Example of Quernby, who kild his Mother.

Wee have to remember how Edward Quernbie, in Nottingham shire, playd the like butcherly parte; for hee, for the goodwill he had to his Mothers riches, cruelly and unnaturally murdered her.

Margaret Dorrington, who killed Alice Fox.

Likewise at Westminster, how Margaret Dorrington, a woman of a wicked and naughty life, murdered Alice Fox, thrusting a knife up under her clothes; wherfore shee suffered death not long after.

Example of one hanged in chaines at Miles end.

There was one also who in the gardens at Miles end had murdered a man, who therefore suffered death there, and was afterward hanged up in chains.

Example of a Woman that kild her 2 Children.

At Kilborne, also, neer London, there was a woman who with a peece of a billet brayned her two children, the summe wherof is at large described in a book imprinted. The woman dyed in Newgate.

The murder of Abel Bourn, Hosier, beeing found by the Brick killes slain, the xx of April last.

A Virginal maker that came to look Ravens quilts found the man slain. A man, whose facultie in profession is a maker of Virginalls, going to the Brick kiles at the upper end of Golding lane, to seek Ravens fethers, which he putteth to some use in his handy craft, by chaunce espyed there lying in a deep trench, or gutter, a man murdered; which when hee saw, fearing least some suspition should be taken of him, went and bewrayed it presently. So the Cunstable, with other men wel appointed there, watched the dead corps, all that night. On the next day, (beeing Saturday) among the egresse and regresse of people that came to see him were many that were wel acquainted with him, as a yung woman to whome hee should have been maryed the Tuesday following, his kinsman, his apprentice, and other toward the evening.

The Coroner came thither and impa-
neled a quest of inquiry. When the Coroner had paneled his inquest of inquiry, to serch and seek the causes of this mans death, whether hee murdered him self wilfully, or slain by some chaunce, or els murdered by meer villany,

Three evi-
dence that
were present
there. There came before him three that gave evi-
dence, the one his apprentice, the other a very
freend of his, dwelling in Bridewel, and the
third one Sadler, that dwelleth in Theames
street.

The Coroner, willing to finde out this matter, so sud-

dainly chaunced, desired them to say what they could of the matter.

First (quoth hee) who dwelled in Bridewel, named Davis,
 Davis first My freend Abel Bourn, who is slain, was ac-
 telleth what quainted with one Hodgesses wife, whose hus-
 hee knoweth band dwelled at the end of Saint Nicholas
 of the matter. shambles, a hosier by occupation, now lying in
 the hole in the Counter in Woodstreet; a very naughty
 woman in living, whose company hee dishonestly used, both
 in his prentiship, and til the time that hee was slain, the
 more to his greater grief: having thus long used her company,
 and now drawing to honest living, to match him self with an
 honest maiden, which he should have doon on Tuesday next,
 at Christmas last he gave to this Hogges wife ten angels to
 leave his company, and not to frequent him any more; but
 Hodgesse neverthelesse shee did stil, (saying thus) thou
 wifes words wilt now be married, wilt thou? Yea, answered
 and Abels. Bourn, I mean so, God willing. Wilt thou so,
 indeed? truly, shee that maryeth thee shall have but little
 joy of thee; for look in what estate I have had thee all this
 while, so wil I have thee stil; for I will have thy purse and
 body at my commaundement and plesure. Abel hearing this
 Abel fetcheth on the Sunday before he was slain, hee went to
 from the a Tailers where certain apparel of this Hodges
 tailors her wife was at making, and brought it away with
 apparel. him, comming to her where shee lay in the
 same morning, bidding her to come and fetch her apparel;
 and so shee went with him, and hee, entring into a house
 with her, caused the Cunstable to serve a warrant on her,
 and so sent her to Bridewel; where shee said,
 Hodgesse his if ever I come foorth again, I wil have him
 wife sent to hewed as small as flesh to the pot. This hee
 Bridewel. said to this Davis, even as hee told before the
 Her words quest.
 in Bridewel.

Sadler saith Then Sadler hee began, and said: Abel
 what he Bourne thus told mee, that he, walking by the
 knowes. mount at the upper end of Aldersgate-street,
 One met was met by one who said unto him, if thou
 Abel at the seeme to use Hodges wife in this order, and doo
 mount, and not set her free, the next time I meet thee, I
 threatned wil kil thee. This hee tolde him even as hee
 him. said before the quest.

Cranes wife While they were thus in talking, at last came
 comming by, a Woman by who was suspected of the matter,
 suspected: and information given to the Coroner, presently
 she entred sent after her to bring her back again; shee
 into the Gar- having taken a garden, and they fain to climbe
 den. over the pale, so at last brought her out, and led her to the
 Her wenches Coroner. Her wench beeing by, said, I tolde
 woodes. my Dame of this before, that shee should be-
 ware: so the wench was taken also.

When shee was come before the Coroner, hee examined
 her if shee knew the said Abel? shee answered that shee
 knew him wel, and shee saw him not since Tuesday, on which
 day there was a fray in the feelds, and shee ran
 Shee saw to see it, where shee chaunced to see Abel with
 Abel in the swoord and dagger under his arme: shee de-
 feeld on Sun- maunded of him why hee went so weaponed?
 day. hee answered, that hee was threatened to be slain: (quoth
 shee) then you were best to keep your house, and not to go
 so abrode. At the length hee went home with her to her
 house, which was in Toys rents, and there he
 Abel goes to poured out on the table about thirtie pound in
 her house golde, and at last sent for a pot of beer and
 with her. drank with her, but hee had no great lust to drink, and so
 shee said he went his way.

Then afterward they led her to see the corps of the dead
 man, where she seemed to be very sorrowful for his death in
 their sight. But her house beeing serched, there was found

what I knowe not; and the wench saith, that shee fetcht a great deale of water and washt the rushes, and so strawed fresh rushes on them. So shee and her husband, and other more in Newgate: and on Wednesday after they were

One Wood brought to Finsbury, and there was one Wood examined at examined, beeing greatly suspected of the mat-Finsbury. ter, and as it is judged, he wil be found the

dooer of the deed; for the same day as the man is said to be slain, hee can make no direct answere how he spent that day, nor where he lay that night; for the Coroner demaunded of him what he professed? and hee answered, that hee had a trade, a thing wherby he lived. What is that? (quoth the

Coroner.) Sir, (quoth hee) I am a servingman, and I professe to be a Faulkoner. I ment to go oversea to buy Hawkes for divers gentlemen. Whome doo you serve? quoth the Coroner. Wood an-
swereth to
the Coroner
of what trade
hee was.

I did serve such a one (quoth hee) at Christmas last: my father is wel knownen to be an honest man; he dwelleth heerby at Newington green. So to divers questions that were put unto him hee answered very evil favouredly, and was sent to prison again til Weddensday next. Thus have you heard as much as yet may be gathered: when I understand more, I wil make you partakers therof (God willing). I pray God trueth may come to light.

The manner how the said Abel Bourne was found slain in a trench by the Brick killes.

This man, thus cruelly murdered, had his owne cloke lying under him: straight was he laid on his back, the one of his legges straight out, the other bending up a little, bare headed, in a lether jerkin, his hose and doublet, his owne dagger thrust through his left jaw, comming out at the crown of his hed; six other wounds beside, all in his neck, the very least of them his mortall wound. And in this order was hee there found.

Example of an Earthquake at London, the 6 of April.

Lastly, call to minde the greevous and suddain Earthquake hapning heer in London the 6 of April, at 6 of the clock at night, which caused such a mazement through the whole Citie, that it is wunderful to be tolde.

The great Bel of Westminster tolled of it self, Whitehall shook: the gentlemen of the Temple came running foorth with their knives in their hands, beeing then at supper; a peece of the Temple Church fel down; stones fel of from Paules Church; and at Christes Church, in the Sermon while, a stone fell, and brayned Thomas Gray, apprentice to one Iohn Spurling, shoemaker, dwelling without Aldersgate: an other stone also stroke Mabel Everite, his fellow servant in the same house, and she lived four daies after, and then dyed. Divers Chimnies in the Citie parte of them fel down. At the Play houses, the people came running foorth, surprised with great astonishment.

A peece of Sutton Church, in Kent, fel down, the Earthquake beeing there, in those partes, heard and felt three severall times. A piece of Dover Castel fel down, and parte of the Castel wall fel into the sea.

The ships quaked and trembled as the houses on the drye land, and the waters were greatly out of temper. Out of England it was also felt: at Callis, also, it was so vehement, that parte of the Staple house fel down, and likewise some of the law or town house was overthrowen.

These Ex- In Brabant, as Antwerp, Zeland, Middle-
amples are borough, Flushing, S. Thomas in Artois, Deep,
for our sins. Flaunders, Dunkerk, Barborough, Gravelin,
Bridges, and Gaunt, it was felt also very forcible. No
doubt, deer Bretheren, this was a token of the indignation of
our God against our wicked living, wherin so highly wee
offend his divine Maiestie. Let us remember three of the
fairest Cities in Asia, sunk for sinne.

Many places for sinne have been greevously punished, as Sodom and Gomorra, Jerusalem, Ninivie, and many other places. Let us remember that it shalbe better for *Corazaine* Mathew, 11, and *Bethzaida*, at the dredful day of Judgement, 21. *then for Tire and Sidon.*

Let us lift up our hearts cheerfully unto God of our salvation, be sory for our former offences, and from the very bottome of our harts inwardly lament them.

Let us turn to the Father of all mercy, saying,
 Luke, xv. *O, Father ! wee have sinned against heaven and against thee : we are no more woorthy to be called thy children.* So wil the Lord of his fatherly mercy forgive our sinnes, and make us partakers of his kingdome, which God graunt for his sonnes sake. *Amen.*

NOTES

TO

MUNDAY'S VIEW OF SUNDRY EXAMPLES.

Page 69, line 16, The sixt of Aprill.] *i.e.*, 6th April, 1580, soon after which incident it is evident that this tract was published, although there is no date at the bottom of the title-page. The murder of Abel Bourne also took place, as we see, on 15th April, 1580.

Page 71, line 2, Attendaunt on the Right Honourable, his singuler good Lord and Maister, the Earle of Oxenford.] Waters and Baker were, no doubt, personal servants to Lord Oxford: Munday was, at this period, one of the Earl's players, a company of actors whom Lord Oxford allowed to perform under the protection of his name.

Page 73, line 27, That I loove my freend a little, and loove him long.] This and the note in the margin clearly refer to the title of the old ballad, "Love me little and love me long," for which see "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," i., 213, where it is published.

Page 74, line 11, *Baso les manos.*] So misprinted for *Beso las manos*, a Spanish expression then much in use.

Page 75, line 28, Servaunt to the right Honorable the Earle of Oxenford.] *i.e.*, theatrical servant, or one of Lord Oxford's company of players, as stated above.

Page 78, line 21, Example of George Browne.] This murder happened in 1573, and it was made the foundation of a fine tragedy, under the title of "A Warning for Fair Women," which was printed in 1599. See an account of it in "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," iii., 52. The whole of the circumstances are detailed in Stow's *Annales*, p. 1141, edit. 1615, and are worth subjoining:—

"The 25 of March, being Wednesday in Easter weeke, and the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady, George Browne cruelly murdered two honest men neare unto Shooters hill in Kent: the one of them was a

wealthy marchant of London, named George Sanders, the other John Beane, of Woolwich: which murder was committed in manner as followeth.

"On Tuesday in Easter weeke, (the foure and twentieth of March) the sayd George Browne receiving secret intelligence by letter from mistres Anne Drewry, that maister Sanders should lodge the same night at the house of one maister Barnes, in Woolwich, and from thence goe on foote to Saint Mary Cray the next morning, lay in waite for him by the way, a little from Shooters hill, and there slue both him and John Beane, servant to maister Barnes. But John Beane, having ten or eleven wounds, and being left for dead, by Gods providence revived againe, and creeping away on all foure, was found by an old man and his maiden, and conveyed to Woolwich, where he gave evident markes of the murtherer.

"Immediatly upon the deed doing, Browne sent mistres Drewry word thereof by Roger Clement (among them called trusty Roger): he himselfe repaired forthwith to the Court at Greenwich, and anon after him came thither the report of the murther also. Then, departed he thence to London, and came to the house of mistres Drewry, where, though he spake not personally with her, after conference had with her servant, trusty Roger, she provided him twenty pounds that same day, for which she layd certaine plate of her owne and of mistresse Sanders to gage. On the next morrow, being Thursday, (having intelligence that Browne was sought for) they sent him sixe pounds more by the same Roger, warning him to shift for himselfe by flight, which thing he foreslowed not to do. Neverthelesse, the Lords of the Queene's Magisties Counsel caused so speedy and narrow search to be made for him, that upon the eight and twentieth of the same moneth he was apprehended in a mans house of his owne name at Rochester, and being brought back againe to the Court, was examined by the Counsell, to whom he confessed the deed, as you have heard, and that he had oftentimes pretended and sought to do the same, by the instigation of the said mistresse Drewry, who had promised to make a mariage betweene him and mistresse Sanders (whom he seemed to love excessively): neverthelesse, he protested (though untruly) that mistres Sanders was not privy nor consenting thereunto.

"Upon his confession he was arraigned at the Kings Bench, in Westminster Hall, the eighteenth of Aprill, where he acknowledged himselfe guilty, and was condemned as principall of the murder, according to which sentence he had judgement, and was executed in Smithfield on Monday the 20 of Aprill, at which time, also untruly, (as she herselfe confessed afterward) he laboured by all meanes to cleare mistres Sanders

of committing evill of her body with him, as also of procuring or consenting to the murther of her husband; and then beginning to sing a Psalme, 'O Lord, turne not away thy face,' &c., he flung himselfe besides the ladder, and so shortned his owne life. He was after hanged up in chaines neare unto the place where he had done the fact.

"In the meane time, mistresse Drewrie and her man being examined, as well by her owne confessions as by falling out of the matter, (and also by Brownes appeachment thought culpable) were committed to ward. And after mistresse Sanders being delivered of child, and churched, (for at the time of her husbands death she looked presently to lye downe) was, upon mistresse Drewries mans confession, and other great likelihoods, likewise committed to the Tower; and on Wednesday, the sixt of May, arraigned with mistresse Drewrie at the Guild hall, the effect of whose inditement was, that they, by a letter written, had been procurers of the sayd murther, and, knowing the murther done, had by money and otherwise releevd the murderer. Whereunto they pleaded not guilty: howbeit, they were both condemned as accessaries to maister Sanders death, and executed in Smithfield the thirteenth of May, being Wednesday in Whitsun weeke, at which time they both confessed themselves guiltie of the fact. Trustie Roger, mistresse Drewries man, was arraigned on Friday the eight of May, and being there condemned as accessary, was executed with his mistresse at the time and place aforesayd. Not long after, Anthony Browne, brother to the forenamed George Browne, was for notable felonies conveyed from Newgate to Yorke, and there hanged."

Page 82, line 1, Example of Anne Averies.] Stow thus briefly adverts to the case, in his *Annales*, p. 1152, edit. 1615:—

"The 11 of February, [1576-7] Anne Averies, widow, forswearing her selfe for a little money that she should have paid for sixe pound of towe, at a shop in Woodstreete of London, fell immediatly downe speechlesse, casting up at her mouth in great abundance, and with horrible stinke, the same matter which by natures course should have bene voided downewards, till she died: a terrible example of Gods just judgement upon such as make no conscience of falsly swearing against their brother."

Page 85, line 23, Example of John Morgan, who slew Maister Turberville.] It has been supposed that this was George Turberville, the poet, author of "Tragical Tales," the translator of Ovid's Epistles, and one of our earliest writers of undramatic blank verse; but this seems, from the circumstances, to be unlikely, and Turberville was not an uncommon name in the West of England. See "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii, 109.

Page 86, line 22, Example of Marmeduke Glover, who slew Sergeant Grace.] For some account of various ballads, &c., issued upon this event in 1580, see "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," vol. ii., pp. 110, 111. In one of them it is spoken of only as "a grievous mischance;" but Munday calls it "a most vile and heinous offence."

Page 87, line 6, Example of a Maid that buried her Childe quick.] This event was also the subject of a ballad, or broadside, which was licensed to William Wright, 31 March, 1580, as "a doleful Discourse of a maid that suffered at Westminster for buryinge her child quick." See "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii., 110.

Page 87, line 25, Yet wil hee cause the very fowles of the aire to bewray it.] Compare "Macbeth," act iii., scene 4.

Page 89, line 13, As the book in print dooth witnes, which was printed by Thomas East.] We do not find any trace of this "book" among those from East's press. In 1579, he had printed "Of two woonderfull Popish Monsters, to wyt, of a Popish Asse, which was found in Rome, in the river Tyber, (1496) and of a Moonkish Calfe, calved at Friberge, in Misne, (1528) which are the very foreshewings and tokens of Gods wrath against the blind, obstinate, and monstrous Papistes. Witnessed and declared, the one by P. Melancthon, the other by M. Luther. Translated out of French into English by John Brooke, of Ashe." 4to. It was to a now unknown production of a somewhat similar kind that Munday seems to allude.

Page 89, line 21, As the printed booke dooth witnes.] On June 6th, 1580, William Wright, the publisher of the tract before us, had a license to print, "by way of tolleration, Three sundry wonders that chaunced of late:" ("Extr. Stat. Reg.," ii., 117) and Stow (*Annales*, 1164) tells us that "this year were many monstrous births, and strange sights to be seen."

Page 90, line 2, All these are examples now of late dayes.] We have little doubt that Munday was himself the writer of some of the pieces (now lost) which came out on these occasions. On the 8th March, 1580, a ballad by him was entered by Charlwood; and although it was of a different character, it shows that he was then an author of some popularity: he had commenced in 1577. See the Introduction.

Page 92, line 21, Margaret Dorington, who killed Alice Fox.] On the 23rd June, 1578, Thomas East had licensed to him "A lamentable confession of margaret Dorington, wief to Roberte Dorington, of Westminster, who was executed in the pallace of Westminster for murdering

Alice Foxe." ("Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii., 58.) Another entry on 25th June refers to the same subject.

Page 93, line 1, Example of a Woman that kild her 2 Children.] A "pamphlet" (so called in the entry) was published upon this subject, and licensed to William Bartlet, on 18th August, 1579. ("Extr. from Stat. Reg.," ii., 65.) This is, no doubt, "the book imprinted" mentioned by Munday.

Page 94, line 32, This *hee* said to this Davis.] *i.e.*, the Constable told it to Davis, as having been threatened by Hodges's wife, when she was arrested and sent to Bridewell. The narrative is not very clearly worded. The proceedings before the Coroner, in this case of Abel Bourne, were not concluded at the time Munday published his tract.

Page 97, line 1, Example of an Earthquake at London, the 6 of April.] It occurred on 6th April, 1580, and caused the utmost consternation in London. Many publications regarding it are recorded in vol. ii. of "Extracts from the Stationers' Registers:" see the Index, under "Earthquake." On p. 111 of that work is inserted a remarkable ballad, containing many circumstances connected with the event. For other particulars see Stow's *Annales*, p. 1163, edit. 1615.

REPORT
OF
THE EXECUTION OF TRAITORS.
BY
ANTONY MUNDAY.

A breefe and true reporte of the
Execution of certaine Traytours at
Tiborne, the xxviii and xxx dayes
of *Maye*. 1582.

Gathered by A. M., who was
there present.

Honos alit Artes.

The names of them executed on
Monday the xxviii of *Maye*.

Thomas Foord.

Iohn Shert.

Robert Iohnson.

The names of them executed on Wed-
nesday, the xxx of *Maye*.

William Filbie.

Luke Kirbie.

Lawrance Richardson.

Thomas Cottom.

Imprinted at London, for *William Wright*, and are to be
solde at his shop, adioyning vnto S. Mildreds
Church in the Poultrie, the middle
shop in the rowe. 1582.

To the godly and woorshipfull *Maister* Richard
Martin, *Sherife*, and one of the woorshipfull
Aldermen of *this Cittie of London*, A. M. wisheth
all earthlie happines, and after this life
a place among the chosen in
the celestiall Paradise.

When I had gathered together (woorshipfull Sir) this little pamphlet, reporting the end of certaine lewde and disloyall Traitors, who, under the habite of hurtlesse sheepe, sought in the church of God to playe the part of ravening woolves ; and that I my selfe having spent some time in Roome and other places among them, where through I grew into such acquaintaunce with their traiterous intents and dispositions, as before some of their faces I stode as witnesse against them to their reproofe, I thought good to present the same to your woorship, for that your selfe hath beene an eye witnesse how I was there challenged, and how, through the grace of God, and the trueth of so good a cause as I delt in, I defended my self. To avoyde, therefore, the speeches of people, who now a dayes will judge lightly and condemne quickly, because I was there called foorth, somewhat in woords touched, and yet, I thanke God, nothing disproved, I esteemed it a pointe of wisdom to laye their obstinate endes open to the view of all, not sparing my selfe in the woords that were used against me, which will cause the godly and vertuous to account them as they were, and me as I am.

This, breiefely compacted together, I present to your woor-
ships perusing, as my defence against slaunderous tongues, in
that I have reported nothing therein but the
meere truthe. Thus desiring God
to blesse your woorship with
all yours: in all humi-
litie I remaine,

Yours to commaund,

A. MUNDAY.

The Execution at Tiborne on Monday,
being the twenty and eyght of May.

1582.

On Munday, beinge the twentye and eight of May. Thomas Forde, John Sherte, and Robart Johnsonne, Priestes, having beene before indited, arraigned, and as wel by their owne testimonie, as also sufficient witnesses produced to theyr faces, found guilty and condemned for high treason, intended, practised, and appointed, against her Majesties most royall person, as also for the utter ruine, overthrowe, and subversion, of her peaceable and well governed Realme, themselves being sent as instrumentes to deale for and in the behalfe of the Pope in this disloyall and trayterous cause, according as Justice had before determined, were drawn upon hurdels from the Tower of London to the place appointed for execution. Having been so long time spared by her Majesties most royall and princely regarde of mercy, to try if eyther the feare of God would take place in them, consideration and respecte of theyr owne duties moove them, or the meere loove and accustomed clemencie of her Majestie might winne them to acknowledge her to be theyr lawfull Sovereigne, and them selves her subjectes, bound to serve her, notwithstanding any pretence or authority to the contrary, and not for matter of their Popish superstition. All this notwithstandinge, they remained given over to theyr owne wickednes, and swallowed up in the gulfe of theyr undutifull affection, which causeth Justice to step before Merçye, committing

them to the rewarde of theyre leude and unnaturall dealing. All the way as they were drawen, they were accompanied with divers zealous and godly men, who in mylde and loving speeches made knowen unto them how justly God repayeth the reprobate, how fatherly againe he receiveth the obedient, how he overthroweth the ungodlye in their owne devises, and protecteth his chosen in all stormes and afflictions: in remembrance of all these to bethinke themselves of their wickednes passed, and to shew such hartly and zealous repentaunce for the same, that all be it they had so greevously trespassed, yet in contrite and humble sorrowing they might be graciously received into his heavenly favour, whom they had mooved and styrrd by their unreverent regarde to smite and chasten with the rod of his fury. Among which godly perswasions Maister Sherife himselfe both learnedly and earnestly laboured unto them, mooving al good occasions he might devise to chaunge the obstinacie he perceived in them into a Christian like humility and repentaunce; but these good endeavours tooke no wished effect: their owne evil disposition so blinded them, that there was no way for grace to enter.

When they were come beyond S. Giles in the feeld, there approched unto the hurdell one of their owne secte, and a Priest, as himselfe hath confessed, who in this maner spake unto the prisoners. O, gentlemen, be joyfull in the blood of Jesus Christe, for this is the day of your triumph and joye. Being asked why he used such words, he said unto the prisoners againe, I pronounce a pardon unto you; yea, I pronounce a full remission and pardon unto your soules. Using these and other trayterous speeches, holde was layde on him. When as M. Sherife demaunded what he was, he aunswered, he was the voice of a crier in the wilderness, and that he was sent to prepare the Lords way. And notwithstanding such means of resistaunce as himselfe used, he was delivered unto M. Thomas Norris, Pursuante, who brought him untô Newgate, wher he confessed unto him that

he was a priest, and that hee had so long dissembled, as he would now leave off, and doo so no moore.

Being come to the place of execution, Thomas Forde was first brought up into the Carte, when he began in this maner. Wheras I am come hither to die for matters layde unto my charge of treason, which should be conspired against the Queenē within these two yeares or somewhat more, I give you to understande that of any such matter I am innocent and free, for that I can proove my comming into England to be five yeeres since. Where upon Maister Sherife spake unto him and sayde: Forde, have minde on God; aske him and her Majestie hartily forgiveness, whom thou hast so highly offended: thou doost but delude the people, for it is manifestly known how thou art guilty of the matters layde to thy charge: here is thine owne aunswers to show, affirmed under thine owne hand, and other witnesses to reprove thee. Where upon I my selfe was called foorth, who justified the causes to his face that at hys arraignment was layd to his charge, and he evidently and plainly found guiltye thereof. Then were his aunswers, whereto he had subscribed, read unto him, which is in the booke lately sette foorth by authoritye; where upon he tooke occasion to tell a long sircumstaunce of a certaine question mooved at Oxenforde, as concerning taking armes against her Majestie, which horrible treason he seemed to approve thereby. Then Maister Sherife willed him to aske her Majestie forgiveness, offering him to stande his freende in attayning her Graces mercy, yf he would chaunge his former traitorous minde to become a true and faithfull subject, acknowledging her to bee his lawfull soveraigne Lady, notwithstanding any thing that any Pope could say or doo to the contrarye. Wherunto he aunswered: I have not offended her Majestie, but if I have, I aske her forgiveness and all the world, and in no other treason have I offended then my religion, which is the Catholique faith, wherein I will live and dye. And as for the Queenes Majestie,

I doo acknowledge her supremacy in all thinges temporall, but as conserning Ecclesiastical causes I deny her: that onely belongeth to the Vicar of Christ, the Pope. In breefe, he graunted to nothing, but shewed himselfe an impious and obstinate Traytour, and so he remayned to the death, refusing to pray in the English tongue, mumbling a few Latine prayers, desiring those that were *ex domo Dei* to pray with him, and so ended his lyfe.

In the meane time that he hanged, which was till hee was dead, so great is the mercye of our gracious Princesse, John Sherte was brought from off the hurdell to the gallowes, where seeing Forde hanging, he began with holding uppe his handes, as the Papistes are wont to do before theyr images, O sweete Tom, O happy Tom, O blessed Tom! Then being stayed, Forde was cut downe and caryed to the place where his body should be quartered. In which time Sherte was brought up into the carte, where looking toward the dead bodye of Forde, hee fell downe on his knees and held up his hands to it, (saying againe) O happy Tom, O blessed Tom, thy sweete soule pray for me: O deere Tom, thy blessed soule pray for me. For which woords being rebuked, the Executioner lifted him up on feete, when as he prepared him to his confession, (saying) I am brought hither to this place to dye a death whych is both shamefull and ignominious, for which I thanke thee, my Lord God, who framing me to thine owne similitude and likenes, hath blessed me to this good ende. There being stayed, because he seemed to prolong the time to small purpose, the Sherife willed him to remember hymselfe for what cause he was come thither; how he had offended the Queenes Majestie, and that he was now to aske her forgiveness. Beside, he might receive her princely mercy: wherto, with an hipocriticall outward boldnesse, but an inward faynting feare, (as afterwarde every one playnly beheld) he gave this aunswere. What, mayster Sherife, shall I save this frayle and vile carcase, and damne mine owne

soule? No, no; I am a Catholique; in that faith I was borne, in that faith will I dye, and heere shall my blood seale it. Then Maister Sherife spake unto him, (saying) by the way as we came you swore an oath, for which you willed me to beare witnesse that you were hartily sorie. Now, I pray you, let me be a witnesse that you are as hartilie sorie for offending the Queenes Majestie. Why, sir, (quoth he) I have not offended her, without it be in my religion, and if I have offended her, then I aske her forgivenessse. Maister Sherife upon this sayde unto him, Is this the frutes of your religion, to kneele to the dead bodie of thy fellowe, and to desire his soule to pray for thee? Alas, what can it eyther profite thee, or hinder thee? praye thou to God, and hee will helpe thee. Maister Sherife, (quoth Sherte) this is the true Catholique religion, and whatsoever is not of it is dampned. I desire his soule to pray for me, the most glorious Virgin to pray for me, and all the holy company of heaven to pray for me.

At which woords the people cryed, Away with the traytor, hang him, hang him! O Shert, (quoth Maister Sherife) forsake the whore of Roome, that wicked Antichriste, with all his abhominable blasphemies and trecheries, and put thy whole confidence in Jesus Christ: wherto he answered, O, M. Sherife, you little remember the day when as you and I shall stand bothe at one bar, and I come as witnesse against you, that you called that holie and blessed Viicar of Christ the whoore of Rome: at which words the people cried again, Hang him, hang him, Away with him! Then he began his *Pater noster* in Latine, and before he had ended two petitions of it, he fell into the Latine Creede, and then into the *Pater noster* againe: afterwarde he sayde the *Ave Maria*, which done, knocking him selfe on the brest, saying *Jesus, esto mihi*, *Jesus*, the carte was drawne away, and he committed to the mercie of God. But then, to manifest that his former boldnesse was but meere dissembling and hypocrisie, he lyfted up

his handes and caught holde on the halter, so that everie one perceyved his faire outwarde shewe, and his fowle inward disfigured nature; also how lothe he was and unwilling to die.

Robert Johnson being brought up into the carte, Maister Sherife, according as he had before, both declared unto him her Majesties mercy, if he would repent, and also willed him to be sory for his offences against her, wherof he seemed to make small estimation, denying the treasons according as the others had done, and appealinge likewise upon his religion. Then was I called forth againe, when as I gave him to understand how notably he was approved guilty at his arraignment, and every matter sufficiently handled, how according as the reste were he was confounded to his face, whereto he would make no other aunswer, but sayd, Well, Munday, God forgive thee. Then were hys aunswers read unto him, as they had before unto the other twain, hee not yeelding deniall, but sayd he spake them, and would doo it againe. Then was Athanasius Creede mooved unto hym, which he graunted to be Catholique fayth, whereof the Pope was Viccar, and that there was no other Catholique fayth, but onely his. Why, quoth the Preacher, the Pope is not named in it. I knowe not that, (quoth he againe) I have not read it. Then Maister Sherife desired hym to say his prayers in English, and he with all the company woulde pray with him: which he refusing to doo, in his Latine prayers the carte was drawen away, and he committed to Gods mercye.

The Execution at Tiborne, on Wednesday, being the thirtye of Maye.

1582.

On the Wednesday following, which was the thirtye daye of May, in the same manner as I have before expressed, Luke Kirbie, William Filbie, Thomas Cottom, and Laurauunce Rychardson, were committed from the Tower of London to the place of Execution; and as the other were, on the Mundaye before, associated and accompanied with divers learned and godlye Preachers, even so were these; as to say, Maister Charke, Maister Herne, and divers others, who all the waye applyed such godly and Christian perswasions unto them, (as had not the Child of perdition so mervailouslye blinded them) were of force to have wonne them into grace and mercye. The speeches they used to them by the way were needelesse here to set downe, for that they did especially concerne causes to roote out that wicked opinion in them, and to establish a sound and perfect fayth in place thereof; but even as it was in the other, so it did agree in them.

But Luke Kirbie seemed to chalenge me, as concerning I was able to approove nothing against him, which he did because he supposed I was not there present; but what passed betweene him and me you shall heare hereafter.

They being come to the place of execution, William Filbie was brought up into the carte, where conforming himselfe unto the death, his wicked treasons were mooved unto him, which obstinately and impudently he denied. Then was he

demaunded if hee would acknowledge the Queenes Majestie his soveraigne Princesse, and supreme head under Christ of the Church of England?

No, (quoth he) I will acknowledge no other head of the Church than the Pope onelie. Wherupon his aunsweres were reade unto him, and he not denying them in any point, even as they were wicked and impious, even so he remayned in them, still appealing that it was for his religion that he died, and not for any treason. But the contrarie was proved unto his face, as well by sufficient proofes, as also by the trayterous aunswers whereto hee had subscribed with his owne hande. At last, as he was desired, he prayed for the Queenes Majestie, that God might blesse her, and incline her heart to mercie towards the Catholiques, of which societie he was one. Then they, opening his bosome, founde there two Crosses, which beeing taken from him, were helde up and shewen to all the people; beside, his crowne was shaven. So, after a few silent Latine prayers to himselfe, the carte was drawne away.

The next was Luke Kirbie, who, being brought up into the carte, offered long circumstance of speeche, as concerning that he was come thither to dye, hoping to be saved by the blood of Christe, and much matter which were needelesse here to rehearse. Afterwarde he beganne to say, that there were none could approove him to be a traytour; neither had he at any time attempted any thing prejudiciall to her Majestie, and that his adversaries, Sled nor Munday, could not upbraide him with any thinge. Wherupon Maister Sherife tolde him that Munday was there, and asked him if he would have him called to him. I see him (quoth he) yonder, and let him say what he can against mee.

Then was I commaunded to come some what neere him, when as he began in this manner to mee. O Munday! consider with thy selfe, howe untruly thou has charged mee with that which I never sayd nor thought. Besides, thou knowest

that when thou camest to the Tower to me, before maister Lieutenaunt and other who was there present, then, thou wast demaunded what thou couldest say against mee? when as thou madest aunswer, thou knewest no harme of mee, neither couldest thou at any tyme saye otherwise of mee then well: whereupon thou wast asked, wherefore thou reportedst otherwise at my arraignment? Then the Sherife sayde unto him, who can beare thee witnesse of this? (Quoth hee againe) he spake it before maister Lieuetenaunt, and an other was by then. Then was he demaunded what other he was that was present? which (after a long trifling) he sayde was a Keeper, and named him; whereto I made aunswere as followeth.

Maister Kirbie, I wishe and desire you, in the feare of God, to remember your selfe, for this is not a place to report an untrueth, neither to slaunder any man otherwise then you are able to proove. When as I came unto the Tower, and made knowen to maister Lieuetenant for what cause I was sent to speake with you, you were brought into a chamber by your Keeper; and what I mooved unto you, you yourselve very well knoweth, as concerning my allowaunce, beeing the Pope's Scholler: where what aunswere you made I have truelie, and according as you aunswered, already set downe in print. Maister Lieuetenant neither mooved any such wordes to mee, as heere you reported, and I call God to my witnesse, that not a motion of any such matter was once offered to mee by Maister Lieuetenant, or by your Keeper. Your selfe then uttered, that at sundrie times, in the Seminarie, there was diverse leude wordes spoken, which might better have beene spared, and denied that you were not in my chamber, when as I, lying sicke in my bed, the trayterous speeches were mooved by them which were then present, whereof your selfe was one, with diverse other matters which you spake unto me, which Maister Lieuetenant him selfe heard, and your Keeper being present.

But if this be true which you say, that it may be proved there was eyther such woordes mooved unto mee, or any such aunswere made by mee, I offer to sustaine what punishment the lawe shall affoorde mee. Then falling to an other matter, for that this redounded to his owne confusion, (as Maister Lieuutenant can well witesse) he beganne to talke of my being at Roome, what freendship he had shewed unto mee, and had done the lyke unto a number of English men whome he well knew not to be of that religion, bothe out of his owne purse, as also by freending them to some of the Popes Chamber, he made conveyance for them thence, some tyme going fortie miles with them; when (quoth he) had my dealings beene knowne, I should hardlie have beene well thought off: and I knewe well enough that you were never bent to that religion, albeit they thought the contrarie. Yea, I knewe well enough, when you departed thence, that your disposition was contrarie to ours, and concealed it to my selfe.

O, Kirbie, (quoth Maister Sherife) this is very unlyke, that you could afford such favour to any, who were contrarie to that religion that you professed: no, no; if you knewe any such there, you would rather helpe to persecute them, then to pittie them, as it is the nature of you all.

Maister Kirbie, (quoth I) it is very unlike that you had any such secrete knowledge of mee, eyther of my religion, or howe I was secretlie bent, as you seeme heere to professe; for had I beene such a one as you would perswade these heere you knewe mee to be, would you have delyvered mee those pictures halowed by the Pope, which you did, and moreover make knowne to mee sundry of your freends heere in England, to whome I should convey them. O, Munday! (quoth he) I confesse I delivered to thee pictures in deede, but thou knowest I gave thee two Julyes to goe buie them with: I dyd it because I knewe thee to be such a one, and therefore I dyd misdoubt thee, for I woulde not credite thee

with any hallowed pictures. Maister Kirbie, (quoth I) to deny your owne dooinges is mervailous impudencie: dyd not you in your chamber delyver to me certayne silke pictures, which you tolde me, at Stukelyes beeing there, were hallowed by the Pope, and what Indulgencies were allowed them? One of them, which was a Crucifixe, you gave me; the other you willed me deliver to your freends at Rheimes and in Englande: and because they were so fewe, (as in deede I thinke they were no more but five) you gave me two Julyes to goe into the Cittie to buie more, which I dyd; and having brought them to you, three or foure of the fayrest you tooke from me, promising to gette them hallowed at the next Benediction: the other in deede you gave me, and I tooke them with me.

Howe say you nowe, Kirbie, (quoth Maister Sherife) would you have credited him with such matters, had you not supposed him to be one of your owne secte. Maister Sherife, (quoth he) what I have sayde, I knewe verie well. And after he was gone from Rome I sent fifteene shyllinges to Rheimes, to be delyvered to him; but he was departed thence towarde Englande before it came.

Then Maister Sherife sayde to him againe, you stand upon these pointes verie much, which there is ~~none~~ that are heere but will judge to be untrue: thou hearest what he ~~hath~~ sayde to thee, and we have heard that thou deniedst everie thing. What sayest thou to thy treasons, wherfore thou art come hyther to dye? wylt thou be sorie for them? aske God and her Majestie forgivenessse, for shee is mercifull, and we wyll carrie thee backe againe, if we shall perceyve in thee any such motion, that thou wylte forsake thy former wickednesse, and become a good and faithfull subject.

At these woordes the people among them selves almost generallie sayde: O, exceeding mercie and favour! what a gracious Princesse have wee, who affoordeth such mercie to those that have so yll deserved!

Then Maister Feeld, the preacher, in the booke read his aunsweres to him, where he had subscribed with his owne hande, whether the Pope might lawfullie depose her Majestie, or had any auctoritie to take the tytle of her crowne and dignitie away from her? wherto Kirbie aunswered: This is a matter disputable in Schooles, and therefore I maye not judge of it: I think this with my selfe, that if any Prince fal by infidelity into Turscisme, Atheisme, Paganisme, or any such lyke, that the Pope hath auctoritie to depose such a Prince. And beeing asked, if her Majesty were in any such? he sayd, he knew his owne conscience. Another Preacher beeing by, sayd unto him, that the Prince received his authority from God, and that he was to be suppressed by none, but only by God: again, that Solomon sayd, *By me* (meaning by God)

Pro. 8, 15, 16. *Kinges raigne and Princes decree justice. By me Princes rule, and the nobles and all the Judges of the earth.* Againe, S. Paule sayth, *Let every soule be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but of God, and the powers that be are ordained of God.* Roma., 13, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinaunce of God, and they that resist shall receyve to them selves judgement. For Princes are not to be feared for good works, but for evill: wilt thou then be without feare of the power, doo well, so shalt thou purchase praise of the same; for he is the minister of God for thy wealth: But if thou doo evill, feare, for he beareth not a sword for naught, for he is the minister of God to take vengeance on him that dooth evill. If, then, the Pope be a soule, hee is to be obedient to the higher powers: and being a subject to God, as all other Princes be, hee must not take upon him what belongeth to God. As for the auctoritie that her Majestie hath, shee hath receyved it from God; neither is the Pope, or any earthlie Prince, to deprive her therof, but onelie God. Againe, when Jesus was brought before Pilate, Pilate sayde to him, Knowest thou not that I have power to crucifie thee, and have power to

John, 19, 10, *loose thee?* To which Jesus aunswere: *Thou*
 11. *couldst have no power at all against mee, except*
it were given thee from above. Thus maye you

see, that what Prince soever ruleth upon the earth has his power and aucthority only from God, and not that any mortall man can use the aucthoritie of a Prince at his pleasure. How say you to this? Whereto he would make no aunswere; but seemed to demaunde of them if they would deny, that if a Prince were in Paganisme, Atheisme, or governed by infidelitie, that such a Prince might not lawfullie be deposed. Which the learned Preachers aunswere in learned sort, approving that as the power was of God, so Princes were not to be deposed of any, but onelie by God.

No; (quoth Kirbie againe) hath it not beene disputed in Schooles for these five hundred yeeres, and will you deny it? O, Maister Crowley, Maister Crowley! and there pawsed, as though that Maister Crowley had agreede with him in such a monstrous error. But Maister Crowley him selfe gave me to understand, that at such time as hee conferred with the sayde Kirbie in the Tower about the same argument, that his aunswer was unto him, If any Prince fell into any such kinde of error, that Prince were corrigible; but of whom? not of any earthly Prince, but of that heavenlie Prince, who gave him his aucthority, and seeing him abusing it any way, correcteth him, in his justice. For by attributing to the Pope this aucthority, he witnessed him to be Antichrist, in that he wil depose Princes at his pleasure, and exalt him self above all that is called God, and forgive men their sinnes at his pleasure likewise. All this was not sufficient to mollifie the obstinate minde of Kirbie, but he would persist styl in this devillish imagination. Maister Sherife and the Preachers seeing him wavering, and not able to yeeld any reason for his arrogant opinion, laboured as much as in them laye to change it; and when all would not serve, they desired him in hartie and humble manner to pray to God, to aske her Majestie

forgivenesse for the treasons wherein he had offended her. Whereto he aunswered, that he had not offended in any treason, to his knowledge: whereupon they showed him his treasons, which were adjudged by the people woorthy of greater punishment then he was at that time to suffer; yet would not he acknowledge them, but prayed to God for her Majestie, that shee might long rule in her authoritie to confound all her enimies, and that his hart was free from any treason to her Majestie. Then preparing himself to his prayers, the Preachers desired him to pray in English with them, and to say a prayer after them, wherein if he could finde any fault he should be resolved thereof. O, (quoth he againe) you and I were not one in faith, therefore I thinke I should offend God, if I should pray with you. At which woordes the people began to crie, Away with him! so he, saying his *Pater noster* in Latin, ended his life.

Then was Laurence Richardson brought up into the carte, and to him Thomas Cottom, to be executed togeather; but Cottom seemed to utter such woords as though there had been hope he would have forsaken his wickednesse, so that the halter was untied, and he brought downe out of the carte againe. In which time Lawrence Richardson prepared him to death, confessing him selfe a Catholique, and that he would beleieve in all things as the Catholique Church of Roome did; unto the Pope he allowed the onelie supremacie. In which traiterous opinion, after certain Latine prayers, he was committed to God.

Then was Cottom brought up to the carte againe, and the good opinion, had of him before, chaunged into that obstinate nature that was in them all, saying to Maister Sherife, that before he came into Englande he was armed for India, and thyther if he might be suffered he would passe with as much convenient speede as might be. Then looking to the body of Laurence Richardson, wheron the Executioner was using his office, he lyfted up his handes and sayd: O, blessed Lau-

rence, pray for mee; thy blessed soule, Laurence, pray for mee! for which woordes both the Preachers and the people rebuked him, telling him that he ought to pray to none but to God onely, all helpe of man was but in vaine. Wherto he aunswered, he was assured that he could pray for him. In breefe, his treasons beeing mooved to him, he denied all, albeit his owne hand writing was there to affirme it. He prayed for her Majestie, and sayde his *Pater noster* and *Ave Maria*; and as the carte was drawing away he sayd, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*; and so he ended his lyfe. Thus in breefe have I set downe the Execution of these traytors, desiring God that the leude life of them, and this lamentable spectacle wytnessed to our eyes, may be a warning to us all how by our disobedience we provoke our Lord God to anger against us, and by our slacknesse in duetie to our gracious soveraigne Princesse, next under God our only supream governess, enforce her mercifull hand to take up the sword of Justice against us. God long preserve her Majestie and honourable Counsayle: confound Antichriste and his practises, and give all faithfull subjectes grace to beare true and loyall mindes to God, their Prince, and Countrey.

Let this suffice thee (gentle Reader) at this time; and if thou desirest to be more acquainted with their Romish and Sathanicall juglinges, reade my *English Romaine lyfe*, which, so soone as it can be printed, shall be set foorth. And thus committing thee to the God of all Trueth, who give us his grace to cleave to the Trueth, I byd thee hartelie farewell.

God save the Queene.

NOTES TO MUNDAY'S REPORT OF THE EXECUTION OF TRAITORS.

Page 107, line 1, A breefe and true reporte, &c.] Stow, in his *Annales*, p. 1170, edit. 1615, thus shortly mentions this remarkable execution:—

“On the 28 day of May, Thomas Ford, John Shert, and Robert Johnson, priests, having beene before indicted, arraigned, and condemned, for high treason intended, as ye have heard of Campion and other, were drawne from the Tower to Tiburne, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered.

“And on the thirtieth of May, Luke Kirby, William Filby, Thomas Cottam, and Lawrance Richardson, were, for the like treason, in the same place likewise executed.”

He quotes “Ant. Monday” in the margin, as the person from whom the information had been derived; no doubt, referring to the tract before us.

Page 113, line 21, Which is in the booke lately sette foorth by authoritye.] Viz., to “A particular Declaration or Testimony of the undutiful and traitorous Affection borne against her Majesty by Edmond Campion, Jesuit, and other condemned Priests, witnessed by their own Confessions.” 4to. London. 1582.

Page 120, line 33, I gave thee two *Julyes* to goe buie them.] A *giulio* was a piece of money current in Rome, of about the value of sixpence.

Page 121, line 4, At Stukelyes beeing there.] i.e., the notorious Captain Stukely, who was killed in the battle of Alcazar. He figured in at least two plays of the age of Shakespeare: *vide* the Rev. A. Dyce's “Peele's Works,” ii., 82 *et seq.*

Page 122, line 1, Then Maister Feeld, the Preacher.] This was the Rev. John Field, the puritanical minister, who was the father of Nathaniel Field, the actor in several of Shakespeare's plays, and of Theophilus Field, who first became Bishop of Llandaff, and afterwards of Hereford.

With this last fact the Editor was not acquainted, when he printed "Memoirs of the principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare," for our Society, in 1846. See p. 207 of that work, for the registration of the baptism of Theophilus Field, on 22nd January, 1574: he was a poet, and in 1600 edited and contributed to a collection of Verses on the death of Sir Horatio Pallavicino. For an account of them, see "The Gentleman's Magazine" for March, 1851.

Page 123, line 16, O, Maister Crowley, Maister Crowley!] This was Robert Crowley, who had commenced life as a printer, and ended it as a preacher. He was a very zealous and able man, of puritanical principles, and he wrote many works to support his own views, and to extend generally the spirit of religion. He died in 1588, and was buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, of which parish he had been vicar.

Page 125, line 24, Reade my *English Romaine lyfe*.] It came out soon afterwards, in 4to., with the date of 1582. It is reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany.

AN
ADVERTISEMENT AND DEFENCE
AGAINST CAMPION.

A aduertisement

and defence for Trueth against her

Backbiters, and specially against

the whispring Fauourers, and

Colourers of Campions,

and the rest of his con-

federats treasons.

1581.

God saue the Queene.

An advertisement and defence for
Trueth against her Backbiters, and specially
against the whispring Favourers, and Co-
lourers of Champions, and the rest of
his confederats, treasons.

Although at the late arraignments at Westminster of Edmonde Campion, and other his complices, condemned there of sundry high treasons, it was manifestly declared, and fully proved how they all, under the pretence of the names of Jesuites, Seminarie Priests, and other persons of like condition, had secretly come into this Realme, by the sending of sundrie persons authorized by the Pope, to move the people by their secret perswasions to change their professions in the matter of religion, of long time quietly established in this Realme, and to be reconciled to the obedience of the Pope, and withdrawen from their naturall allegiance due to the Queenes Majestie; and by these meanes to be readie in their heartes and mindes, and otherwise provided, to joyne their forces, aswell with such as their Heads and superiours which sent them, intended speedily to procure to be sent into this Realme, as with other rebellious subjectes by them to be thereto also excited, of purpose to deprive her Majesty of her life, crowne, and dignitie, in like maner as lately hath bene notoriously attempted and put in execution by D. Sanders, an errant and detestable traitour, and whilest hee lived one of the saide Champions companions, and by other English

and Irish Jesuites and traitours in Ireland, where they had first, by their like secret meanes and perswasions, entised a great multitude of people of that land, first to change their profession of religion and to acknowledge the Popes authoritie, and to renounce the just authoritie of her Majestie; and so departing from their allegiance upon the arrivall of forreine forces, they did enter into a manifest Rebellion, against the which Almighty God, the just avenger of Rebels, by his goodnesse hath given her Majestie (through her good ministers) power to the vanquishing, not onely of those forreine forces, but also of a great number of the Rebels there: Yet it is maliciously, falsly, and traiterously, by some of the secret favourers of the said Campion, and other the said condemned Traitours, whispered in corners that the offences of these traitours were but for their secret attemptings as Jesuites, by exhorting and teaching, with Shrivings, Massing, and such like actes, to move people to change their religion, and to yelde their obedience to the Pope, as Christes vicar, (although the same are of themselves offences very hainous, and seedes of sedicion not allowable by the lawes of the Realme) whereas, in very trueth, neverthelesse it did manifestly appeare, upon their Inditements and at their arraignements, by sundrie confessions of some of their owne companions, and many good proofes and witnesses produced and sworne before their faces, that their factes, whereof they were arraigned and condemned, were such as were in trueth high Treasons committed against her Majesties most Royall person and against the ancient Lawes and Statutes of this Realme, which many hundred yeeres past were in force against like Traytours, and not for factes of doctrine or religion, nor yet for offences against any late or newe Statutes; the same being many conspiracies at sundry times beyond the Seas, at Rome in Italie, and other places, and lastly at Rheims in France, where there are nourished by the Popes authoritie, in Seminaries, multitudes of English Jesuites, Seminarie Priestes, and Fugitives, whereof

their Heads and Governours use continually, in their Sermons and in their Bookes publicly printed, as Traitors to declare their traitorous mindes, as farre forth as they can, to the deprivation of the Queenes Majestie of her life and crowne, to which endes the said Campion and his said companions, by procurement of their said Heads, came secretly into this Realme to move the Subjects to renounce their naturall obedience, and according to a Bull of the last Pope, Pius, published, to perswade all sortes, with whom they durst secretly deale, that her Majestye, by the sayd Popes excommunication, was not the lawfull Queene of this Realme, nor that the Subjects were bounde to obey any of her lawes or Ministers, but that they were all free and discharged of their obedience and allegiance, and that they might lawfully, yea, that when time might serve, they ought to take armes against her Majestie, as in the late rebellion in the North was manifestly by like meanes put in execution, and as nowe also lately was notoriously attempted in Ireland, by stirring up the people in the Popes name, and under his standerd, to an open general rebellion; and to have brought these thinges to passe in this Realme, was the coming into this Realme of the said Campion and his ~~complices~~ most manifestly tried and proved, as if by Gods goodnesse, by their apprehensions after their secret wanderings and disguisings of them selves in a great part of the Shires of the Realme, these Traitors had not bene now stayed, and by just punishments ordered to be executed, there would have appeared such mischief as is lamentable to be thought of, to the danger of her Majesties person and to the hazard and ruine of the whole Realme by invasion of the same with forreine enemies, and by raising of inward warre within the Realme, the ende and event whereof, as of all warre civil, can not be without great griefe mentioned or imagined.

And to the further reproofe and condemnation of the saide Campion and other the Traitors now condemned, they being

all severally and earnestly required at the place of their arraignment to declare what they thought of the saide Popes Bull, (by which her Majestie was in the Popes intention deprived of the Crowne) and of Doctor Sanders, and of Bristowes traiterous writings in maintenance of the saide Bull and allowance of the Rebellion in the North, and of Saunders traiterous actions in Irelande, and being likewise demaunded what they did thinke if the present Pope should publish the like Bull, none of them all, but one onely named Rushton, could be perswaded by any their answeres to show in any part their mislykings eyther of the former Bull, or of D. Sanders, or Bristowes traiterous writings or actions, or of the Pope that nowe is, if he shoulde nowe publish the like Bull against her Majestie, so as they did apparantly shew their traiterous hearts stil fixed to persist in their devilish mindes against their naturall allegeance: whereof God give all good subjects, being true Englishmen borne, grace to beware, and in no sort to give eare or succour to such pernicious Traitours, howsoever they shall be covered with hipocrisie, and false and fained holines of Rome.

God save the Queene, long to
reigne to his honour.

